WITH SWORD AND STATUTE

(ON THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE FRONTIER)

BY

MAJOR HOOK

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LIEUT. FRED. CREWE RESCUES LIEUT. GODFREY HOOK, WOUNDED, IN MATABELELAND.

WITH SWORD AND STATUTE

(ON THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE FRONTIER)

BY

MAJOR HOOK

Re-published with additions and further Photos.

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and Durban (Natal).

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Dedicated to the Memory of the late Lieut. Fred Crewe, of Rhodesia.

TO MY CHILDREN,

Nora Elizabeth, and her husband, T. L. Blaine, Esq., Wauldby, Kei Road;

Captain Godfrey Blair Hook, D.S.O., East Rand Mines, and his wife Annye, (de Smidt);

Beatrice Duthie, and her husband, Captain J. T. Griffith, S.A.C., Magistrate, Witsis Hoek, O.R.C.

Blanche Hereford, and her husband, W. S. Taberer, Esq., Chief Native Commissioner, Salisbury;

David Worth Hook, Sub-Commissioner of Natives, Transvaal, and his wife, Susie Lange;

Sophie Isabel Paget Hook,

Olga Marjorie Foley Hook,

this is affectionately inscribed.

D. B. HOOK.

Wauldby,
Kei Road, Cape Colony,
September, 1905.

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PREFACE.

Owing to certain encouraging remarks received from kind friends in regard to my little booklet "WITH SWORD AND STATUTE" I have been induced to have it re-published with additions and further photos. The following eulogistic remarks by the Editors of two South African newspapers lend confidence.

THE AUTHOR.

CAMBRIDGE, S.A.,
31st December, 1906.

THE EAST LONDON DAILY DISPATCH, Saturday, April 7, 1906

INTERESTING GLIMPSES OF CAPE HISTORY—"WITH SWORD & STATUTE," by MAJOR D. B. HOOK.

We have been favoured with a copy of a neatly-printed little volume bearing the above title. The author explains that it was hurriedly written for the perusal of his family and at the urgent request of his eldest son, Captain Godfrey Blair Hook, D.S.O., Rand Mines, at whose hospitable residence he was then staying. Major Hook had no notes or memoranda at his disposal, and wrote entirely from the depths of a retentive memory. The literary style is simple and natural, and a perusal of this little booklet leaves a feeling of regret that more of Major Hook's contemporaries have not set down on paper their Colonial experiences. It is a record of a hard, strenuous life in "flood and field," and will not only prove of absorbing interest to the gallant Major's children and grand-children, but will be treasured by those who desire to know something of the stirring times through which the Colony has passed since 1846.

This booklet is not the product of the library, the spacious desk, the comfortable chair, and well-thumbed books of reference. It is the life-history of a man who, from his youth upwards, has ever been in the forefront of the battle. No taint of the midnight oil—but whiffs of the fresh and glorious air of our South African veldt, midnight rides and raids, the clash of arms, and the delights of the chase—

THE SOLDIER SPORTSMAN

type which the free, open life of South Africa has evolved.

A special word of praise is due to the illustrations, which include photographs of the late Sir Walter Currie, Colonel C. D. Griffith, C.M.G., the author, and Captain Godfrey B. Hook, D.S.O.

Major Hook, like many others of our brave leaders of men, hails from the Emerald Isle, and was a soldier's son. He came to this Colony a mere child in the early forties, his father being a member of the 7th Battalion Royal Artillery.

EAST LONDON DAILY NEWS, Friday, April 6th, 1906.

FRONTIER LIFE.—AN ADVENTUROUS CAREER. "WITH SWORD AND STATUTE ON THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE FRONTIER," by MAJOR D. B. HOOK. (Greaves, Pass and Co., London).

It is a matter of peculiar pleasure to us that the first volume sent to the "Daily News" for review is written by a Colonist, namely, that well-known and doughty frontiersman, Major D. B. Hook, who, we are glad to note, has come to reside in East London. The little book before us is unpretentious in style and form, and makes no claim to literary merit, but is merely the record of a life spent in the service of Sovereign and country. It is now over half a century since Major Hook joined the F.A.M.P. (in November, 1855), and the story of his life is the story of the frontier. He has taken a part in all the troubles of the Colony since that period, and on turning over the pages of his book we come across names familiar as household words to all Border residents. Here we have stirring tales of deeds done in the Kaffir wars of fifty years ago, the famous charge at the Gwanega, later on the war of the Galekas, the Morosi campaign, the Korranaland Expedition, the Disarmament war—in fact on almost every occasion when military operations were necessary Major Hook's services were requisitioned in some capacity or other, winding up with the recent Boer war, when he received numerous addresses of thanks for his services as Commandant of various towns, and in other capacities. We are sure every old Colonist will read these reminiscences with pleasure, because they will recall memories of the old pioneer days; and every new Colonist too will find pleasure and profit in a perusal of pages which, in simple and unaffected language, tell of times of "sturm and drang." Major Hook's name is so well known along the Border that it is needless to recapitulate his services, but anyone who wishes to gain an idea of the life of trooper and officer in the Cape Mounted Police will find a vivid, albeit somewhat disjointed narrative in these pages. The frontispiece represents an incident in the Matabele war, when Lieut. Crewe, a Natal man, rescued Lieut. Godfrey Hook, son of Major Hook, who was wounded in a fight with the Matabele. The original of this picture, by the artist Frank Dad, is now in the Durban Art Gallery, to which it was presented by the late Mr. Rhodes. Other illustrations are portraits of Col. Griffith ("Faku"), Sir Walter Currie, and the Author. We are sure Major Hook's little book will meet with a hearty welcome from many a Colonial fireside.

EXTRACT FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE CIVIL SERVICE LIST, 1902.

HOOK, Major David Blair.—*Joined F.A.M. Police, 16th November, 1855; sub-inspector, 1st September, 1858; inspector, 30th September, 1868; northern border magistrate from 1st May, 1873, to 1877; captain, C.M. Rifles, 5th August, 1878; resident magistrate, Herschel, 1st January, 1879; civil commissioner when Herschel became fiscal division; acting chief magistrate, Transkei and Galekaland, 1st March, 1873, to 30th September, 1884; resident magistrate, Tsolo, October, 1884; Umzimkulu, August, 1886; Kokstad, June, 1892. Served in most frontier wars and expeditions from date of entering service, including operations against Kreli and Fadana in cattle-killing time; Korrana expedition at Orange River in 1868; served in the Galeka war, 1877-78, in Transkei, where, in command of a column, defeated the Galeka army under Kreli and his son Segau at the battle of Susizi; organised levies in Herschel in Morosi's war, 1879, and joined in two attacks on Morosi's mountain; commanded troops in Herschel and Quithing districts in Basuto war, 1880-81, where defended Aliwal, Wodehouse and Barkly borders from incursions of the enemy; acting chief magistrate, Griqualand East, at various times; acting civil commissioner and resident magistrate, Herschel, in Boer war; and was commandant of Herschel, Lady Grey, and Barkly East. Kaffir war and Boer war medals.

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* Early service in the "Rural" Police prior to enlistment in the Frontier Mounted Police has been omitted.

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The original sketch by Frank Dad† of my ~~the~~ rescue at Umgasa R. on 22nd April 1896 by Lieut F. H. Crum. was presented to you by Rt Hon C. J. Rhodes - presumably as a recognition of my services.

8/10/04

† Frank Dad is a "Graphic" artist.

With Sword and Statute.

CHAPTER I.

Very Early Days, 1844-46.

REMEMBER once an Inspector of Schools ending a rather hot controversy with a man who had written a book by remarking, as he retired to bed: "Oh, I'm off to bed—I'll go to bed and write a book, any fool can write a book!"

I therefore venture—but only at my son Godfrey's *urgent* request—to write you a simple record of what I can remember of my rude experiences in South Africa. It will no doubt be incomplete, and not very interesting, owing to demerits and to the fact that I have no notes or memoranda to refer to, and that I never previously contemplated committing anything to record. I believe you would welcome any effort, even though it be incomplete, regarding the fact that mine is merely a humdrum life after all compared with the lives of thousands of other people. I am writing at Godfrey's residence—East Rand, Transvaal, 27th November, 1904.

You will bear in mind that the author of his own memoirs must necessarily speak frequently about himself; but it will be my endeavour to do so impartially, for I

remember reading that the pretty motto, "Deeds, not words," is fraught with sound sense.

My earliest recollection as a child is a visit to the Jim-Crow Circus in England or Ireland, where I had big round cakes with plums, which I trust you will consider an excusable recollection, since the history is mainly for your pleasure, and it may recall some of your own reminiscences.

Also, as a person of four years old, gallantly attempting to rescue my mother from drowning on the Shannon, Ireland; the boat shot away as she was stepping in and she dropped into the water under the boat. I immediately dived in after her, getting more drowned than she was, for I sank much deeper and swallowed more Shannon.

At the same place—Athlone—where that big Irish gun called the "Great gun of Athlone" was once fired, a mad dog, a greyhound, the property of an officer of the Royal Artillery, lapped water from "our tub." I stalked the dog. The precarious condition of my life immediately following cannot be treated in full. The animal fixed his teeth just under my pinafore below the belt, which secret I only divulge now to account for any idiosyncrasy that you might have noticed in me.

We sailed from England in an old frigate called the Rodney, in about the year 1844. I think she was an old battleship of some renown, named after a celebrated British Admiral. We were ordered to South Africa.

At Simons Bay we transferred to the troopship called the "Isis," and landed at Algoa Bay. We were three months on the voyage. On board was a regiment of the 7th Dragoon Guards and the 27th Regiment of Foot. Our immediate destination was the frontier. The only known transport on the coast was placed at our disposal—a small

paddle boat, painted red, called the "Phœnix"—which transported us to Algoa Bay. Well do I remember two very black recruits of a native levy who were going to the war who acted as waiters and who one day by accident let the children's plum pudding fall from the hatchway—an awful catastrophe for the future men and women who were then on board that boat and bound to South Africa.

These two very black fellows were clever with musical instruments; the one played a violin and the other a concertina, producing well-timed music, dances—polkas and waltzes—which appealed to me and others of my age who skipped around. I still whistle the "Elfin Waltz" when in lightsome mood, learnt from those two pious-looking warriors. But ever since a Basuto cattle herder on the border allowed me to experiment on his harp—the "Setolotolo"—with which he charms his cattle back to the fold, I prefer the latter to send sweet strains floating in the hills.

We were carried ashore at Algoa Bay by natives from the surf-boats. The journey from there to Grahams Town was through very wild country indeed in those early days. Our train of tent-wagons was very long, escorted, of course, by troops, and with the old-fashioned Hottentot driver and leader. There were no Kaffir drivers or leaders that I can remember. It was a jumble when we got ashore, so many were wet by being dipped in the surf by the aborigines, who hoisted us on to their backs. The horned cattle were a source of great anxiety to the juvenile brigade, and the old Cape Corps Hottentot Regiment, with their big swords, green jackets, leather clay-coloured trousers, and long spurs, seemed wonderful.

I almost forgot to mention that there was a considerable

number of Dutch farmers on the beach, as spectators or drivers of the wagons. Conducting wagons was a great business for farmers. Wolves and hyenas howled close to the encampments every night, and the conversation among the drivers and leaders about lions and tigers interested the juvenile brigade so much that summary punishment was being administered all round to get us to sleep. With terror in our hearts, how could we sleep? I toddled to a roaring fire and asked why they made it so big; the reply was: "To keep the baboons away who eat children!" After that I endured cold, darkness, and a good licking to boot—enough tribulation for one night to harden a young Britisher in the pioneering stage of life. I never could understand why the escort did not put up tents for mothers and broods, as protection from perils around. However, the convoy, with all its old and young, arrived safely at its destination, Grahams Town, and we were quartered at a fort—called "Fort Selwyn"—on the top of a hill, where the big gun fired daily to give the time to the inhabitants of the city. Here I first learned to ride, on that Town Clock; it was my regular mount astride the old nine-pounder, looking down from the fort on to the wide expanse and the beautiful little town. The unpleasant duty which was immediately imposed, of neglecting my gun and attending Tudhope's School at the opposite end of the town, was an arduous task, for there was an old horse always grazing in the way who would follow on; but since the adventure at Athlone, when I got bitten below the belt, I was shy of animals, except that dear old gun on the hill, and the way I exposed a pair of heels to that friendly quadruped across the Drosity grounds was physical exercise, if nothing more. Running to school

may show a willing scholar in some cases, but the race back to avoid that interesting acquaintance lost me points; however, the result was they accused me of playing truant, and you may guess what followed from such stern disciplinarians as Tudhope's staff. *I* remember.

The Hottentots were in great congregation, male and female, in the streets and thoroughfares, servants and labourers; these light-hearted, merry creatures never down in spirit, but waltzing and capering to the time of the military bands and to the measured beat of the drum like mad. The men were, under rule and discipline, very excellent soldiers indeed. Oh, why has the neat antic "tottie" soldier been allowed to vanish from the British Army List?

Flogging was rife in the Army in those days, and I knew many a victim to that degrading mode of maintaining discipline. I believe it is a fact that one Artilleryman received 300 lashes for military misdemeanour—an awful punishment. There is only one parallel instance that I have heard of, when a soldier at Gibraltar was sentenced to 500 lashes for attending a Wesleyan service! It is well that corporal punishment has been relinquished in the British Army, and it is a commendable thing also that our boys are more exempt, and it would have been splendid if the attention of humanitarians had been drawn to the necessity for abolition of licking, say about the time that Tudhope's School was at the zenith of its importance.

Owing to the war of 1846, we were pushed on to the fighting-line through that ugly jungle, the Fish River bush, which swarmed with the mobile enemy. We, however, arrived safely at Fort Peddie, an advanced military post, 'midst the Ama-gunakwebi tribe, under the chief Pato, who

are lighter in colour than the Gaikas or the Galekas, through having associated with the Hottentot races generations back. When I saw the chief, I inquired why he was so light, being informed that the tribe was related to the Chinese! Never did any natives use more red ochre than these same Ama-gunakwebi; they obtained it from the clay-pits on the Fish River.

Any traveller in the Peddie district may observe on the Ibegha River a high cliff, where in former days condemned prisoners were executed by being cast down into the valley below on to the rocky bed. I heard that a wise councillor of the Ama-gunakwebi deprecated waste of human life in that way, with which his chief was satiated, and being the high executioner of the tribe he ventured, instead of executing the victims, to relegate them to a retired part, where they increased and multiplied. The councillor's act was kept secret from the chief because the tribe was dissatisfied at the wanton destruction of so many lives by an evil man who could only rule by killing. Enemies were constantly invading the country, led by tyrants and oppressors, while their own chief was no better, and was at his wits' end to rule. At length he was sorely beset by a strong foe, and was on the point of defeat, when the wise councillor sent for the "impi" of culprits, who turned the tide against the enemy, scattering them far and wide. Then the Ama-gunakwebi deposed their chief, and sentenced him to death to be cast over the Ibegha cliff himself, and elected the councillor to be chief over them.

CHAPTER II.

Fort Peddie attacked, Battle of Gwanga, 1846.

The Ama-gunakwebi are the tribe who attacked Grahams Town under the chief Lynx in 1819—

"To sweep the white men from the earth,
And drive them to the sea."

Very soon the Kaffirs, including the Ama-gunakwebi, in force determined upon a great assault and attacked the place, Peddie.

They came on in thousands; the hills were red with them, dressed and decorated as they were in their red ochre and red blankets. We, the family, were in the Martello tower for safety, a very strong building with enormously thick walls, a cannon on top, and a draw-ladder into the doorway, which was nine feet from the ground. The tower is still there, although much neglected, and damaged in a way interesting to antiquarians.

My father, as a member of No. 3 Company, 7th Battalion of the Royal Artillery, was in the Star Fort; he was a Colour-Sergeant and he directed the firing, being a well trained Artilleryman.

My grandfather had offered to buy my father out of the service, but my father declined, although the grandfather was prepared to purchase a commission for him in the army.

My father told me that he had been on a parade in England which was inspected by the great Duke—the

Duke of Wellington—and that the Duke carefully drew an officer's attention to the fact that his chin-strap was not in order, thus illustrating the great Commander's attention to *minutiæ*. That was a great day in Kaffir war history. Fort Peddie lay surrounded by the enemy's fastnesses and strongholds in the gorges of the Fish and Kieskama rivers, and it was the key of the military situation in British Kaffraria. The British Government had endeavoured to reserve this tract of land between the two rivers as a neutral zone, which the Amaxosa strenuously resisted; hence the conflict, as the tribes failed to recognise the utility of keeping territory lying idle, which they valued so much for occupation and fighting designs. The powerful organisation therefore to expel the troops from a position of such importance, in the minds of both sides, had to be met that day. Our brave subjects the Fingoes fought well and engaged the advancing hosts at close quarters, while the few Infantry which were in the barracks sent volleys flying from their old-fashioned firelocks (for small arms were designated "firelocks" then).

The old Star Fort was equal to the occasion, for it sent forth its iron messengers of shot and rocket with deadly effect; the din and rattle fixed all my humble attention, bestowed from the tower's port-hole. The artillery seemed to me good, for I noticed that a shot struck Webb's shop and dispersed a band of looters who were engaged in helping each other to the contents, consisting of blankets, knives, beads and "tontle-doshes" (tinder-boxes with flints) of the utmost utility and service to naked warriors. That was a good shot, and at fairly long range, too, but there was none of the "Boer range" about it—two or three miles or anything of that sort; it was a modest half-mile

and no more, and fulfilled its purpose, for it created a sensational effect, judging by the attitudes of the loot-laden warriors, who appeared transfixed in wonderment at that awful missile exploding in their midst, spreading consternation at a joyful moment. Loot was dropped instantly, and while the chimney of the office attached to the building fell with the plaster from the ridge of the thatched roof in a cloud of dust those braves decamped. They seized the very happy moment as a Congreve rocket screamed to the same spot, and then there seemed to be something set alight, for there was a lurid glare accompaniment to the lively scene, adding effect to the heavy cloud of smoke which had already pervaded the battlefield.

About the centre of the field, between the Fort and the other defences around, the Fingo cattle were gathered in thousands, together with the Fingo families who were our loyal subjects; these crowded towards the Fort ditch, hampering the troops, who found how easy it was to aim at one object and to hit another. At last a shell, unfortunately, accidentally exploded just as it left the cannon mouth into the congregated families below the ramparts; that was a ghastly incident indeed, which stirred our gunner's pity to the utmost—a bill for the medical officer.

A fresh manœuvre of the attacking force then developed on the north of our tower—shells and rockets flew towards us, as we were in a direct line, my port-hole facing the muzzles of the cannon and the rocket tubes. Is it any wonder, therefore, that my port-hole was left unmanned while I temporarily examined the lower part of mother's bed until comparative stillness prevailed; then I saw the troop of 7th Dragoons trot out from their barracks, headed by Sir Harry Darrell, officer commanding, and charge into

the Impi. Memory fails to tell how so much of my little head managed to protrude from that narrow port-hole to see all this, but I remember noticing what stalwart men those Dragoons were, what magnificent chargers they rode, their brass helmets, scarlet coats, white gauntlets and jack-boots; they made a fine scene and turned out as smartly to engage those "roi-klip" (red-clay) Amabantu as if they were on Governor's escort. Inspection of the battlefield devolving upon others than my humble self, the ordinary list of killed and wounded must be omitted, but I know that Sir Harry Darrell was carried in bleeding badly from injury received, with a Corporal Manton of that regiment, and that my father's uniform was slightly damaged by a bullet. My father accompanied a battery which supported the Dragoons when the enemy commenced to retire, and it was on the gun-carriage of one of these guns that Sir Harry was borne. There was a Union Jack over Corporal Manton. The enemy retired, but some stragglers during the night fired a volley at the tower door, evidently at close quarters by the startling effect on strained nerves. I found the next morning bullet marks on the door, and round balls of lead on the ground. The officer who lost the military wagons at Trumpeters Drift, which contained important stores, I remember was a prisoner in the tower and looked very sorry for what had happened. I am sure that no British officer would "do it on purpose," as the young brigade would say.

Captain Colin Campbell was subsequently tried by court martial, the Duke of Wellington's opinion being that that officer did nothing to show his capacity for command.

I tendered sympathy to that officer, becoming in one so young, for I thought (as I had remonstrated unavailingly

Cavalry charge of Gwanga. From a picture in possession of Will Crosby, Esq., East London, Cape Colony.

with the gun squad on top who had charge of the antiquated cannon, which they fired at the retreating foe, the report feeling like a magazine explosion, shaking the tower to its very foundation and knocking the parapet away) that I had joined in the battle, especially as the cell beneath the tower was full of powder and shell, where an explosion would be even more dangerous than one on top. The two gunners at last agreed that it would be safer not to indulge in another shot.

The battle was over, including an encounter then or a day or two afterwards in the vicinity of the "Gwanga" stream with the same Impi, the Dragoons and Cape Corps charging into the ranks of the enemy in the open veldt, taking them by surprise. The Amaxosa, moving from the Kieskama valley, and the British cavalry, advancing from the Fish River, accidentally met, and the Dragoons, with the Hottentot Regiment of the C.M.R., charged and recharged through the enemy's ranks; one trooper, who was holding two saddled horses, stirred with excitement, joining in the wild ride, his steed flanked by the two impetuous coursers.

The attack on the garrison and the celebrated charge of Gwanga may be treated as one event or action, for it was the same time and by the same troops and Impi. That battle is always referred to as the single instance where British cavalry charged the Kaffirs on ground suitable for the dash and swordsmanship to which our gallant troopers are trained. The effect on the native tribes has never been forgotten, and is referred to even by the young men of to-day, who heard from their fathers of the "great English Dragoons," who were all tall, well-built, long-service men, similar to the veterans of the great Napoleon's Old Guard,

riding horses that were obtained from that excellent horse-breeding district, the "Hantem."

It is also fair to refer to the brave intrepidity of the Amaxosa, who, badly armed as they were with assagai and antiquated blunderbusses, faced our trained soldiers. I heard our successful troops speak admiringly of the native warrior. In one case a Cape Mounted Rifleman with gleaming sword was careering down upon a red warrior of the tribe of Mapassa when the latter suddenly faced his adversary, whirled his red robe into the charger's face and stabbed unerringly, while, as the trooper swerved, he sent another assagai after him and himself escaped into a convenient "kloof." Many of the enemy escaped by hooding the horses with their blankets as they came rushing upon them.

In reference to Captain Colin Campbell's misfortune, at that date railways were unknown in the Colony. Even long, strong buck-wagons were then a thing of the future, to carry 9,000 or 12,000-lbs. The ordinary light tent-wagon was the means of transport for civil as well as military requirements. A train of these, numbering 42, laden with stores and munitions of war, left Grahams Town *via* Drivers Bush and Frasers Camp, escorted by the usual number of troops, and as they ascended Trumpeters Hill on the Peddie side of the Fish River the Kaffirs beset the convoy on both sides of the dense bush, killing the front oxen in each team, then assailing the escort with determined onslaught, whom they killed and scattered, including the drivers and leaders, taking possession of the whole of the valuable consignment. It was a sad day for the Peddie garrison, but a great capture for the enemy, who appropriated all that suited their necessity; burning the wagons

and gear and the remainder of stores. The train extended from the river to near the top of Trumpeters Hill. The haul of oxen alone was a great loss to the British. The traces of the disaster remained on the roadside for years after, in the form of axles, etc., with which many a transport rider repaired damages.

His Excellency the Governor, Sir Henry Pottinger, was at Peddie about that time, and very important was the present little village of Peddie, while the affairs of the country were being administered from that point, not for years but for a day. If his Excellency the Governor was gratified at the success of our arms, as I am sure he must have been, he failed to bestow, however, any open recognition of the distinguished services rendered by the tower garrison, which caused no depression, but there were troubles after the victory. Even then my olfactory nerves were sensitive when a dog carried a leg bone of a deceased foe into our tower. In addition there were certain mysterious lights at the military cemetery close by which required much explanation (fire-flies). Also, on obtaining leave to manufacture certain fireworks for experimental purposes, I was discovered staggering from a stone-quarry with a frightfully scorched physiognomy. And a little goat, which by the fortune of war was awarded me, requiring protection from marauders, I borrowed a sword (with a brass hilt) and stood guard over it outside the tower, calling "Sentry-go!" only when jackals yelped, wolves howled, bull-paddas croaked, "in the very witching time of night when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead."

Those were the days to see big columns of native warriors (Fingoes)—our own loyal natives. They used to

figure in masses at Peddie, which was, indeed, their settlement. 17,000 came from Galekaland in the war of 1835. They were armed with small-bore percussion firelocks, such as were *par excellence* in the days of the battle of Waterloo, with assagais, shields, and war-clubs. Their clothing was blanket and great-coat, and they were paid at the rate of *sixpence per diem.* They were officered by Colonials who spoke the native language, as the Taintons, Shepstones, and other distinguished families. It was a sight worth seeing, those sable battalions, chanting their war songs in dance in true Zulu style with wild feathers and carnivora tails drooping to the martial swing, timed to the deep bass voices—

> "With war-plume waving high,
> With club and assagai."
>
> —*Pringle.*

CHAPTER III.

Cape Town—Simons Town—King Williamstown—Sir Harry Smith and Others—Buffalo Mouth—Massacre of British Settlers, 1848-1849.

FTER a time we left Peddie and returned to Cape Town. As we slowly descended the Fish River heights I caught sight of a soldier deserter in the bush, marching parallel, concealing himself as much as possible from the escort, who did not see him, but my young eyes saw him quite plainly, as he wore his red jacket. I presume that he escaped, or perhaps he fell into the hands of the enemy. We arrived at Cape Town in a coast steamer named "The Dee." While there I accepted an invitation to ascend Table Mountain, and I ran nearly all the way up the front of the Mountain, being late, and, following the party which had gone in advance. I had to be revived by the excursionists, although I was a strong little brute, for the natural breath of my body was temporarily suspended.

A long chase, a stern chase up the side of Table Mountain against bipeds with a good start was rather a "tall" order for a little chap on a hot day. However, from that date hill-climbing has been a speciality of mine, as the vigour which enabled me to overtake the party seemed quickened thereby.

We were stationed at Simons Town, where there was

splendid fishing off the rocks near the block-house. I learned to throw in night-lines and bring home next morning fine big fish. It was there, at Simons Town, that a taste for drawing developed in me, as it does with bushmen. I believe if I had been a bushman the rocks along the beach would have received strange impressions—the craze was strong. The ships in the bay were my subjects. I drew many ships—the "Neptune," for instance, that brought out the political prisoners—ticket-of-leave men in 1849—who were to have been located in this Colony had it not been for the opposition of the Cape public. I went in a boat round that ship as she lay in the bay and saw the Irish exiles leaning over the side. I also drew the "Seringapatam," an old war vessel which was once famous in British-Indian history; there also was anchored in the bay the "Badger," a little vessel used as a coal-hulk, which had been the great Admiral Nelson's first command—a small plain but highly interesting little craft. The "Castor" was then the Flagship, the Commodore's ship. I drew all these and obtained a price for them from somebody who sold books and stationery at a store. I forget how much money was paid to me for those precious pictures, but I think it was two shillings or half-a-crown; I thought it a lot. History tells us that the "Neptune" had to leave and take its important charge elsewhere. The Cape refused to issue rations to the Imperial troops unless the exiles were withdrawn. It was supposed to be a great day for the Cape the day that the Colony succeeded, by the efforts of Sir John Fairbairne and others, in imposing their will on the home authorities. I remember that the Governor, Sir Harry Smith, was feted, and his name adorned the public buildings all over the City in illuminated letters.

Table Bay seemed to be a great place for shipwrecks in those days. I often saw vessels wrecked opposite the old military hospital in the wildest storms.

I saw where the convict ship "Waterloo" lay wrecked, and the "Abercrombie Robinson," with 700 of the 91st Regiment (Highlanders) on board in 1842.

The Table Bay beach was always an object of interest. I remember once we boys took an "undesirable" dog to the beach to destroy it by drowning. We drowned it by tying a big stone round its neck; we buried it in the sand, but when we got home we found the dog. We once tried to kill a cat; we threw it off the ramparts of the old Castle a hundred feet, and that cat came back. Among the more successful of my own exploits, I went out sporting with a borrowed single-barrel at Salt River, where there were sea birds; they were rather flighty. In the excitement five swimming ducks fell to my gun, but father had to pay an account to a farmer next day.

A curious character I used to see in Cape Town was an old snuffing man who resembled the pictures of the patriarchs as they appear in Cathedral windows, passing to and fro from the Castle. I was told that he had been custodian of the keys of the Castle under the old Dutch Government, and that he was permitted to reside in the Castle.

While in Cape Town I went as an assistant to an outfitter, also to a storekeeper in Bree Street, not forgetting to enter into contract with a good old Dutchman who kept a "Negotie Winkle," but my Dutch employer used to get up so confoundedly early every morning that I never got any sleep. I found that my "boss" attended early morning market.

Here I may mention that we changed residence on and

off between Simons Bay and Cape Town until we were summoned to the frontier again to another Kaffir war.

This time we landed at an awfully wild-looking place called East London, I mean "Buffalo Mouth." We were battened down in surf-boats and hauled along on a rope from the vessel into the river, while the boat tried to topple over first on one side, then on the other, and when it couldn't it stood on its head, then on its rudder, so that the medical officer had every right to claim us as "his very own!"

The military authorities had been undecided as to which of the two river mouths was the better for landing troops and stores; whether Fish River at Waterloo Bay, or at the Buffalo (East London). The two were admitted to be equal in a way, but the surf at the Buffalo was tremendous, while the entrance to the river was deeper. As many as 26 wagons at a time were seen going to Buffalo Mouth. Fancy the labour and adventure of unloading and hauling all this cargo through that surf.

What a change since then. Even if I mention the fleet of the Union-Castle Line alone, with its 42 beautiful ships of a total reg. tonnage 197,803, ranging from the stately "Kenilworth" of 12,975 to the "Susquehanna" of 3,711 tons, with their lofty and commodious cabin state-rooms; and suites of rooms; and as well concerts, fancy dress balls, and cricket matches may be played on board. Electric bells; and lit by electricity; not forgetting refrigerating chambers for *ice*; libraries; tugs for passengers, and lighters for luggage, etc., etc. Oh what a change! And a weekly service to England, apart from intermediate boats, with an extra in between. No longer a three months' passage from England, or voyaging in a cockle-shell of a

coasting paddle-wheel! And railway facilities for the increased population down to the very beach into the harbour, which has been constructed at great cost by confining the Buffalo River between stone-built embankments or training walls, and the Breakwater works extending to about 200 feet from the Bar. Railway communication established to Butterworth, near the old headquarters of the famous Chief Kreli, no less.

It was here at Buffalo Mouth that I first rode as a jockey, but the steed was not so steady as my iron horse at Fort Selwyn. They put me on because they thought that I was light and could ride. The horse raced in front and did not feel my weight; the stirrups did, though, and the leather broke; the second horse came in first. When I was picked up I lay a long time resting in bed with a hole in the top of my aching head.

Then we proceeded to King Williamstown. There were few people there then; it was a large military encampment. I never saw so many tent-wagons as I saw there, all in military employ. The roads were primitive. There was much fighting all around at Pierrie Bush and the Amatola Mountains. I forget whether it was in that war or in the former that I used to observe the Governor, Sir Harry Smith, meeting the return columns of troops as they marched in near Government House, telling them that their coffee was ready—the band which was playing at the head of the column stopping for his Excellency to speak in the florid language which was his wont, welcoming the officers after their arduous labours, and then, to a lively air, the tired but cheered soldiers reached their lines.

I remember seeing another Governor, Sir George Cathcart, sustain a bad fall from his horse; the animal, a very

tall English charger, got on to its hind legs and fell backwards at the head of the Staff. Sir George came a severe cropper. This gallant cavalier, for such he always appeared to me, with his rather old-style military frock, high boots and gold-banded forage cap, was the beau-ideal of a cavalry chief. That gallant chief was afterwards slain at the battle of Inkerman, in the Anglo-Russian war of 1854, while leading his division.

I saw Sir Harry Smith's famous meeting at King Williamstown on the 7th January in 1848 (when the first English Bishop of the Colony appeared in Kaffraria)* with the Amaxosa Chiefs, Zandilla, Botman, Umhala, and others. The Governor wished to know whether they desired peace or war. He sat on his horse (the troops and Chiefs marshalled in order) with spear resting on his stirrup on the right hand and staff of peace on the left. The Chiefs were to advance and salute whichever they preferred. Naturally, under the circumstances, they all honoured the spear at respectful distance and bestowed the salutation of love on Sir Harry's left symbol (near his toe). So ended that war for a time.

It was a grand martial display—an incident in South African history which should never have been lost to the artist. The Artillery, the Cavalry, and the Infantry in great force, hordes of picturesque Kaffirs, mounted and foot, in the centre of the field that hero of the Peninsula, India, America, and South Africa, a brilliant Staff—the peace or war symbols in Sir Harry's hands—appealing so directly to the minds of the great Chiefs.

There were other distinguished officers of the wars whose names were prominent—General Somerset, his son, Colonel

* See Rev. Francis Fleming's "Kaffraria."

Somerset, who commanded the Imperial C.M.R., and the energetic General Eyre, who was also a victim of the Crimean war. Irregular Corps that were much mentioned were Montagu's Horse, Graham's Horse, Armstrong's Horse, Lakeman's Rifles, Swellendam Levies and others. The military were great promoters of honest horse-racing. I received riding lessons from a friendly Sergeant-Major Gillam, of the Dragoons, and also a Mr. Hewitson. It was "shoulders square," "knee in line with eye and toe," and so forth, and I took to riding properly. From that date I felt a coolness for my iron steed at Fort Selwyn, and actually was successful on the course—which is at the present day a well-populated township.

The war of 1850-53—called the Umlangeni war, when the military settlers at Woburn, Auckland and other settlements were murdered on Christmas Day in the Chumie Valley, the tragic history of which event I am unable to duly chronicle—although a trooper's wife of our Corps so often related the particulars of how she escaped in the bush and reached Alice. Her account was that the Gaikas under-chiefs visited the settlers on the Christmas of 1850, with treacherous intent, having stabbing assagais concealed under their blankets in their pipe-sacks, and appeared friendly, having friendly greetings from the old soldiers, when suddenly they disclosed their intent by attacking the men within their enclosures who fought as long as they could against surprise and great odds, being finally wiped out, excepting the woman and children. She said that the old soldiers fought well and maintained a stubborn resistance until they were overcome.

Of late I have been to Auckland and heard some of the details of that attempt then to locate military settlers on

the border of Kaffirland right up against the warlike Amaxosa, intended to be a defence against the inroads of the Kaffirs; and considering the character of the British warrior and temper of the Amaxosa, they were about the most unlikely people in the world to agree against the influence of the famous witch-doctor Umlangeni, who promised the tribes that the Amaxosa would be immune from British bullets, and that all cattle that had been captured by the British would be restored. The bad policy of placing our old warriors in such a helpless position was obvious. For it has ever been war in South Africa—which seems to continue even to the present day; and so it will continue even to the last; notwithstanding arts, commerce, and missionary enterprise within the British Empire.

On the point of whether the killing of the British settlers was a premeditated act of treachery, I quote here an extract from the "Sketch" of the late Colonel Griffith's life ("Faku" Colonel Griffith died on the 17th of October, 1906).

This is the extract:—

> "Next came the war of 1850 and 1852. In December, 1850, Lieut. Griffith was ordered to proceed from Klass Smit's River to Fort Cox, where he arrived on the 20th of the same month, and two days afterwards took an active part with his police in supporting Captain (the late General Bisset, of the Cape Mounted Riflemen) in pursuing a number of Kaffirs who had shown resistance to the authorities. On the 24th December, 1850, Lieut. Griffith was engaged with Colonel McKinnon's patrol passing through the Booma Pass, resisting a fierce and unexpected attack made upon the troops by a numerous army of Gaika Kaffirs, which, having been successfully repulsed, Lieut. Griffith marched rapidly round the base of the 'Red Hill' into the 'Rabula Valley,' and reached Fort Cox late on the night of the 25th of December, 1850."

This establishes that the war had commenced the day before, viz., on the 24th of December, 1850, and that the military were actually driving the Kaffirs so early as the 20th of the same month, showing that at the moment of the attack on the military settlers the war had already commenced.

CHAPTER IV.

Eastern Frontier, 1850-54—Hermanus Bertram—Kei Patrol.

NE of the sensations of the war of 1850 was the great patrol to the Transkei to invade Kreli's country, to make reprisal for the part that the Galekas were alleged to have taken by harbouring stock of the enemy, the property of the tribes who were fighting the British, and for other misdeeds. Previous writers have no doubt described fully the main incidents of this expedition; but I write what fell under my own personal observation as a youth. The regiments that comprised the column were the Cape Corps (General Brabant's old regiment), the 12th Lancers, the Rifle Brigade, the 60th Rifles, 43rd Regiment, and some Cape Volunteers, with a large force of Fingo Levies; General Eyre in command.

The horses of the troops were in tip-top fettle when the expedition started; but they were in a sorry plight when they returned. The troops had not much fighting to do, but it was harassing work, especially capturing the Galeka cattle; for that is the orthodox method of punishing your native enemy in South Africa; the natives themselves recognise it as the first military principle.

Glanders broke out among the cavalry horses, and a disease among the captured cattle, as it always does among very large masses of captured cattle. Mange—as it did

in the late Boer War—spread among the horses as well; and it was a pitiable sight to see the destruction of squadrons of valuable horses by shooting not far from the present site of the rifle butts at King Williamstown.

My pony contracted mange, and was sorely stricken; when just then a smart boy came along, as I was on the point of shooting it after the fashion of the Lancers, and offered me 7/6 for it, which closed the bargain. But subsequently, when I saw that the pony recovered, my feelings were—Ah!

The transport of the expedition was marvellous; trains and trains of light handy wagons, with eight mules to each. Coloured men and some Hottentots drove. The wagons flew about like cabs in a street, and they could travel up and down almost perpendicular places, ravines, and "kloofs"; even along the steep hill-sides with marvellous facility. The commissariat department was very proud of its transport, and the train conductors were very dignified men. Among the prominent figures of the period associated with that branch of the service were Commissary Generals Routh and Hall, and officers Nettelton, Lonsdale, and Nesbitt. The prominent names of the guide and interpreting department were J. Crouch, Conway, and Wellbeloved.

The immense droves of cattle brought along by the column from the Transkei seemed to extend from the banks of the Kei River itself to King Williamstown; for they were days and days coming in like locusts; along the line of march the veldt was hidden by them, and the noise they made, lowing and calling for their calves, rose above all other sounds. It was only the Fingoes who knew how to drive them, to avoid a dead-lock, by whistling and keeping

them in "quarter-column." If the European troops drove them, they got into a state of congestion. But the Fingoes did not know how to drive *straight*, because the nearer they approached headquarters the thinner the ranks of the droves on the line of march, and the more numerous the small "klompies" (lots) driven across country unaccounted for.

But that is the Fingo always since he migrated slowly through the Transkei, since the Zulu Chief Tshaka's time, when that warrior chief introduced the stabbing assagai, and conquered all surrounding tribes; the refugees who fled west in 1816, among the Amaxosa, taking the name of Fingoes—wanderers, poor people,* the Zulus, on one occasion, advancing as far as the Umgwali, near Clarkbury, where they were met by a combined force of British and natives, and driven back. Even in 1835 the Fingoes knew how to drive cattle, because when the good Sir Benjamin D'Urban brought them out of bondage from Hintsa's country, the Transkei (Galekaland), they drove 22,000 head of Galeka cattle before them (Galeka property, spoiling the Egyptians), the Galekas very angry, and full of hatred about it. Of course, it was done under British protection. Good Sir Benjamin. As there were 18,000 Fingoes, it was about one head of cattle per one head of Fingoes.

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* *Holden's History of the Kaffir Races*:—"The term *Amafengu* (Fingo) is a conventional epithet, first applied to the Fingoes by the Kaffirs, but now in general use among themselves. The root from which it is derived is *fenguza*, and signifies 'to seek service'; and correctly characterises their condition when they arrived amongst the Kaffirs. The term *Amafengu* applied to all the remnants of tribes (Amasiswa, Amahlubi, and twenty other refugee tribes) who found their way through Kaffirland from Natal (Zululand) to the frontier of the Cape Colony. But the term is not used in this sense by the Natal Kaffirs, but is rather a tribal name, as *Amafengu* or *Amafenya*; being used to distinguish that part of the great Amatuli nation which lived upon the sea-coast from the Bluff westward, who long subsisted on the production of the sea."

But for all that, he—the Fingo—has proved himself a first-rate fighting man, and loyal, up to date, although he does not approve of a *mass* of cattle if they are not his. The soldier, with his sweetheart and beer; the sailor with his rum and tobacco; but there is no happier mortal under the sun than a Fingo warrior proudly stalking in the rear of a drove of captured cattle, especially if they had been taken from their great enemy the Galeka; and if those sharp-eyed fellows, the "Ama-Tommy" (British soldiers), were not looking, he had delightful visions of an extra young wife! But since then, in frontier wars, I have found that many Europeans know how to *drive* stock. I remember once finding an *officer* driving 200 round a "Spitskoppie" (conical hill).

But an officer in the war of 1850, who won my admiration, was Captain Donovan, of the C.M.R., who, it was said, had defended himself with his sabre against great odds when attacked by the Kaffirs in a "kloof," where he was dismounted and taken by surprise. He stood with his back to a cliff, and was such an excellent swordsman that he kept the Kaffirs at bay for ever so long, and swept down every fern within reach of his tremendous cuts, in addition to a number of his assailants. He was a big Irishman, who obtained rank as Colonel; and who, when he visited Ireland, appeared at a fancy ball in Amaxosa costume, frightening the assembly into fits. I used to ride races against his *little* son Tommy, who afterwards became an officer in the Canadian Rifles, and who returned to the Cape since, resembling his dad exactly by his great voice and presence.

A remarkable warrior of the time also was a Captain Lakeman, a young gentleman of 22 years of age, with

means, who came to the Cape and raised a corps of volunteers himself for service in the Kaffir wars; 200 men called Lakeman's Rifles, armed with the Minie rifle; which rifle he had great difficulty in introducing to the Duke of Wellington before he left England; the Duke remarking that the recoil would be too great on account of the twist in the rifling, that the British soldier could never stand up to it, that no man could fairly stand up to harder kicking than old Brown Bess already gave—adding that "Englishmen take aim (with Brown Bess) and French fire anyhow," scouting the weapon for active field service. That was the story. On Captain Lakeman's arrival at the Cape, he was allowed to order 200 of these rifles at his own expense. He raised the men at the Cape, and clothed them himself. The men wore leather jackets and leather helmets, and did excellent service under General Napier in the Waterkloof against the Gaika General Macoma, being frequently mentioned in General Orders for gallantry. After the war of 1850, on this young gentleman returning to England, he received a knighthood from the Queen, and became Sir Stephen. The facts are published in his book—"What I saw in Kaffirland."

Fort Murray, on the Buffalo River, not far from King Williamstown, was an important post. The Chief Tslambi Commissioner, Colonel Maclean, occupied it as his official headquarters. The Colonel became Lieut.-Governor of British Kaffraria, and it was his prerogative to grant farms in the newly acquired territory—our beautiful Kaffraria—to European settlers; a big responsibility indeed to give away farms, which he fulfilled so ably and successfully. Fort Murray was the nursery of the old Colonel's handsome children, Lexi, Allan, and John,

including the lady who became Mrs. Wilson and the present surviving son Ronald, a warrior bold, all of whom, like the esteemed Colonel himself and Mrs. Maclean, were well known; the Colonel seen daily riding on his Arab roan, followed by C.M.R. orderly, a familiar form indeed, and, in fact, his name a household word, so genial and approachable to the general public.

Later His Excellency moved to King Williamstown, and it was there that one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the Cape Colony called on him, and finding an individual in the garden, inquired: "Is the Governor at home?" Reply: "Yes!" "Will you please hold my horse?" "Yes." The judge was away a few minutes, and returned, handing a shilling to the man, then rode off, saying "Thank you!" That evening the two met at the military mess at dinner, and were introduced; but the judge did not recover his shilling!

The officers in the military forces, both Imperial and Colonial, at that time appeared to me to be splendid riders; and so also were the sons of some, as Captain Harvey's boys, and Jack Taylor, son of the military magistrate of the district under martial law; for martial law was in force. Jack was the prince of riders for such a youngster, as he was very young, and very small, too. Afterwards that young fellow carried the colours of his regiment in Persia, in some affair between Britain and that kingdom in 1856, where General Outram and Havelock commanded the British forces. Little Jack had an adventurous time by being the only officer not killed or wounded in his regiment in that Persian war. But there was one Colonial officer who could compete with the best steeplechaser alive, and that was Hermanus Bertram, who afterwards became one

of our inspectors in the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police. He could go the pace, and he won the Garrison Steeplechase, on a horse called "Don't-trust-me," in fine form, against the best rider in the Imperial Army. Hermanus was well known as a regular dare-devil. He it was who distinguished himself so brilliantly in the assault on Fort Armstrong in the war, when the rebel Hottentots occupied the place and resisted so stubbornly.

I was not so fortunate as to get into the steeplechase class, but I was allowed into the paper-chase contests, as a great favour, on rather a good horse. The pace was rather too hot, though, o'er dongas and down "kloofs"; it seemed like madness along the Buffalo banks—so after that I cultivated intimacy with the Montagu Horse "Heavies," who lent me sober steeds, viz., the Cape Regiment, where I became acquainted with one Brink, and Gilstain, and Delemere among the officers, and enjoyed the means of studying equitation calmly, until, in a moment of absent-mindedness, when an officer required his charger for duty!

Here I may mention that my father's description of the fight in 1848 in the Free State between the British and the Boers, with his description of the wild game that he saw, moved me to adventure. At the Battle of Boom-plats he said the Boers fired very high. Unfortunately the tallest officer in the Brigade, a Captain Murray, who could look over most men's heads, was shot through the brain. My father said that they fired grape-shot from the cannon at the herds of game, and killed fifty springbuck in one discharge. I am ignorant as to how many musket bullets there are in a charge of grape-shot, but I am aware that a farmer at Cradock killed thirty-three buck with *one* rifle

bullet. There were about 500 buck stopped by a deep donga. He crept up the donga and shot the foremost buck as it looked down; it dropped, and thirty-two followed, and died!

My father then left the Army and retired on pension, obtaining an appointment in the Ordnance Department. He subsequently took to trading, and kept a store at King Williamstown; but he never became a magnate, being always the soldier, and impulsive. The firm of H. Head and Co. accepted me as an assistant; but commercial life absorbed little of my attention, while shooting and riding turned my head when stories of military life were read. Once I volunteered to join a commando which was *en route* to Tamacha, a military post on the way towards Breakfastvley, but the officer commanding seemed rather particular, so I came home.

The greatest treat afforded me by my employers, H. Head and Co., was to be allowed to go pigeon-shooting—bush pigeon-shooting—and plover-hunting on the King Williamstown flats, with my single-barrelled gun (the one that shot the farmer's ducks at Salt River, Cape Town). The plover led me many a long mile; but with "second wind" a good many bags of small birds were brought to the larder, as also beautiful speckled yellow-pointed pigeons. A new pony, which later became an acquisition, made me feel like a real boy-brigade trooper; and I was able to advance to "no-yards" distance of the pigeons in the mimosa bushes and blow them over, they were so tame. Of course, in relating exploits to my contemporaries, I indulged in sportsmen license and praised the wonderful long-range qualities of my gun.

My employers also dealt in spirituous liquors, wholesale

as well as retail, and it became necessary to bottle a quantity of brandy, germ-proof, for consignment to the Kieskama Hoek, and to cork it and label it, as well as seal it. This delicate business of manipulating intoxicants fell to my lot. I had to see that the corks were well soaked, and that the bottles were quite clear and transparent, and filled air-tight. All the details were in order, my assistant being a coloured storeman, who was rather addicted. To watch him I kept very close to the tap, the spirit pleasantly titillating the palate of the storeman, and affecting me so much that, when the bottles were ready, the assistant was "Quite well, I thank you!" and I felt as if I was "on board a ship!"

However, the boss could see by my rosy cheeks and nose and swimming eyes that it was right-down zeal in his interest that created the situation; and the storeman was pleased that his case also was put down to *fumes*.

Being always fond of horses, I used to notice a beautiful charger ridden by a Mr. Macdonald in the street, survivor from the wreck of the "Birkenhead," which had saved itself by swimming ashore. The horse's name was "Birkenhead," and for many years that horse reminded the public of the sad event, in 1851, when the troops—as in the case of the "Abercrombie Robinson" in 1842—were engulfed in deep waters in sight of their destination—"Inch by inch the drowning ship sank low." The loss of that ship sent a wave of distress throughout the whole country at the time.

Another object of interest to me was the Star Fort in King Williamstown, with guns mounted on the ramparts, used as a depôt for stores and war material. It was a great beacon of the then history of the country. It was the

centre around which everything else seemed to converge. To my mind it was wonderful and stately and grand, surrounded by encampments of troops in their gay uniforms, with bands constantly playing or practising; such excellent bands; the music not only soothed, indeed, the "savage breast," but England's children abroad in Kaffraria—picturesque Kaffraria, with its wide area of beautiful country trodden mostly by the brown Amaxosa, who roamed at will, though shy of the British outpost-dotted garrisons of a few men cooped up in small forts to maintain touch and "lines of communication"; the hours and days monotonous enough, as at "Fort Jackson," "Goola Heights," "Fort Warden," "Fort Glamorgan," and other points where the young officers in charge formed intercourse with the beauties of nature rather than in the society of the lordly male Amaxosa himself, and also found solace in shooting, quick gallops on Kaffir ponies to call on each other, etc. That was the life of an officer on outpost-duty in Kaffraria.

CHAPTER V.

Frontier Rural Police Life at Queenstown—Grantee System, 1855.

IN the war, or at the conclusion of the war in 1852, when Sir George Cathcart, as Commander-in-Chief, established a police force on the frontier, he gave it the title of "Rural Police." It was composed of a fine class of men, not exactly the type of backwoodsmen of America, but African frontier men and European adventurers of undoubted skill and training to war. Their duty was to guard the border and check native depredations, also to enforce the pass-laws. The life and duties of this corps attracted me as I lay on the grass in front of our residence at King Williamstown and dreamed of adventure—game-shooting and the delights of a roaming life. A friend of mine, John Barnet, reciprocated these heavenly visions, and after some hesitation we decided to embark in the enterprise quietly, so as not to court refusal. So, without asking, we borrowed horses from our respective fathers (our own horses of course) and started off in 1854, on a stormy night, as ill-luck would have it. We arrived at the native mission, Peelton, at the Yellow-wood River, which was flooded, and had to swim through in the dark, avoiding all accident and saving our horses. Thence on to "Kabusi," near Stutterheim, and after two Imperial C.M.R. had been drowned

in our presence we crossed the river Adam fashion, crossing our nags somehow.

We arrived at the hotel and were very kindly treated by an Irish lady of considerable wit and humour—Mrs. Irvine—mother of the late J. J. Irvine, M.L.A., who expressed great surprise at such young fellows being abroad in such stormy weather. We had to be diplomatic and guarded in our replies—explanations to the lady. On we went next day (the country was wild then, it was Kaffirland more or less) to Windvogleberg (Cathcart) and Queenstown; the course was bad and tedious. My companion suggested returning, but that motion was promptly negatived in view of the code of parental discipline, which was not then repealed.

The line of route at the present day from Queenstown to King Williamstown, about 120 miles, is to travellers by train as slumber on a comfortable couch, compared to what it was when nine rivers, more or less flooded, had to be negotiated, all absolutely bridgeless, viz.:—Peelton, Kabusi, Cumacala, Toise, Thomas, Thorn, Zwart Kei, Umvani, and Komani.

At the Zwart Kei we incurred much risk by venturing in, with our clothing tied round our necks, the water extending over the horses backs in a very wide muddy and stony drift; we were washed down a considerable distance, and we both fell under the waves, our wearing apparel getting soaked. However, we were light-hearted and did the best we could on the bank; there was no one about, and we sat under the trees while some of the clothes dried. The worst was the little rations that we had with us got wet and spoilt, which was a very great hardship, for our appetites were excellent, too excellent. But the horses

had a benefit, for the grass was just luxuriant at the spot, and out of that we drew comfort, as the poor nags had a hard time on the bad roads in all the mud. When I say hard we did scamper along, because we were not quite sure whether we were on the right track; or had even one friend about in a strange land; but no one molested us. We *believed* that peace prevailed, but we couldn't swear to it; that was the state of our minds. The Gaikas had recently been removed from the Amatola mountains, to south of the Bontebok flats, and Fingoes located in their land, and there was a bitter feeling in the tribe about it; they were unsettled, to say the least. I am sure that the few who noticed our pace must have thought that the devil was behind us!

In the end and after further adventure we found ourselves at our destination. It used to rain in those days, rivers were rivers, now they seem to be mere trickles. There were two hotels in that newly-created Queenstown, but we put up at neither, finding a billet at the residence of Sergeant Chamberlain, of the Rural Police. Sergeant Chamberlain was quite a genius in mechanics and other arts which might have won him fortune, but he chose the non-paying profession like many others. He had married John Barnet's sister, which made us welcome.

John Barnet's age was 17, and I wasn't 16 until next birthday.

Now the adventures. Offering our services to the Commandant of the Rural Police, Charles Duncan Griffith, known as "Faku,"* we were accepted as full-fledged members of the force. We provided our own horses, arms,

* Faku—name bestowed by Frontier tribes after Pondo Chief.

COLONEL GRIFFITH.

("FAKU.")

ammunition, everything in fact, and we were remunerated at the liberal rate of four shillings and sixpence *per diem*, without accessories or rations. Being no accountant, I regarded the income without any thought of outlay, and felt satisfied with the contract. Sergeant Chamberlain was our drill instructor and director. We were ordered to watch a flag which floated near his quarters to observe when we were to go on duty.

I watched that flag patiently, diligently, with unwearied eyes, to perform my first contract with Her Gracious Majesty the Queen at four shillings and sixpence. At last the flag was up (it was *down* when we were not wanted). The way I ran that troop-horse from the "veldt" made my name first to carry an "Express" to Kei River. On the ride out there was time for reflection, having lived in a whirl the last few days. Air bracing, health good, youth needs not much philosophy—they promised "happy days and no regrets." There was also time to view the scenery around and to take in the general situation. The town was in its infancy; there being only one shop or two, and a few builders, carpenters, and other trades, in addition to two hotels—Coleman's and Stubbs'. But the plan of the town seemed good, outlined here and there by shanties erected along the line of street and square. Of course the usual public buildings were in existence for the Magistrate, and for those who liked making his acquaintance. Brick-fields along the Komani River were in abundance, showing that the new settlers were intent upon building a *city* as soon as possible. The rate at which dwellings and stores were erected was something marvellous. Many of the Dutch farmers built what are called town houses, for attending church. These cottages were of an unpretending

character and were built to form a street boundary as a garden wall. They were generally vacant excepting at Naachtmaal time, when the farm families attended service.

Glen Grey and the Bolotwa were the two native locations, or reserves—lying east—important districts indeed, and were under the able administration of Mr. J. C. Warner, who held the title of "Tambookie Agent," whom I got to know by being out on duty; and I esteemed him very much since he discovered me eating gooseberries in his garden by mistake, by looking over the garden wall and inquiring if they were nice! I replied "Yes!" explaining that I thought that I was in the wide veldt and that all gooseberries were wild! However the kind-hearted gentleman invited me to tea, and I heard him telling Mrs. Warner how surprised I was when he looked over the garden wall, and that I was very young! A good tea smoothed the adventure. I shall never forget that tea!

The Queenstown district after the Tembus (Tambookies) had been driven out was allotted in farms as grants, and a number of Fingoes located at Ox-Kraal and other places about; one of the conditions of occupation being that every farmer was to hold and maintain himself with two armed and mounted men ready for service of defence at any moment if required; and they were to muster once a year in presence of the Civil Commissioner. I was present at one or more of these musters, and I saw what a formidable body of frontiersmen was on guard over the land, mixed English and Dutch; "Dick," "Tom," and "Harry"; "Gert," "Hendrik," and "Jan," thus they addressed each other. These were great gatherings indeed. Salutes were fired in honour of the Queen, as the meetings were held on the Queen's birthday; and in combination with the com-

memoration of the grantee system and Her Majesty's natal day, there were also races and other public sports on the ground; especially rifle shooting; for the farmers, as they do now, dearly love rifle shooting. Altogether the event was a red-letter day for the Cathcart system—named after the late Governor Sir George Cathcart himself, who initiated the system. The late Mr. William Shepstone was the Queen's representative, as Civil Commissioner of the district, and right royally he encouraged the spirit of the thing—this grantee military organization; which seemed to meet the requirements of the frontier exactly.

The parade was held on the east side of the Komani River, on the flat; even while mustering, wild springbok could be seen "pronking" (playing) on the veldt, almost within rifle range; while the remarkable and curiously shapen hills and mountains far and near—as "hanglip" and the "bongola" formed a scene of marvellous beauty in the unbounded expanse. No wonder that the grantees have prospered in their possessions, and that Queenstown district is regarded as one of the most salubrious residential parts of South Africa.

CHAPTER VI.

Andries Nek—Spooring—1855.

ERY soon after Trooper John Barnet was sent to "outpost," and Andries Nek, on the North of Queenstown, became my "station." The camps or barracks were all called stations, which had more of a civic sound. I soon became versed in the art of spooring (tracking), fore-laying (lying in wait). I learned to make "cookies," stews and excellent coffee indeed, but making "biltong" was considered quite an accomplishment! also preserving pumpkin was reckoned one of the fine arts, while providing our own light with fat in blacking-boxes, with a bit of linen for wick, was common. Extravagant and well-to-do policemen employed candle-moulds, but the steady plodder regarded such with disapproval. By degrees I learnt to make my own "Veldtschoons" (dancing pumps), which we wore commonly, and found them comfortable in the veldt. Frontier men in those days wore their hair long; I followed the fashion and permitted it to hang gracefully down my neck. It was considered *a la Francaise* to wear it curled inwards and to lustre it occasionally with a little cocoanut oil. In my station there was only one pair of Napoleon riding boots, which were in constant requisition. When anyone in particular wished to go to town the owner was most obliging. We wore wide-a-wake hats with long drooping ostrich feathers, and civilian uniform, but afterwards we adopted tanned cord

and tanned moleskin, as it was called, and that was our colour until it was superseded in later years by innovations, which the authorities were constantly upsetting, and have ever since been searching for what had already been discovered, namely, a good serviceable colour for the field. Everybody has now adopted "Khaki," which our authorities compelled us to discard many years ago. No one shaved in the police—everyone wore a beard who could; I didn't. The men looked like Boers (Dutch farmers); and couldn't some of these Boer-looking men absorb "dop"! I did not, of course, being young. An approved institution in camp was "running the cutter"—with no written code; but as an alternative its benefits were highly eulogised by my comrades. It had just one prominent feature, that it starved the bank.

The winter cold of Andries Nek when out on duty was severe. I cannot remember that anyone wore woollen in those days—it was cotton rix-dollar shirts at one shilling and sixpence; the cord and moleskin uniform was cotton. Hang-lip Mountain was an ever snowy peak. When waylaying on the cattle paths on coldest nights no fires were allowed. I dwelt in the open from choice, finding that following the Rhei-buck and Klip-springer (chamois antelope) on the mountains lent circulation Living was cheap in mess—a sheep for six shillings, a bag of meal for ten shillings, etc.; the Dutch farmers were most hospitable and kind. Horses were plentiful, but the horse-sickness was a dreadful scourge. Bleeding the chargers in the springtime as a preventative was a common custom, but although it satisfied some ancients it was by no means an infallible remedy. Our horses died wholesale in the season; but, fortunately, remounts were not expensive.

There were some very odd characters in the detachment at Andries Nek—old soldiers and sailors; that is to say, they were eccentric, but not inefficient. One had been a Quaker, with more eloquence than customary relating adventures in the Navy. He had been in the British Navy, and had received an awful sword-cut in Egypt from a Frenchman, and, when well charged with "cutter," had a tendency to fly to arms at once, and to act as though he had reserved all the wrath of several Quaker societies for just one innings at our sergeant. We were on patrol—patrol meant galloping in those days, not dot-and-go-one, as troopers do now. There was life in the party, and we lightly scoured the plain. The Quaker's trooper outstripped the sergeant's. Quick as thought a challenge given and accepted, lances on rest (hunting-crops), they charged and charged each other with all the chivalry of old romance, and, being without steel armour or vizards, failed to escape unscathed; eventually an armistice and camp coffee pacified them. They were wild fellows. The sergeant, in taking a detachment of twelve men to an officer's station, arrived, reporting that they had all deserted —the men returned to their own quarters in ones and twos, affirming that the sergeant was "nowhere."

There was an ex-soldier in the squad who had none of the milk of human kindness in his heart for any humanity that was not "Europe."

This fastidious individual rejoiced in a brick-coloured complexion and bulbous proboscis. One, "Funday," a Gaika Kaffir, had a maimed arm from wounds received in war when fighting on the side of the British, and was the distinguished possessor of a gold medal which had been presented to him by that hero, Sir Harry Smith himself,

for gallantry in the field. The European, an ex-"Tommy," from certain causes stumbled into a wheelbarrow on a snowy night, and would have perished had it not been for Funday, who came along, at Burghersdorp, and discovered him in a sorry plight, and trundled him into a stable, lodged him in a pile of horse litter, himself being the hot-water bottle, with his own blanket over the two, thus restoring animation to the frozen form. A rifle shot was heard at dawn—"turn out the guard!" Funday was seen flying round the corners of the stabling with a resurrectioned trooper after him presenting a loaded rifle. A barrack-room court-martial followed, from which Funday emerged radiant with honest smiles; the troopers had compelled the other to apologise, if not more.

It may not be uninteresting to state, in reference to the gold medal that had been presented to the gallant Funday, that a question was raised at Horse Guards about it—the contention being that such a presentation was without precedent—signifying that it was an infringement of custom to give a medal to a man who was not "Europe." I do not know what Sir Harry's reply was, but I expect it was satisfactory from that true judge of heroism.

The following extract from a book, "Reminiscences of Kaffir Life and History," by the late Hon. Chas. Brownlee (by permission), refers further to the warrior Funday ("Fundi"):—

> "At the close of the war of 1846, as already stated, 250 Kaffir Police had been enrolled for service. Under the fanaticism inspired by the prophet Umlanjeni, almost the whole of these men joined their countrymen on the outbreak of the war of 1850, but, to their credit be it said, those on detachment escorted their officers to a place of safety; and, at Fort Cox, their headquarters, they went

off by night, leaving Commandant Davies and four or five officers quietly asleep in their beds. Amongst these deserters was Commandant Davies' orderly, named Fundi (Funday), who went off with his commandant's charger. To my astonishment, about ten days after the desertion, while the Kaffirs were carrying everything before them, and just after Sir Harry Smith had with difficulty made his escape from Fort Cox, Fundi ("Funday") presented himself with his Government gun and his master's horse, saying that his heart reproached him for his ingratitude to his master, who had trusted him and been kind to him, and that he had returned to the service that he had left without cause.

"During the whole of the war, December, 1850 to March, 1853, Fundi (Funday) and the twenty-four men of the police force who remained faithful to the Government, rendered valuable service. One of these was killed in action, two others were wounded, while Fundi (Funday) himself was twice wounded, and in consequence of his gallant conduct he was awarded one of the twelve medals granted by Sir Harry Smith to troops who had distinguished themselves in the field."

The story of the Indian Mutiny and the above little bit of history by such an unquestionable authority as the late Charles Brownlee in regard to Amaxosa character, should be compared: Firstly, in reference to the deserters escorting their officers to a place of safety before they deserted. Secondly, others deserting in the night, and leaving their officers asleep in bed unmolested; Fundi's return with his master's charger, saying that his heart reproached him for his ingratitude, etc.

How now about the allegation that a Kaffir has no gratitude? Did not Fundi (Funday) show both gratitude and nobility of character?

In the present day, in the Transkei, a spoor law is in force, holding native kraals responsible for any trail of stolen stock that may be traced to their vicinity unaccounted for in a reasonable way; failing, they are obliged to carry it further to the vicinity of some other area. This law has been in force among the natives since time immemorial; and it is a fair and sensible law. The custom was very much in practice on the Tembu border as a police measure of detecting stock thieves, although it was not a Cape law. Nor is it a Cape Colony law even at the present day, excepting in the Transkei proper—I mean the law of responsibility of kraals. Andries Nek was one of the chief points for receiving reports. Many reports arrived, for the Tembus had not recovered their losses of cattle in the late war, and were anxious to replenish their kraals from the white "interloper" as speedily as possible in Eastern Tebuland. The deep and fertile valleys, hill and dale, were fair and wide shelter for venture, and there was no "faint heart."

As administrators of the statutes of the land our men endeavoured to fix responsibility before the missing kine passed into the depths of Kaffirland, and we were on the alert to spring in the saddle at a moment's notice. This happened frequently that in a moment we'd gallop to a point on the boundary and pick up the trail, where would be found a Dutch *farmer* or an English *Boer* with native herd daintily doing apparently the "light fantastic" on the veldt, for fear of effacing marks; offering little signs and tokens for our inspection—a bit of dry this or that, or a tiny pebble turned over—even a blade of grass lying

low would be important as an object of study. Unless on soft ground, such details would be too minute to hurry over, and we were obliged to exercise *sight* and *patience* with perseverance. No matter how hot or cold, we had to hold on to that track wherever it led, and sometimes it strayed back to the farm as if the stock had only meandered, but it would surely eventually stray right away towards the recesses of Kaffirland. Endurance was more than once severely tested, as we, during weeks and days, were on the veldt examining atoms, as if prospecting for precious stones and minerals, or even surveying townships, by the attitudes of observation, lines of direction, and scrutiny.

One of the obstacles was that the herds of the native-belongings would persevere in driving their possessions across our line of progress; then when we did succeed in saddling the vicinity of a kraal with onus, there would be tiresome exchange of opinion between the inhabitants of the kraal—men, women, and children—a "powwow" or "pitso" among the members to controvert our allegations and attempt to account for the traces in a way marvellous to mankind—so unwilling would be the feeling to accept such an unwelcome task of "passing it on to your neighbour." Our task was to hang about until some outdoor chief or headman would appear on the scene, and who would formally accept the polite invitation. Recording his rank, name, and locality, then off at express to the Tembu agent; and our duty was over, unless we were required at the hearing of the case.

Fortunately the land was sparsely occupied, and the veldt was ample for veldt-craft. Some men could see nothing of evidence on the sward, only grass and daisies. But it

was excellent exercise for eyes, brain, and intelligence. I remember how pleased we all were with our first success. Even the old dogs who couldn't tell a spoor from a shadow participated in—"Well, *we* did work hard!" The experts were the Dutch farmers; they had been at it all their lives. One in particular, when I could see nothing, pointed to a microscopic atom of matter, saying: "It is turned over; there must be a cause; the wind couldn't do it"; and by following the indication we came on the track again some distance ahead. We all, police and farmer, wore veldtschoons alike, splendid for spooring, as they do not readily obliterate, and the use of them tends to make one appear "light" and "mincing"—which you have to be in circumventing a Tembu cattle robber, who, with bare feet, travelling in the rocky hills, and aided by the cattle herds when venturing into the open, is recognised as the smartest cattle lifter in South Africa.

We have all read the story of the Dervish in the desert who lost a camel which was blind in the right eye, lame in the left leg, loaded with honey on one side, and with wheat on the other; the loser meeting a man suddenly who described the animal in every particular. "Conduct me to my camel," said the owner. "I have never seen it," replied the stranger. On this the owner seized the stranger to prosecute him for theft, as his story seemed so preposterous.

"Then," replied the stranger, "I have lived long (not on the Tembu border). I saw that your camel was straying, because there was no human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind of an eye, because it cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot produced upon the sand. I concluded

that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the centre of the bite. The busy ants informed me that it cropped corn on one side, and the clustering flies that there was honey on the other side."—*Colton.*

That lesson was of value.

CHAPTER VII.

FRONTIER ARMED AND MOUNTED POLICE—BRITISH-GERMAN LEGION—TAKEN PRISONER BY GAIKAS, 1855-57.

REORGANIZATION of the Corps took place in 1855. We were made "Frontier Armed Mounted Police." Sir Walter Currie was appointed the Commander, he having commanded the Albany Rural Police, while my chief Griffith, known as "Faku," was posted to the position of second in command.

They were both capable men from our point of view and held the confidence of the country. My uniform of moleskin, with sporting buttons, had been revived in the tan-pot. We were now wearing a leather hunting cap as head-dress. I wore jack boots. A hunting-crop with steel-plated spurs made my horse "Tempest" prance, and I was told off as orderly to Governor Sir George Grey. Then it was he desired to send "Faku" (Colonel Griffith) to Basutuland as his representative to Moshesh, the paramount chief of the then powerful tribe of the Basutus, before the Boers had reduced their strength, and asked him how long it would take him to get ready to start. "Faku" replied "An hour." Sir George was pleased. In less than sixty minutes "Faku" was there, mounted on his celebrated horse "Roderick." I felt sorry that I was not invited, as I stood at attention, for my excellent steed "Tempest" was in glorious fettle, with a skin like

burnished gold. However, youthful hopes have to be vanquished, and there it was. "Faku" obtained great "kudos" for that special mission.

A period of furlough at the expiration of my first term of service was granted, after the expiration of which I re-enrolled for three years, that being the term of enlistment.

A journey to Grahams Town as orderly to Commandant Griffith was a pleasant trip; it was in connection with the reorganization. Then it was that I saw Commandant Currie for the first time; he was a gallant-looking gentleman, well framed, and with a taking voice, and he seemed to take your measure in a glance; the style of face was much like the pictures I have seen of the great Italian liberator, Garibaldi. He was full of admiration for my chief, Griffith, who put up at his residence, "Oatlands," while I stayed at Style's Hotel in Bathurst Street. There was great to-do then in the city through the fall of Sebastopol in the Crimean war; the town was illuminated and fireworks freely exploded. It was a great treat for me to be in the midst of that rejoicing, and I could not help admiring some amateur paintings, which were exhibited in the windows by one "Charlie Jay," a young resident. These pictures were figures and scenes of the battles in the war which had just closed, and which surprised many lovers of the fine art. An attack of influenza drew my officer's sympathy to me in my room where I was confined, but the virulence of the disease was not great, so that speedily I was up and attending the steeds again.

After Commandant Griffith had finished his official business with Sir Walter we returned to our district.

We had, soon after, American Colt revolvers issued to

us, and rifles—the "Hayton" pattern. We were also favoured with "free" ammunition; hitherto ammunition had been one of our personal expenses. The "Enfield" cartridges and looper charges formed our magazine, with one barrel grooved and the other smooth. It was a good sporting gun; but I retained my "Bowker" rifle, which had cost £33, purchased from that old rifle expert, Octavius Bowker, a frontier pioneer. There never was a better gun. Our men were charged £12 10s. for the guns, and £7 10s. for the pistols, by monthly deductions from our pay.

Well, one thing is certain, we had the finest horses in the world. For journeying and inexpensive "keep" the South African horses are easily first.

The exigencies of the service transferred me to Windvogleberg (Cathcart), as Lance-Sergeant, under an officer named Rudolph Cloete, a Dutch commanding officer; his rank was Sub-Inspector. They were very kind, and in those days we did not observe the strict military formality that we do now. They allowed me to board with them, and my room was attached to their dwelling. Cloete was a great racing man and could ride and train a horse to perfection. Those were very happy days; I was still young.

My officer and self were on excellent terms, but I am afraid that there were moments when I did not sufficiently regard discipline. He granted me leave to Queenstown, which I overstayed, and on my return to the station, observing that the forage which I had ordered was left outside and not packed in the loft, I rounded imperiously on him before he had time to lecture me. "Well, that is brazen," he said, "before I have time to call you to account

for overstaying your leave!" I apologised, of course, and had my forage packed meekly. It does not do to impose upon a good Chief.

He would break into Dutch words of drill sometimes on parade, such as:—

"Valt in" (Fall in).

"Veir rechts" (Fours right).

"Bestormt!" (Charge).

"Bereidt voor den zadel" (Prepare to mount).

"Ontslaan" (Dismiss).

He called us "My Boys"; and had served in "Graham's Horse" in the 1850 war; and although strict and acquainted with his duty, he was like the head of the family on the lonely station. I remember him well, with his curly hair and flowing beard.

I don't think I shall be able to write all that crowds into my memory of that date—the hunting on the Bontebok flats; the advent of the German Legion; my capture of an entire German Legion band which was attempting to desert from Stutterheim to the Free State; the cattle-killing sacrifice among the natives; our building camps for the German settlers; the Fadana operations, and the Chief Anta's people capturing me and my three troopers as prisoners, etc.

Owing to the unsettled state of the border, Lieutenant Cloete dispatched me with three troopers to warn Anta's people, the Gaikas, against passing over the border line, or hunting in the Colony proper. We carried out our instructions where there was a hunting party of the tribe in the "Dagana" valley, north of Windvogleberg; the Kaffirs collected—they were armed with assagais and had numerous dogs—taunting us. I arrested a leading Gaika;

then they swarmed round us, brandishing their weapons and demanding their man. By sheer weight they forced us along. We were armed and had our rifles loaded, but I would not fire—four against hundreds, and at such close quarters. My three troopers were tanned-visaged men with long beards; they seemed to look at me as if just requiring a nod. Restraint is a virtue, at least so they intimated to me subsequently, and at last a space was made. We returned to camp as the hunters dispersed. When I lodged my official report (after its receipt at headquarters), the Governor, Sir George Grey, had me admonished for arresting the man at such a critical time, as it might have brought on war, but the Commandant said that I had done very well, as I was only a lad!

We had cadets in the force then. I was never a cadet; they were not a success in a Militia force like ours, and they soon fell out; they were between "the devil and the deep sea."

I remember an officer of the 85th Light Infantry, a Lieutenant Galbraith, stationed at the military cantonment, who was bitten by a snake in the thumb; he drew his hunting-knife and severed it from his hand, after first cutting off the reptile's head. Nerve!

That is the officer who laid out the Windvogleberg road in Cathcart district.

Very few people would know that our men, the F.A.M. Police, were the public post-riders for the conveyance of Her Majesty's mails from Queenstown to King Williamstown at that date. But such is the fact. When the last war was over, the Imperial Forces transferred the duty to our corps. Our men carried the leather mail-bags on their shoulders, and sometimes the postmen cut curious figures.

They travelled *viâ* Kabusi Nek and the Isidenga. So that, on the whole, Sir George Cathcart's Police turned out a very useful body to the public, and has continued so ever since, I may modestly say. "Useful, as well as ornamental," is the motto. Be useful to be appreciated; that is the advice I always endeavour to instil into the minds of my men in regard to public duty, and I believe that is the sound principle that exists in the two Colonial Forces, viz., the Cape Police and the C.M.R., at the present day.

British German Legion.

The German Legion had been raised for the Indian Mutiny. On its arrival, in 1857, a scheme was suggested of transferring a large number to the Frontier Mounted Police. The Commandant sent me to Stutterheim—General Stutterheim's headquarters—to bring along a batch of transfers. I found them—these soldiers of fortune—quite prepared to come, all Volunteers, some in red uniforms, others in blue and green. They were a fine selection, and consisted of Germans, Austrians, Italians, Poles, and other nationalities. I will try to remember some names—Faeber, Dalbello, Meyer, Nemeyer, Dormer, Marchette, Von Wedell, Von Asseburg Pech, Zacherl, Ziegler, and so on. I brought these soldiers to Windvogleberg (Cathcart). Several of the party changed their minds on arrival, not being attracted by the landscape, and returned to Stutterheim. Von Wedell joined as a sergeant (from being a lieutenant in the Legion), and Von Asseburg was made corporal. Most of the men had been N.C. officers. They settled down to their duty in a business-like way, and they were well disciplined. They proved a great success, and have figured prominently as excellent British

settlers. They were very musical in camp and in the field, which had always an enlivening effect. They were full of enterprise, and their rifle drill was an example.

I had to learn some German words of command in drill to help me through:—

"Angetreten" (Fall in).

"Augen rechts" (Right dress).

"Gebt eure Namen" (Answer your names).

"Gewehr-auf" (Shoulder arms).

"Praesentiert das-Gewehr" (Present arms).

The German troopers never smiled.

Then it was that I found some share of admiration for foreign soldiers—although, naturally, my large share is for the British soldier, who, to my mind, is invincible.

The General of the Legion, Baron Von Stutterheim, with his staff, arrived at our camp on a visit of inspection, as native disturbances were expected. They were a very fine cavalcade, in uniform, and riding first-class chargers. I remember the thoroughbred ridden by the General himself, a beauty; I just pined for that Arab steed. The General was a bluff, hearty soldier, and he entered into conversation with some of his old hands very freely, and manifested a particular interest in the organization of our corps, and in the native question. He did not remain long, but returned to Stutterheim almost immediately. What I did notice about his party was—they rode very fast. I am sure the General was very much pre-occupied with his responsibilities in dotting his military legionaries about Kaffraria and Peddie. Kaffraria looked like Germany, in some degree, by the crowds of German soldiers about speaking the German language. The Kaffirs regarded them with great jealousy; they did not like their advent; it meant

something inimical to their interest, and they had a most unfriendly feeling towards them. About that time the florin was introduced into the country as part of the currency, which the natives dubbed "ama-gelman," in reference to it being sixpence short of half-a-crown! All the village settlements were named after German places, as Frankfort, Berlin, etc. There was considerable friction with the Kaffirs, arising from placing martial-spirited men in their vicinity. The Legion being soldiers, and the natives warriors, they glared at each other! When I called at the General's office to arrange about the men that were transferred to our corps, I found him very business-like, and I answered the number of questions he put to me rapidly to the best of my ability. I seemed to wake-up under the volley; it was the first business relation that I ever had with a German General, and I think he thought me rather young to be trusted with a draft of such seasoned warriors. And I think the General was right.

Not long after, the band of the Legion, or one of the bands, deserted, with all instruments, to go to the Transvaal. We received a report, and I took a patrol out and found the would-be Transvaal musicians at Thorn River, say sixty miles from their garrison. They were sorry that we came along, but at intervals they played for us foreign marches as we rode. In the camp also they made us merry by their lively airs. Then they were sent back to Stutterheim, where, no doubt, military penalties were imposed in proportion to the enormity of their ambition. Poor old band!

For building German quarters at the Thomas River the Government allowed us working pay. The buildings were of a temporary nature, as an experiment. It was not

necessary to work hard at an experiment, for it was very clear that these people had not come out to Africa to live in barracks. All the same, we put in fair value for the allowance.

Mr. C. C. Henkel, of Umtata, has informed me that 1030 of the Legion, of which he was one on the headquarter staff, volunteered for India in the Mutiny at its height; and that the battalion of men (Rifles) melted down in India quickly to 600, through casualties, fever and cholera, etc., only about 350 returning to South Africa, the rest having joined regiments of the Indian Army. The remainder of the Legion was disbanded; the remnant by Sir Charles Mills, and Major Elliman, assisted by Mr. C. C. Henkel himself, after he came back from India.

In the "East London Dispatch" of this date, viz., 17th January, 1907, I have noticed a reference which will be of interest, and I take the opportunity of transferring it to these pages:—

BRITISH GERMAN LEGION.

It is exactly fifty years ago this month, says the "Cape Mercury," since the British-German Legion, that sturdy band of settlers now fast dying out, landed on Kaffraria's shore—on the West Bank at East London. For some weeks after their arrival, and while the work of locating the various sections was proceeding, the emigrants dwelt in tents near Fort Glamorgan, the detachments proceeding to their several stations at the end of March, 1857. The Rev. H. Gutsche has very kindly favoured us with a translation of the official plan of settlement, and this will prove of no small interest to our readers. The plan is as follows:—

I. Regiment.

Headquarters: Wooldridge (formerly Pato's Kraal). Staff: Col. Wooldridge. Captain Dumaresq (paymaster); pastor, Rev. Oppermann; surgeon, Dr. Samoje, dispenser, Schneider.

Wooldridge: Major Crompton and Lieut. Schmidt, with about 100 men.

Bodiam (formerly Mandy's Farm): Captain von Brandis and about 100 men.

Hamburg (formerly Keiskama Mouth): Captain Baron de Fin and Lieut. Goldener, with about 100 men.

Bell (formerly Tovi): Captain von Neviadomsky, with about 80 men.

Fort Peddie: Captain Valentine, with about 50 men.

East London: Major Kessler, Lieut. Bauer and Ensign Dosel, with about 150 men.

Panmure: Captain Mischke and Lieut. Essellen, with about 100 men.

Cambridge: Captain La Croix, with about 10 men.

II. Regiment.

Headquarters: Berlin. Staff: Lieut.-Colonel von Hake; Lieut.-Colonel Humfrey (paymaster); pastor, Rev. Wilmans; surgeon, Dr. Luntzel; dispenser, Brouns.

Potsdam: Major Scot, with about 100 men.

Berlin: Captain Count von Lilienstein and Lieut. Count von Ronnow, with about 100 men.

Hanover: Captain von Brandis, with about 100 men.

Marienthal: Captain Mehlis, with about 50 men.

Breidbach: Captain von Gonner and Lieut. Gropp, with about 80 men.

Wiesbaden: Captain von Linsingen, with about 100 men.

King Williamstown: Major Wolfahrt and Lieut. Berg, with about 100 men.

III. Regiment.

Headquarters: Stutterheim. Staff: Lieut.-Colonel Kent Murray; Captain Maxwell (paymaster); pastor (vacant); surgeon, Dr. Danckwarts; dispenser, Muller.

Greytown: Major von Clasen, with about 100 men.

Stutterheim (formerly Dohne): Captain Schultz, Captain von Gontard, Lieut. Reuter, Lieut. de Packh, with about 240 men.

Keiskama Hoek: Captain Lentz and about 50 men.

Braunschweig (formerly Izeli): Captain Munter, with about 100 men.

Ohlsen: Lieut. von Tempsky, with about 50 men.

Kolding: Captain Schneider, with about 50 men.

Frankfort: Captain von Kronenfeldt, with about 80 men.

Cavalry.

Greytown. I. Squadron: Captain Hunt and Lieut. Ward, with 80 men.

Stutterheim. I. Squadron: Captain Douglas de Fenzi and Lieut. Johannsen, with 80 men.

Assistant Surgeons.

Dr. Brink (Lower Victoria district), Dr. Vix (East London), Dr. Wilmans (King Williamstown), Dr. Winsell (Greytown), Dr. Ahrenhold (Wiesbaden), Dr. Koncke (Braunschweig).

CHAPTER VIII.

Hunting on Bontebok Flats, and Fadana Expedition, 1856-57.

"A HORSE, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" My beautiful glossy hunter, "Blackberry," would gallop into or over anything. On one occasion he landed into a nest of ostrich eggs. Perplexed how to deal with that welcome find, I quickly extemporised riding breeches, and with these well filled with eggs I arrived at camp, and we had omelet for lunch. "Blackberry" was so quiet that he carried double with pleasure, viz., his boss and the effigy in front. Later, noticing an ostrich spring up, apparently from the inner earth, I searched and found another nest; these I packed in the same way, but unfortunately, through venturing into a gallop, the pony (not "Blackberry") came down, and then there was some sorting as I sat bare-kneed in the wide veldt—the troopers in camp watching for the hunter and bestowing great encomium when field pancakes were provided.

With the "Bowker" rifle, after considerable practice, I anticipated great results on the Bontebok flats, and sallied forth one morning, securing a duiker in the first shot. "Here's luck," says I, with sixty-three bullets in my pouch. "I wonder where there's a Scotch cart about." That day before noon the pouch was empty and not another buck. When I returned the little duiker's bones were picked by assvogels.

Hope is a great anchor, and the following morning saw me again keen on that "bag." On the eve of starting, with toe in stirrup, stood a shot at seventy yards. Quick as thought there he lay with a bullet through his heart—poor antelope, it was only blind and *brandzicte* (mangy). With a low larder, I visited a farmer and ordered two fresh ducks for two shillings and sixpence, pondering the question of parting with "Bowker" and keeping poultry!

I finally decided not to poultry farm after all, for the game then was in abundance—hartebeest, quagga (a species of zebra), springbuck, and ostriches. With such a fine field it is no wonder that at times I was able to refer to a marvellous list, shot by the "Bowker," but I forget the number now. I, being Sergeant, indulged in extra sport, and ventured far from camp.

In one of these ventures a heavy black fog stole o'er the land, and in darkness I wandered, until, arriving at flowing water, I followed the stream, when, to my utter surprise, a man was before me—both very far from our respective camps; he was an officer from Elands Post, Lieutenant Tyler, of the Imperial Army, and had been lost all day, and I found him in the dark!

The hunting field hardens and qualifies one to meet the unexpected and surprises: shaking a night adder from one's riding boot; in a hurry, finding a puffadder in the saddle bag—used as a pillow, for example. But one day, while dismounted and resting on a stone on a ridge, observing landscape, a little cavity under the seat suggested snakes. Wondering what I would do if a snake came along, there was a big cobra close up, with head raised, coming for the hole as hard as he could, while I rolled like a barrel down the slope.

The "Bowker" rifle to me was better than any club, developer, or athletic exercise; it led me into out-of-the-way places all over the Kabusi range, the Gaika Kop heights, and the Elandsberg mountains and other tracts. Even now in travelling by train along the border I recognise spots about the Thomas River, the Thorn River, and the Toise River where a quagga or a hartebeest fell to "Bowker"; but not without many an arduous chase, for I never found the game quite easy to approach on the Bontebok, it seemed always wild, because the "flats" were so extensive, and to fly from alarm on the grassy plains. It would be hard to draw a picture of the actual field of sport as it was then with the beautiful creatures roaming at large or to compare it with the present condition, stocked with sheep and cattle; the success of the latter is evidence that where the antelope has ranged there also will domestic animals flourish.

I was ever fond of the wild gazelle and often lay me down and admired them as they stood or moved, unaware of the presence of such an arch enemy as myself.

"By valleys remote, where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively,
And the timorous quagga wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain,
And the fleet-footed ostrich, over the waste,
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste."

—*Pringle.*

Our recruits from the Legion, many of them, were now coming forward as sportsmen, and one or two proved to be expert shots who had experience in the black forests of Germany. These preferred to hunt on foot, as their horses

were so "Donnerwetter" wild. And they were fair rivals of mine, excepting in the fact that I, being mounted, had a wider range.

More than once I met Mr. Charles Brownlee with Mr. Hugh Thomson, from Tembane, out hunting. But they seemed content with the feathery specimens, as pauw and partridges, and did not join much in the arduous chase. But there were visitors from Queenstown, who arrived in wagons, and camped out, who did join in and *ride*; some of these military officers of the Imperial Army; hard-riding hunters who blazed away at any distance, and never got much, because they were unable to judge distance. Their eyesight wanted training, such as spooring stolen cattle would do for them! These visitors were not of the South Africans, but of the class that would improve readily, with practice that makes perfect. Targets are good practice, and in camp I made it a point to daily expend so many cartridges at fixed objects, and to count the distance, so that when I fired at a head of game at 600 or 700 yards, the atmosphere around the animal would, to say the least, be disturbed, even if the bullet missed. The visitors used to publish my personal success in camp in recounting the day's adventures. (Egotist!)

This little bit of personal history up to the present is fairly illustrative of the life of many young South Africans becoming inured to "incident by flood and field," and perforce acquiring knowledge of gun and horse with the necessary sense to find their way about. Almost every farmer's son is qualified in this respect at the Cape; and it should ever be so in the "Dark Continent."

Fadana Expedition, 1857.

A Border Chief about this time, named "Fadana," a

Tembu, occupying country to the East of Queenstown, having caused unrest, an expedition was organised to march against the clan on the Indwa and Tsomo rivers, Sir Walter Currie in command. We were reinforced from Albany, Alice, and Fort Beaufort. A troop of Queenstown burghers, under the command of Commandant Wellem Bowers, joined us. There had been no previous preparation in regard to supplies, consequently we entered the field dependent upon what we could *forage* or *pick up*, a rather precarious provision. Unfortunately it was cold and in the rainy season, and, with no "rations" and wearing cotton-cord, inclemency and low diet exercised our constitutions a bit, while we tracked the clan in the hills and kloofs and cleared the country of stock. Then it was that a trooper could have a fat cow for breakfast, as there was no limit for rationing on local produce. Just one further step required to conclude the operation—and that was to seize the chief Fadana himself, who had vanished. "Faku," the second in command, was selected to complete the success, and, speaking the Amaxosa language fluently, no one was better qualified. As a (full) Sergeant, standing in a cotton suit with no coat, shivering in the rain in misty weather, present at the selection of horses to make this "coup," I hadn't the slightest idea where to look for Fadana. The features of the near horizon seemed so uniform, if anyone had ventured to indicate North, saying it was "South," I'd have accepted it as gospel truth. "Faku," with twenty chosen followers, looking like Napoleon's veterans in the Alps, disappeared in mist, while our brigade settled down to cows.

Being young is not unadulterated bliss, for the remains of a Kaffir hut about eighteen inches high—which had

formed my special burrow—in the rain had (by order) to be resigned—with pleasure—to the Burgher Commandant Wellem Bower, and in a lull of mist Sir Walter, after depriving me of my shelter, directed me to enumerate a legion of cattle which covered the hills. I counted one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight! One, two, three, four; two, four; two, six. The way those infernal things got mixed! "I've got it," said I, "seven thousand," and carried the number accordingly. "Good G—d," said Currie, "what has become of the other five thousand? Did you count them?" I glanced towards the moving herds, and that was the only reply he could get from me, so I was sent off in awful disgrace for a South African, and the Chief himself went to count. By George! he could count, and he may have discovered who ate the cows.

On a Sunday the Chief had a serious attack, and ordered a parade to "read prayers." As we drew up into square he was rating an officer in unparliamentary language for some fault, and the parade broke up rather abruptly, the rated officer remarking that he knew that Currie couldn't "read prayers."

The Commander was in a state of constant aggressiveness until the arrival of "Faku" immediately, with Fadana, from a secluded part, proved the fitness of that dashing officer to effect surprise, and no one was more surprised than the Tembu Chief himself by this record march and capture, and no one more pleased than the gallant Currie.

After that we effected the capture of another Tembu Chief named Quasha, charged with high offences, who was taken in the gorges of the Great Kei River. Lieutenant Tekush obtained the credit for that smart apprehension.

The evil was that the Commander would move his forces about in the dark through rivers and rugged parts, and we were always having accidents. I remember a young officer of the 85th Regiment, who accompanied us as a volunteer, having a good sousing in a slippery drift in the dark, and he had to remain in his soaked garments, as there were no spare kits about. I think it was Colonel J. M. Grant, who lately retired from the C.M.R. One man was drowned, a trooper of my squad, in the same river that night.

When we had finished the business of awakening the Tembus to a sense of duty we returned to further active service at once. But there was no prize money. I never knew what became of the balance of "cows"!

Commandant Griffith ("Faku") received great praise from His Excellency the Governor, Sir George Grey, for his services.

In reference to the Tembu Chief, *Quasha*, who was captured by Lieutenant Tekush; that was the Chief of the Dongwana branch of the Tambookies, the father of the two Chiefs *Seyaballa*, and *Gwa*, now located around the Hoheta, near St. Mark's, with their people; those are the Tembus who fought the British so stubbornly in the 1850-52 war, at Shilo and Whitlesea, in the Queenstown district, a very warlike section of the tribe; a beautiful part of South Africa.

CHAPTER IX.

The Cattle Killing Delusion, 1857.

CATTLE-KILLING delusion had then seized the native mind, the Kaffirs bringing in the skins only of the slain cattle to the traders. Every day and hour they thronged the stores with the reeking hides, always in haste to return to further sacrifice.

I witnessed this at Windvogleberg (Cathcart) where the Gaika Kaffirs of the Chief Anta (who was half-brother to Zandilla) hurried to and fro with their gory burdens, the matter quite beyond our comprehension, and the deluded people seemed so much in earnest and resigned, avoiding interrogation and yielding only evasive replies to questioners when induced to speak on the subject. Naturally we thought they were mad, and we were full of curiosity as to the motive of such a huge sacrifice which was not intended to be explained to the white man. However, we gathered that they were killing by the order of some high authority, whether wizard or chief, was not clear. But how these natives, whom we saw and met daily—and who were the people who arrested me and my patrol in the Dagana—could sacrifice in that wholesale fashion their beautiful stock, which a native worships, and which is all and all to him in this life, was too wonderful to ponder over. We stood at the trader's store often regarding the pile of skins accumulating before the door, thrown down

for a mere song, a bit of tobacco, or an ornament, with just feelings of wonder and sadness.

It only occurred to me in later life, why did not the police, as the agents of Government, try to stop it, if not by gentle means, by *force?* We heard that the Gaika Commissioner, Mr. Charles Brownlee ("Chalis") at the Dohne, was endeavouring to do so, but we had no orders to that effect. To the Kaffirs we criticised their action in speaking to those whom we knew, and calling them "fools"; but further than that we did not venture; our little voice lost in the magnitude of the event.

At the end of the year we—the F.A.M. Police—were massed suddenly at King Williamstown for "inspection" —it was stated "Governor's inspection"—and many of our men fell into line, with valises shaped with straw to be light and bear a smart appearance. However, from that town, without any ceremony or preparation, the Transkei was our destination.

Then what we saw cast more light on the subject as we marched into the country.

When we arrived in the Transkei the sight of the starving population was pitiable—dying in hundreds at the kraals and wayside.

We had come there to expel the supposed instigator, the Galeka Chief Kreli himself, by direction of the Governor, Sir George Grey, and we had with us a well-mounted Hottentot levy, under Captain Harvey, of the Imperial C.M.R., and also a Kaffir levy, under Major Gawler, of the 73rd Regiment (who was acting as Magistrate among Umhala's people), and Lieutenant Colley, of the 2nd Queen's, was present (the late General Colley).

It is impossible to describe the suffering among the

Galekas at the time, there were so many gaunt, stricken wretches. There were dogs about, but not a cock left to crow.

Mothers in the prime of life, just mere skeletons, with their children on the veldt unable to rise; men reduced to the same condition. Often we carried these poor creatures, especially little ones, on our horses to endeavour to save them, but the task was great; situated as we were, we did all we could. I remember there was much wet weather and many marauders about and some skirmishing. But the country was silent and ghastly.

It was a strange delusion, the object, it was stated, "to drive the white man into the sea." I forget at this late date whether, on the investigation as to the motive for that unprecedented sacrifice, it was satisfactorily proven what was the object. If a resurrection of the hundreds of thousands of cattle had not been prophesied, it might be natural to conclude that the motive was to coerce the tribes into raiding the Colony to clear all live stock, but the prophet promised that the sacrificed flock would return tenfold—a thousand per cent. is a pretty good inducement without any ulterior motive.

The delusion originated in Galekaland through a Kaffir prophet named Mhlakaza, and his daughter, Nonxouse, as his agent, who saw spirits of Galeka ancestors who had died in former wars, and who, when interviewed by the prophet's daughter, predicted that the ruin of the white man was at hand. There would be a resurrection of all the old warriors in thousands, if the people would first kill all the animals, including goats and sheep, but not horses or dogs. All grain was to be wasted and none was to be sown.

It was hard to convince the people at first, until the prophetess spread the report of the wonderful sights that she saw of cattle under ground and in the waters all waiting to be resurrectioned the moment that the order to kill all cattle had been obeyed.

The news was spread, and the people came from near and far to satisfy themselves of the truth, and went away believing the wondrous prophecy to slaughter every head and destroy every grain of corn, maize, and millet, goat, sheep, and fowls; then there would be a glorious day for the faithful ones, when the dead cattle would arise fat and sleek, and blooming fields of grain a thousand-fold, with the Kaffir corn-pits *full.*

The 18th of February, 1858, was the day fixed for the resurrection. With beating hearts the survivors of starvation awaited the morning of the 18th. But the cattle never came; the fields remained dry and full of weeds; the pits remained empty.

That was the moment *that it was said* the Chief awaited to hurl his host against the white man. How absurd! Instead of marching in serried ranks to "drive the white man into the sea," many turned their faces towards the Colonial frontier, not to invade, but to escape death; the poor wretches dwindling away along the track marked by the dying and the dead. Fortunately through the dilatoriness of the Gaikas under Zandilla to sacrifice—it was said—the Kaffirs were not prepared for war! I should think they were not! We found numbers in the bush searching for roots near where we viewed the celebrated pool where the celebrated prophetess "Nonxouse," as the supposed agent of the *Chiefs*, preached the doctrine of destruction of cattle so successfully. That was where she saw the millions of beauti-

ful cattle that would rise after the white man had been expelled, and make Kaffirs rich. The palm and wild date grew plentifully near that pool. It was her manner to sit all day with a host of listeners telling them all the wonderful things she saw below the water, the people believing all she said. It was a very romantic spot near Mazeppa Bay, a small lagoon not far from the Kei mouth. It was estimated that 30,000 people died of famine and a hundred thousand disappeared. The country was depopulated.

It is a fact that no clear and satisfactory proof was ever obtained as to whether there was an actual plot between the principal Chiefs of Kaffirland. That a few tribes, or sections of tribes, stood aloof who were not of the Hintsa or Gaika branches, is true.

A further point is what has been stated in the meagre history of the late Mr. Charles Brownlee's life, that as the prophet Mhlakaza was dying, he blamed the Chief Kreli —but whether for a plot, or for not using his influence to check the delusion, is not stated.

No doubt Kreli himself was the victim to superstition with his people. Superstition with the tribes at the time was a religion. They obeyed the wizard; especially as the orders promised such good returns. They were deluded. They have done it before and might do it again.

Arguments opposed to this conclusion will scarcely hold good. No Chief would wilfully first reduce his army to death's door, to incite dying men to combat. As well call spirits from the "vasty deep." Kreli believed in the cattle-killing because the wizard had ordered it! The tribe flung themselves into it with a whole heart because they also believed in the wizard!

In the rain, in our endeavour to capture Kreli, we encountered some scattered forces of the Galekas (believing that they were the Galeka Chief and immediate following) on the ridges of the Bashee River, who seemed to lead us on to the Odwessa forest, where there was quite a skirmish in the bush. We didn't mind the skirmish, but the wet was too awful to ill-clad troopers in cotton cord, starved as we were, and the rain just chilled our marrows. No tents, not even waterproofs; it was a pickle. I remember being rear guard in marching from the forest at break of day. The effort required a will indeed to saddle up, soaked and water logged, the horses camel-backed, man and beast shivering like dogs in sacks, as a volley from the Galekas sprinkled us at close quarters. We returned the fire as best we could with our muzzle-loading rifles and Enfield cartridges to secure delay and to nurse a badly wounded native from Tembuland who served with us. His life seemed gone, with a bullet through the chest. We could not take him, so placed him by a fire, with wood and skin and bone, after binding up his wound, trusting that the enemy would respect his helpless state if he lived longer than we expected. Then we followed on to track the column o'er the soddened veldt. In three days we arrived at Butterworth, and in the afternoon I saw a figure of a native coming in slowly and with hesitation, limping as if not well. I met him, and to my great surprise found that he was the wounded Tambookie that we thought had died. He told his story, that the Galekas had not found him, and that he had tightened the bandage and roused himself, and stirred to follow us. In the kloof another shot was fired, and an assagai thrown which cut across his abdomen and opened his intestines; he escaped, holding

his abdomen tight to keep them in. In this plight he had crawled along through bush and kloof. He certainly looked sick; the adventure of the assagai, the last straw that didn't break this Tambookie's back. I gave him some more skin and bone, and attended him. We all did give him of our best—a little gun-powder on his grill—we felt so sorry for him, and sewed up the wound in front, the other healing. I think spare diet was the doctor, as it seemed he couldn't bleed. He eventually recovered; I heard it from a Clarkbury missionary. We also fell into starving condition, in a way following the Galeka example, as rations did not form part of our system in those early days. Everybody was supposed to look after himself, and establish a record for privation if possible. Occasionally we received a scrap of meat from a distance. Life was held cheap. Some men ate horse flesh (which is nothing wonderful if a man is hungry).

One day, as we were in a starving condition at Butterworth, a report reached the main camp that a gun-runner was *en route* from the Colony illicitly trading. I was directed to proceed to Fort Warden. My companion knocked up, and I had to go alone, finding no runner. Night closed in, horse tired, I passed the night in the dark in the midst of Kaffir skeletons and cattle bones (graveyards!), for be it remembered that the natives burnt the carcases of their cattle.

Nothing daunted (I mean not yet dead!) I moved at daybreak and directed my course over the Gonubi hills and valleys towards Kabusi Mountain, arriving at a mission station on the Kabusi River, where a kind welcome was accorded by the lonely missionary, who gave me food and raiment. My rags and tatters were exchanged for a

(small) tight-fitting clerical suit, which, with the beautiful disfigurement on my chin from meagre diet, was sufficient disguise for a semi-deserter, for, in fact, there were no instructions to proceed to Windvogleberg. My duty was to endeavour to return to the Transkei. By kindness and diet I rallied, and directed my course back to Windvogleberg, my own station, right up to the camp, travelling through the scene of the cattle-killing.

The natives who had not killed their cattle were much impressed by this awful calamity to the Amaxosa tribes; though many continued their faith in Mhlakaza's daughter, Nonxouse, and thought that the miscarriage of her predictions was due to some human act of omission more than to her shortcoming; attributing to her many powers—that she could conceal her whereabouts and identity, if the Government wanted to arrest her, and that no human power could arrest her, etc. However, Mr. William R. D. Fynn, clerk and interpreter to Major Gawler, of an adventurous turn of mind, and anxious to test the girl's capability, believing, as he did, that no Galeka girl alive could escape his advance when he chose to take up pursuit in earnest in the interest of the Queen's Government, to extend retribution for the dreadful consequences of her predictions, obtained the Major's sanction to sally forth in quest of her with some trustworthy followers, traced her to her corner of retirement across the Bashee into Bomvanaland, where he captured this celebrated witch-doctress; an act that more than surprised many, who were staggered at his daring to approach Nonxouse; or to loiter even in the vicinity of her temporary residence.

Mr. Fynn (who is now a resident of Queenstown, hale and hearty as ever) had no false notions whatever, and

simply regarded her as the main agent in the delusion, and without regard to her comely and youthful figure, bright eyes, and innocent expression, took her out of her small circle of family, placed her astride of a pony, and conducted her by secret paths through the valley of the Bashee River in such short time, that before the capture could be known to the natives, he carried her to Major Gawler himself, who sent her down to Cape Town, to the then Governor, Sir George Grey.

She, Nonxouse, is, I hear, now living at Middleburg, a very old woman. She was reported to have made a secret statement to Colonel Maclean, who was at the head of native affairs on the frontier at the time.

But there were two prophetesses at work, one on the west side of the Kei among Umhala's people, a girl fourteen years of age, daughter of a headman, a T'Slambi, who live near the Impongo River, about four miles from the village of Maclean. A native, named Kwetchi, was appointed by Umhala to assist Nonkosi to hurry on the cattle killing on the west side of the Kei. Nonxouse was the Galeka prophetess and Nonkosi the T'Slambi prophetess. Nonkosi was taken as a servant by Mrs. Gawler, wife of the Colonel, who was then temporarily encamped at Fort Jackson, and who collected many of Umhala's reduced people and removed them from Kaffraria to the Idutywa, in the Transkei.

Kaffrarians will remember a very celebrated trial when the farmers broke the calabashes of a leading T'Slambi for remaining, when he was ordered to remove to the Transkei. He had been ordered to remove with his people but refused to do so; he a great witch doctor himself.

It was generally believed that there was only one witch doctor at the time; but there were these two, of almost the same name, viz., *Nonxouse* and *Nonkosi.*

CHAPTER X.

Free State—Basutu War—Tracking Bushmen—A Gale—1858.

After that there was war between the Free State and the Basutus, in 1858, after the Sovereignty had been given up; the dispute arose about the boundary line. Our Dutch had, naturally, great sympathy for their kith and kin in the Free State, as also had the Herschel Fingoes with the Dutch, having served with them and laboured with them in former days. It was to prevent the Cape Colony being involved in war that we were moved up to guard the border. We watched along the Orange River from the junction of the Tella to the Krai River. I recollect it was a cold and bitter day, snowing, when we rode to Letuka's Kraal in the snow. The late John Austin was Magistrate there in Wittebergen, now called Herschel. The fishing in the Orange River for barbel and yellow-fish was excellent, the bait being locust or grasshoppers. We were becoming quite military then; I wore chevrons on my arms. Sir Walter rode past, and I seemed slow in saluting him, not intentionally, and received a reprimand. It had a good effect, for when I returned to camp I made the men "sit up." That was when the Griquas were migrating from Griqualand West to Griqualand East, and we saw many dallying by the way at Stirk Spruit and other parts of "Witteberg," as that district was known,

because of its snow-capped mountains, which could be seen from afar.

A number of these Griquas had settled at the Witte-bergen proper, along the Stirk Spruit, and also some at the "Poti" River. The Rev. Mr. Daniel was Wesleyan missionary at Bensonvale, the native institution, famous for its fruit and hospitality. Our officers never avoided that glebe intentionally, which proved how good they were on Sundays. Missionaries are Christians in hospitality; I have ever found them so. Magistrate Austin ruled his district like the Chiefs of old—fined and "eat them up." Eating up means sequestration, the owner's claim being dead.

One of my own squad, a tailor, deserted to the Boers, and received a wound which disqualified him for tailoring. When the Boers sent him back he was very anxious to explain that the Boers shot him while he was making a frontal march on the laager. But the evidence disclosed that he *must* have been retreating!

The camp life at Letuka's Kraal was fairly arduous, herding horses in the winter nights, our men in woollen night-caps, and blankets worn as coats. Lieutenant William Wynne seemed never in angelic mood with me, and charged me with being wanting in respect, declaring that he would "teach me." I wondered why, but I could only think of one little occurrence at Windvogleberg, when he was proceeding to Queenstown on duty with Cadet-Sergeant Harry White and myself. After we had finished our duty, White and I made an engagement to spend the evening out in some good society, when we were suddenly disconcerted by being ordered to "saddle-up!" However, orders had to be obeyed, and we did saddle-up, determined

to make the Lieutenant *ride*, if it was possible. The old officer seemed to accept the unspoken challenge quite good-naturedly and with pleasure, and away we tore across the Queenstown flats in the dark at an awful pace to Tylden and Windvogleberg. He seemed to be only humouring us, as no doubt he felt sorry to mar our pleasure. But we were not enjoying the experience a bit, for he would be *pleasant* and *ride* as if he was making the pace for *us*. In the end we found that we had to deal with a veteran who was as hard as nails, as he proved to be to one of our recruits who nearly shot himself by accident with his own rifle, and who was soon afterwards brought before him for—as the evidence disclosed—pulling a horse's tail to make it kick! "Young man," he said, "you nearly shot yourself the other day; there are two places for you—a horse's head and the butt-end of a rifle!"

On the occasion, at Witteberg, he was orderly-officer, and had to visit the outlying piquets. His legs were short and mine were long. The only difference—we did not understand each other; he landed in a donga. Of course, it wasn't my fault, as I was guide. He then ordered me to report to him "sharp" next morning. When I saw him at his toilet, doing it in a beaker of water and a piece of Boer soap on a rock, I simply stood in view, respectfully, until he had finished. He called that "contempt!" One day we adjourned to the limpid stream of Orange, to perform ablutions, and had just got uniform and garments nicely soaked when the "bugle call" on bank of river summoned us. We dressed without delay, and found our horses driven from the pasture ready to be saddled. Off we rode in soddened garb, Lieutenant William Wynne in charge, but we never seemed to suffer from this hydropathic treat-

ment. A troop of horses had been carried off from a distant point called Theodores Rand, in the Barkly East district. We passed up the Tella Valley, over Moshesh's path, and were conducted to the spoor, following day after day over the mountains at the sources of the Buffalo River, discovering by traces—a slaughtered horse and bushmen arrow—that bushmen were the robbers. We were many days on that flying track, which led us far and wide:

In the windings of the "Kraai"—along its bank and tide—
Marched my sunburnt hungry comrades, in all their "pomp and pride."
Policemen of the Cape were we, zealous, loyal, and true;
On the plain and in the hills and in the mountain dew,
On Bushman trail, in Indian file, marched we on the "trek,"
All well and hale—o'er hill and dale—*viâ* Lundine's Nek;
Through deep and narrow gorge, by cliff and zig-zag ways,
We trod the slippery rocks and pierced the bushy maize,
We scaled the highest peaks of Drakensberg the great,
And stalked the wily Bushman by his paths, which were not straight!
O'er Moshesh's mountain pass, where the view is bold and grand;
On the border of the Witteberg, and famed Basutu-land;
In the snow-clad regions of the hills, remote and far away,
Where the hartebeest and rhebok they are wont to play;
In the hidden nooks and corners, the haunts of robbers bold,

Where the sunlight on the hill-tops sheds rays of tinted gold;
Away from life's sorrows, in the mountains of the veldt,
Where storms and tumult gather, where snowy masses melt,
Where the wildest thing created enjoys sweet nature's rest,
Where the pigmy finds a haven, and the eagle builds its nest!

at last arriving at Morosi's country; the native spoor law helped us to a goal. How hungry we were I need not say, as we had been dependent on a little game gathered on the way, and nothing more. Morosi, in hospitable fashion, presented us with a hornless ox in recognition of our trained appearance, as we ranged before his "bandla" (court) to hear his judgment. A fine was ordered, and many of the horses recovered, but we never saw the bushmen. The little game mentioned was a hartebeest shot by "Bowker." When I reached the buck no trace of bullet mark was visible until after skinning, then evidence disclosed that the bullet had found its mark "in stride" behind the shoulder. It fell to "Bowker" to shoot the ox, which I did in the ear, not in front, being more certain. Morosi was a powerful Border Chief in those days, and had not long before repulsed a British force at Dulcie's Nek. But I am sure that he was not a stronger man than our Commander, Lieutenant William Wynne, who, by energy and perseverance, had made our long and tedious duty a success. No donga trap again!

In course of time I was ordered back to Windvogleberg alone, and travelled *viâ* Lady Grey, spending a black frosty night at the Kraai River, near Plaatkoppies, being so cold that I did "the sentry walks his lonely round"

all night, while my charger strayed, the next morning being black and blue, but searching for my noble steed restored my circulation.

On arrival there was a novel case on trial. Private Dalbello (an Italian marquis), who had left his land for killing an adversary in a duel, found that his troop horse had been used on duty during his absence by my orders, and the horse had died, a wag tying up the fore-foot of the carcase, saying that the horse had "pulled back," which grim relation so stirred Dalbello that he sued the Colonial Government and won his claim for damages. This same marquis had transferred to us from the Anglo-German Legion, and he was a great favourite. He afterwards, when his period of service expired, removed to the Transvaal and prospered.

The science of camp building and similar duties was exacted from us freely. We were quite accustomed to the variety, and went to work at the "vley" to cut thatch, or timber, or sod-digging, in which we were equally at home; anything in the construction line—even to repairing a public road. Among our troopers was a man with a smile, who walked about on his toes in a springy way, with closed fists, and enjoyed a reputation. On an occasion we were digging sods, when he invited me to wrestle "Tipperary." I replied, "Greek." We tried, the conditions being to stand apart and on signal close. I think I must have acted at the first letter of the signal, for I pinned him on the chest with chin and wrenched his back with locked hands, and down he went, with the laughter of the sod-diggers. I left well alone. That night at the hotel I found him attempting to discomfort a Private Wemyiss by placing his head in a three-legged saucepan. I saved the

situation, and endured a sudden attack with little loss, for I threw in all my will into the defence of the decent fellow. To my surprise, next morning, before I was up, "Tipperary" called and invited me to a return, my reply being a finger directing his attention to a rhinoceros horn kerrie in the corner; he marched. On parade the Commanding Officer, noticing the want of repair in the trooper, inquired the cause. I told him about the tripod, and he seemed content. Discipline was not very strict, and you had to hold your ground.

I always assisted when any arduous labour had to be performed, for I remembered the anecdote about General Washington. An American squad of soldiers was endeavouring to raise a huge stone to the top of some military works for repairs to a fort. The weight was almost beyond their power to raise, and the voice of the superintendent was heard shouting: "Heave away! heave ho!"

An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the superintendent why he did not help. The latter, astonished, replied: "Sir, I'm a Corporal!" The officer then helped until the perspiration stood on his brow, and, taking off his hat, he bowed, saying: "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal." The Corporal was thunderstruck. It was Washington!

An order arrived that I was to return to Wittebergen, temporarily, to make up some accounts that had got mixed or wrong in troop matters, so off I started on that little journey, after purchasing a fresh remount for the purpose, as my old one was in winter poverty. On the way it blew hard from the West. On my previous way down I had received accommodation from a Dutch family, and arrived at the same farm, finding a festive gathering, wondering

if it was continuation of the dance in which I had joined on my former visit, when a dark-eyed beauty had allowed me three dances, which I had not forgotten, judging by the spotted blue silk handkerchief which was in my pocket for her acceptance, if she would accept. On departure next morning I made bold to present the "dook" in presence of some wags, one exclaiming (which made her blush): "Siet jy nou Ik het ver jou geseg" ("There it is, I told you so"), which made me start to my saddle and off on that maneless, tailless horse. It is a fact that my charger had very little mane and tail. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, and on arrival some men were pointing out the devastation, when I drew attention to my horse's mane and tail, for it does not do to be beaten.

When I say it blew a perfect hurricane, I mean that it blew "big guns," metaphorically; for I never was in a stronger wind before. The roofs of the men's quarters were blown off, and other damage as evidence of the storm. My poor thin horse standing before them, with the scantiest tail, looked the personification of misery. I could see that he did, because the men looked at him and never smiled. Practically the camp was blown clean away.

"Then away to the fields it went, blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered what monster was coming.
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows."

The site of the camp was at Letuka's Kraal, at the base of a hill with a hole near the top; not far from Stirk Spruit on the line of road to Pathlala Drift. The Chief Letuka was the son of the Baphuti Chief Morosi; and Governor's Drift was on the Orange River close by. The F.A.M. Police Office was at Stirk Spruit, and my attendance there

daily necessitated a healthy walk in a bracing climate; as old "Tailless" was having a rest to brace him up for the return journey. When the queries were quite satisfactorily disposed of, it was time to retrace my steps to Windvogleberg, if old "Æolus" would only be good enough to send me along as he did on my way up. I took care to avoid a repetition of the Plaatkoppies Drift experience, and received kindness from the farmers all the way back. It was a lonely ride enough, and I felt weary on my return, for although it is said that a horse is company, it should be a nice horse, and not one that draws everybody's attention to its remarkable absence of tail! Wherever I stopped strangers seemed to observe that "rat-tail" even before they asked me in! Of course, that is not the reason why I passed the farm where I presented the "dook"; but I did call next time, when my charger was a beauty!

CHAPTER XI.

Police Life at Alice, 1858-59.

N 1st September, 1858, I received a commission as Sub-Inspector, vice Charles Blakeway, Esq., retired, and felt pleased, as well as relieved, for a Queenstown merchant had approached me to enter his business in a humble position. A dear friend of mine, a wag, sent me the following:—

"Sergeant Hook stood at his own stable door, looking most terribly blue,
Hang the post! I wish it would come, it is more than two hours overdue.
At length the 'Bobby' hove in sight, the letters to Hook he threw,
Addressed to Sub-Inspector D. B. Hook, correct, concise *billet-doux;*
Hook turned him round with a martial air, his Corporal unto him he beckoned,
'Mounted parade in an hour,' said he; I don't think on this they quite reckoned."

Poor old Harry was as much a pleasant wit as he was a jolly good fellow.

I have omitted a great many incidents for fear of wearying you. I had now grown strong and big, and had my riding boots made by my own bootmaker, and I kept good horses. The frontier life had set me up and strengthened my self-reliance. The Chief Commandant Currie ordered me to Alice, or Victoria East, as it was called, and I parted

from my old comrades, and my Chief "Faku" (Colonel Griffith) with much regret.

No man could have been a kinder or better hearted Chief than "Faku." He was so considerate and thoughtful, as far as a wild young man was concerned; and was such a fine-looking fellow. Even now I cannot understand why he was not knighted, the same as Sir Walter Currie. Not at that moment, but later on, he sent me a good credential, which, if I am able to find it among my papers which have been derelict so often, I will attach to this little record as a mark of appreciation.

On arrival at Alice, Commandant Charles Cumbers dispatched me to Post Victoria, situated on the Kat River. When I arrived and assumed duty I found that I had been there before, during a former war, after my "matriculation" at Tudhope's School. I remembered a tragedy which occurred there. A Captain Fisher, of the Royal Artillery, had a mortal foe in one of his corps—an artificer named Long, who determined to shoot him. Long therefore watched and waited for him at a prickly-pear bush, as it was the Captain's daily custom to pass that way. While he passed Long aimed through the fence and fired, killing the Captain on the spot. Long was tried in Grahams Town and found guilty, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law for the crime. I went to search for the prickly-pear fence and found it.

Victoria Post in former wars protected the principal road from Block Drift (Alice) to Grahams Town to avoid the longer route *via* Fort Beaufort; a very important highway for military purposes. There was an intermediate Post at the Kat River Drift on the way to Konap, also then held by the F.A.M. Police.

They were jolly days in the Alice Division. My duty was to patrol the country about the Konap, Fish and Kieskama rivers, also the Chumie River. It was there that my first batman was attached to me, an ex-2nd Queen's man of the Imperials, named Patrick Sullivan. We became great friends, and he looked well after me. It was interesting to travel around and see the various old military positions in the wars of former days. The old roads were objects of engineering skill, evidently planned by men who knew their profession. There was but little ruin left of the old Fort Wiltshire which was so famous in the war of 1835, where Macoma opened the 1835 war by attacking that post.

Fort Hare and Pefferskop, the latter where the military settlers were massacred, were fairly intact. Lieutenant Hancorn Smith was there (Sub-Inspector), uncle to Walter Charles Taberer, the latter, husband of my daughter Blanche. Smith was a cultured man and lent me many books and guided me in many matters concerning public affairs. He introduced me to a worthy man, a Lieutenant Jacobs, of the corps, who told me of a python in Natal. A military guard was posted near a poultry-roost. Night after night fowls disappeared, and so near that guard! Who did it? The guard? In the second watch the guard-room occupants were suddenly startled by the entry of the rushing sentry, hauling a monster python along, afraid to release his grip. On to the guard bed—"Up, Guards, and at 'em," fixed bayonets disposing of the roost-robber. The sentinel's story was that, hearing a flutter in the fowl-house, he entered and felt a snake, and couldn't let go for his life. Lieutenant Jacobs was the sentinel.

The toughest work was patrolling the Fish River jungle

about Double Drift and "Committees" in summer time; the temperature was tremendous. I never was in such a stud of puff-adders, and in addition these interesting vermin sailed down the river in floods from up-country. Our hard leather helmets were of service in forcing passage through density of scrub. Turkish baths had no use in that valley. Baboons were, of course, in crowds; there was scarcely a bend in the river, with a "krantz," but some "scout" would give the alarm in mocking tones; and as for bushbuck, "Bowker" again did its duty.

Alice was a pleasant place, the Girls' Boarding School not the least, for honour fell to me when a dance was given, as I knew how to get the military band to play.

It was at Alice that I first met my friend Maximillian Jackson, who was then Secretary to the Civil Commissioner of Victoria East, which district then, or shortly before, extended to the "shores of the Orange River," as the late respected Colonel Schembrucker would say. Jackson was a daring fellow for a bit of "outing" after office, and many an incident had our little party, with much "honour among . . ."

When I say that I knew how to get the military band to play, I mean that I was on terms with the officer in command at Fort Hare, just across the Chumie River, and if I asked him to allow the regimental musicians to attend at the young ladies' seminary, where Mrs. Church was Principal, that it would be granted, for that excellent lady always saw that the administrators to the "light fantastic" were properly banquetted at supper time; as they should be, because there is nothing more exacting upon a bandsman than playing dance after dance without refreshment. The seminary, and not the Civil Commissioner's Office,

was the centre of social life at Alice at that time, which accounted for the polished deportment of the young men, due to the beneficent influence of that excellent lady, who subsequently settled on a farm in the Karoo, and there, in her spare moments, wrote one of the best novels that has ever been written by a South African author. In the course of my peripatetic life, I once more had the pleasure of meeting her, and thanking her for kindness to myself, and, if I may venture to mention the name of Mr. Maximillian Jackson—who is, I believe—and hope—alive and well—to refer also to his contribution to social life at Alice.

Sub-Inspector William Catherine I met there, a rollicking, musical horseman, always brimful of fun, with his bounding charger, so much that he carried off that charming favourite, Miss Carry Hinton, who became his wife. Also I met that excellent lady, the late Mrs. Stanford, mother of the brothers Robert, Walter and Arthur, distinguished servants of the Colony.

I heard much of the former wars there from residents; the Custers and the Vandemerve families; Dutch frontier people, who served so gallantly.

One Paul Custer was held in the highest estimation for his prowess in the campaigns. Colonel Percivel, of the old 12th Foot, had his portrait put up in the Town Hall of London for his services as a guide, and as a brave man. Sir Harry Smith had recognised his services, but not to the old hero's satisfaction. Badly wounded he was, I saw the injury, a very serious one. He exhibited his old gun, the one which he used to carry in those wars; it weighed 15-lbs., and fired a bullet weighing six to the pound. In one shot during 1835 war, when fore-laying at his own kraal, he killed two Kaffirs, two sheep, and one dog! The other

extraordinary performances of the old weapon are too numerous to mention. I could well believe much more of it, knowing that adventurous life was the ordinary daily routine of the pioneers of the frontier, when the country was teeming with elephants and buffalo, tigers and such like, while the fighting Amaxosa held the bush, and observed the European pioneer from the hill-tops! The serious wound he received at Committees Drift, on the Fish River. The proper spelling of his name is Paul Coester.

What a page of history this old man could unfold. He was still alive at Alice District in 1906. His farm is the site of old Fort Wiltshire, at the junction of the Chumie and Kieskama rivers, one of the most interesting positions in the wars; famed and historic.

One heard of the former popularity of the old Amaxosa fighting chief, "Macoma," eldest son of Gaika by his right-hand wife, and brother to Zandilla; how he was admired and kindly treated by the young and gallant British officer at Block Drift. I cannot remember all, but it is a graceful thing to treat your foe with chivalry.

MACOMA'S DAUGHTER.

Zandilla swore that the white man should not drink
of the Chumie waters,
Nor cast an evil-eye on the streams where bathed the
Amaxosa daughters.
Among them was one named "Amakeya," the child
of a warrior chief,
A belle of nature's very own, a coquette in bold relief;
In mute flirtation an adept, as one versed in social art;
No society queen could ever have better done her part;
In mirth to suit admirers, as bright as any rose,
Bashfulness she could affect with wondrous art and
pose:

She was the eldest daughter of Macoma; Gaika's
"bravest of the brave";
He'd ever fought for liberty, from Fort Cox to Baillie's
Grave;
He was—like the great Napoleon—banished by august
laws,
And he appealed against the sentence, for desperate
was his cause.
"Here," said he, in fervour, stretching out his royal
hand,
"O'er this beautiful territory lies my father's land;
A great chief was he where these pastures were
crowded with cattle,
Where I have grown old in action, and fought many a
bloody battle.
Here my children have been born in view of these noble
heights,
Known as the Amatola Mountains—Africa's fairest
sight.
Oh! let me die in peace where I have lived so long;
No more can I lead warriors, these arms no longer
strong."
But the entreaty was in vain, a waste of earnest trial;
Met in silence, as gall and wormwood to despair a
vial.
Then his daughter "Amakeya," with feelings wrought
and pent,
Hied her forth to the tent of Colonel Campbell, of the
Highland Regiment.
That gallant officer, unprepared for a visitor with
prayer,
Summoned all his chivalry to hear that Inkoszani fair;
He was astonished at the sacrifice she offered for her
father's sake—
If the sentence could be rescinded, she'd yield herself
in stake.
She was known as the Belle of Kaffirland, and she'd
even lunched at mess

With the knightly soldiers, and hand-maidens around her, in courtesy no less.
She knew her charms and their value, and was sensible of her duty,
And she'd come in conscious innocence in her wealth of native beauty.
And with her finely moulded arms folded before her agile form,
Rich in native image, and as calm before a storm,
She knelt and pleaded without hesitation, urged by motive grand :—
" Oh ! I beg that my brave father may remain in his native land;
I will be the sacrifice : ill or well, I do some mercy crave;
Watch the bending form of the great warrior, good and brave !
I'll guarantee good faith to Queen Victoria's noble-man,
To remove the lot of banishment, to rescind the hateful ban.
I will even follow the Highland chief to scenes far, far away,
His home shall be my home, whate'er the tribe may say;
I'll even forsake my ama-ikaya-kraal (home) and the princely suitors for my hand,
And dwell with the white soldier in desert soil or sand,
To save Zandilla's greatest General, that he may sit by the bourbon tree,
And watch the lowing cattle, and know his hearth is free."
In pathetic tones she pleaded, she nobly did her part;
Then stood breathless, in a waiting attitude, with beating heart.
But the prayer, appreciated by the Highland chief, refused with pain,
As she bowed with bitter grief and sorrow on the plain;

Then taking a last fond look at the green and lovely
vale,
Where she had spent her childhood, with a gentle wail
Passing down the windings of the Chumie water's
sand,
That mountain girl's heart was broken, the Belle of
Kaffirland!

Her father had also been held responsible for the death of a Chief named Vusani (one of Colonel Gawler's headmen) and was again tried by a board of officers, a military court, and sentenced to ten years' banishment from his country about Alice in 1859. Mr. W. R. D. Fynn interpreted at the trial; the same Mr. Fynn who captured the witch-doctress, Nonxouse.

Mr. Fynn was quite a picturesque character on the frontier; his father had been Resident to the Chief Kreli immediately after Hintsa's death; and was also Diplomatic Agent to all the tribes in Kaffirland. Mr. W. R. D. Fynn, the son, even now is regarded as a man of great standing and reputation among the natives of the Amaxosa branches. His thorough grasp of the language is unequalled; and the name of Fynn is as a sign among them; and especially as a warrior. He was interpreter and guide to most of the great British Generals who did such noble work in the days of General Eyre, Cathcart, and others. Who, I may ask, in the Cape Colony has taken the part that Mr. Fynn has in the frontier wars?

Just one little bit of his history:—A Chief named Tola, a Gaika, one of Zandilla's best fighting Chiefs, one of whose men, as history relates, took the very axe from the shop at Fort Beaufort; and when the old C.M.R. escort was escorting him to Grahams Town, Tola rescued him, and

brought on the war of 1846—called the war of the Axe. Tola had supported the cattle killing, and had, in addition, committed some lawless act at the time, so called—being Chief of the branch of Gaikas known as the Mdanga clan, his land being confiscated, he removed to Umhala's district, and after he had killed his cattle, took to the "bush," becoming an outlaw. Subsequently he made the Kei Valley his temporary field of operations; rebellious and desperate.

Mr. Fynn, then clerk and interpreter to Lieutenant G. Pomeroy Colley, Special Magistrate, at the Idutywa in the Transkei, sallied out in quest of Tola, and, after a long pursuit, overtook him near the Umsenga overlooking the Kei, Fynn with thirty men, Tola with forty men, all hot and in fever heat. Tola was at last driven to shelter in a hut, when many of his followers were laid low, a deserted hut of the cattle killing, and on a word being spoken that the hut would be set alight he shouted out "Don't do it, I will come out," at the same instant hurling a dry skin out of the door at which the men standing ready fired, discharging their weapons, as the Chief sprang out himself and made a dart for the bush, but Mr. Fynn was too alert for that sort of surprise, and laid Tola low ere he had gone many yards, thus relieving the country of that desperate Chief, who had indeed grown callous and reckless.

I have heard the account from the Police themselves who were present at the affair, and who told me of Fynn's bravery at close quarters, when it was a real hand-to-hand set-to, with assagais and arms; for such a small force on either side as hot as it could be. Lieutenant Colley was seven miles away when it happened, and he wrote the

following letter to Fynn, as soon as the Governor had sent an acknowledgment of the report:—

Idutywa,

February 10th, 1859.

W. R. D. Fynn, Esq.,
Clerk and Interpreter,
Transkei Magistrate.

Sir,—I have much pleasure in conveying to you the thanks of His Excellency for your conduct in the patrol against the Chief Tola, as expressed in the following extract from a letter from the Chief Commissioner, dated January 14th, 1859:—

"His Excellency requests that you will also express his thanks to Mr. Fynn for the courage and promptness with which he acted, and which are so creditable to himself and to the service in which he is employed."

Signed,
G. Pomeroy Colley, Lieut.,
Special Magistrate.

Mr. Fynn also captured the great Chief Umhala, who was tried by a board of officers, and was sentenced to ten years' banishment, on the charge of allowing the little T'Slambi girl Nonkosi, aged fourteen, to incite the people to kill their cattle. Umhala had in fear taken temporary refuge in the bush on the Gonubi River with a few of his people. Mr. William Fynn was sent by Colonel Gawler with a few Native Police to arrest him, and Fynn sent the headman Umjuza (the Calibash case man) of history, to make the arrest, Umhala surrendering to Umjuza. Doubtless that was a reason why Umjuza did think that the Government would not deport him from his own land to the Transkei—the arrest of Umhala, his own Chief, under Fynn's orders.

CHAPTER XII.

Fort Fordyce—Attack on the 74th Highlanders in 1850—1861.

From Victoria Post I was sent to Fort Fordyce to take command, a place so famous in the past, where Colonel Fordyce fell in the Kaffir war. Ah! that was the field for bushbuck shooting and tigers. "Bowker" did its duty well there and on the Kroomie range. An incident in the history of the past was the death of Colonel Fordyce at the Waterkloof in 1852, where his regiment and band were cut up in the bush. I can picture now the wiry Colonel, clad in check-band cap, jacket red, and trousers plaid, near a yellow-wood tree; a puff of smoke from the branches of that tree, and there lay the warrior dead—a Hottentot having fired the fatal shot.

The tree was shown to me where he fell—a yellow-wood tree on the margin of the bush. The Colonel was a famous athlete at marching with his men; he seldom rode, but tramped along with his Highlanders, and shared their lot as an officer should do.

In taking a bird's-eye view from the Fort at the head of the Waterkloof in the Fort Beaufort district around, embracing the Great Winterberg, Blinkwater, Waterkloof, and Kroomie heights with their tremendous extent of bush and jungle, it was easy to call up pictures of what the troops had to endure—our Infantry—fighting on foot

through these fastnesses against the mobile Amaxosa. Almost to a man the many Infantry Regiments were obliged to repeat expeditions on foot during the years that the wars lingered. Of late years Mounted Infantry have come into vogue; and what a pity that the change was not made earlier, and how much brighter would have been the life of a soldier in South Africa.

It is well known that a South African native—Basutu or Amaxosa—will not go to war dismounted if he can help it. He would rather lead the horse than go without one altogether. It is a comfort to feel that there is a means at hand of making a strategic movement to the rear if called for. Fort Fordyce was most picturesque on the top of "Mount Misery," the highest peak of the Blinkwater range of hills. The troops christened it "Mount Misery," because it was generally enveloped in mist and fog above the clouds, while the sun would shine below the height on the level.

Ah! that was the place for trapping bushbuck in various ways—as by digging pits in the tracks in the forest, and by strong snares. "Bowker" did its duty well once more; it was a hunter's perfect paradise, teeming with buck, pheasants, and partridges. There were also the beauties of the forest in the form of the Llaury, Treeling, Golden and Silver Cuckoo, etc.; and as for ferns, there were the "Nethochloean," "Eckloniana," and the "Gymnogrmmecordata!" together with the tigers, baboons, and the monkeys; and also the military passes to explore. It was full of interest.

One of the passes was the famous Kroomie Pass at the head of the Waterkloof, through the bush where the 74th Highlanders were cut up with great loss. It was a desperate

fight—hand to hand—and no quarter shown. The Regiment was moving up the mountain by the narrow bush-path, when they were suddenly attacked right and left, front and rear, by Macoma's army, and a sanguinary business occurred—a picture of which is given herewith from one in possession of Will Crosby, Esq., of East London, Cape Colony, now acknowledged.

One could never tire of roaming the heights, dales, and wooded vales, and rocky krantzes, for—

> "I love the rocky krantzes,
> Where the agile bosbok leaps,
> Where the saucy monkey chatters,
> And the timid dassie creeps;"

and I never could understand why the soldiers called it "Mount Misery," for it was not misery to me, nor to any of my men, who all found pleasure in the hunting life combined with duty.

I can recall the name of one of these good fellows—Cuninghame—who often offered to lend me his horse to ride—a dapple-grey. This poor fellow had subsequently an attack of illness which demanded early medical attention, so I sent off for the military surgeon (Imperial Doctor). When I heard that he was coming a discovery was made early in the morning that the larder had given out and that there wasn't an ounce of commissariat in the Fort. Patrick Sullivan, my batman, combed his hair in despair, and stated that he had been down to the shopkeeper, who was in the same plight. "Wo!" I said; "come along with me." Down to the shop we went, and there I purchased some flour, some newly laid eggs of the man's own chickens, coffee, sugar, butter; mostly the man's private stock kept in reserve for his own use, even milk; then we stuck at meat-chops. It was a long time before

74th Highlanders, Kroomie Pass, 1852, attacked by Amaxosa.

I could screw this last out of him. At last he yielded, and we came back triumphant. Sullivan made the fire, cooked the kettle, and prepared the coals while I made the cookies, of Borwick's baking powder, which were done to a turn; with eggs and chops and beautiful coffee. Over the gate pavement came the hearty medico as hungry as the proverbial hunter. By the time he had straightened himself the breakfast was ready laid out on the latest edition of the most recent issue of "The Grahams Town Journal," in a room with open window facing the low country, as the clouds had dispersed, exposing a wide view of scenery all fresh and bright in sunlight. The doctor expressed his appreciation of the early-morning ride, the scenery, and last, not least, the breakfast! The reason I relate this is that the doctor himself remarking, as he smoked the pipe of rest, that he never expected so much from "Mount Misery!"

At irregular periods the Chief C nmandant would make rounds. In one instance he suddenly appeared and required a mounted parade immediately. We were all single men, with no encumbrances, and while the horses were being driven in, dressed and accoutred and were ready for inspection in record time; rifles slung on back; the way they were worn then. I, even as an officer, had mine slung, for I was like an old Boer with my gun. I always had it with me—like poor relations—for I loved the old gun, Currie eyeing the thing and finding no fault either with the parade or the gun. Knowing how well he liked the men to move about among the farmers, and the officer to be alert and in touch with the rural population, when he asked me how many days I spent in camp, I replied: "One day." "What day is that?" he said. "*Pay day, sir!*" He

seemed amused, and turning to old Sir Richard Southey, who was with him, remarked, "That boy will do!" Sir Richard smiling and turning attention to the many points of the country known well to himself. It appeared to me that his knowledge of the country was quite supreme, and that he had wider information than even Sir Walter Currie. Of course, the Southey family are famous as scouts, and are in the front rank of those who have made history. And he was a bit of a soldier, too, for I noticed how he glanced at the men's bright steel and excellent dressing. They were smart troopers, and at the word of command "Mount!" they sprang into the saddle from "the ball of the foot" as one man, caught the opposite stirrup at once, and sat for the next word, like Imperial Guardsmen. It was "*Threes right!*" in those days; and on that command and on the word "Forward!" that small detachment preserved its "line of march," "touch," and "dressing" to the standard of the then existing Field Drill book. That was because I was an early riser and the men were drilled while the dew was on the veldt! when they were fresh, and appreciated the exercise.

I saw by entry in the diary that our inspection was a mark in our favour; and it incited me to join in the pleasantry that the two veterans were afterwards practising upon the newly appointed officer, Sub-Inspector F. W. K. Wylde, who was in company, and who was interesting himself in gathering "Cape fuel" in dry, not wet, condition for preparing the coffee; he, like many travellers, unable to distinguish between one and the other. He had to pass through quite a lesson in practice on the veldt; we three all assisting to mislead him as much as possible; ending in good coffee, at all events.

In reference to appearing on that parade with a rifle; when in the Galeka war I did the same, the Imperial Officer who was inspecting looked surprised—which in my opinion accounts for the divided public opinion on the point of whether an officer should carry a rifle. I think all Boer officers carried rifles in the late war; and I am further of opinion that if we frontiersmen formed our own army, that the officers should adhere to the good custom of *not going unarmed into action!*

It was at Fort Fordyce that one of my men, under sense of duty, shot a native during time of peace. The natives would not stand to be questioned for passes and similar inquiries, and a "bolter" was laid low. A report followed, leading to an investigation, when the law officers pounced upon me; but Sir Walter Currie intervened, and contended that I should go on with my ordinary duty uninterrupted. He was successful; and the next time the natives, when interrogated by the Police, stood and replied to all lawful questions.

The late Duke of Edinburgh, brother to His Majesty the King—Prince Alfred he was then—arrived in the Colony about that time, in 1861, under the guidance of the Governor, Sir George Grey, and, with a large retinue, visited Fort Beaufort. I joined the cavalcade, and accompanied it *viâ* Heald Town and to Alice. The visit caused a great sensation; the natives wore their best, and were most enthusiastic in their demonstration of loyalty to the "Queen's Child"; they sang their best for him at Heald Town. Missionaries are a force in inculcating loyalty among the natives. I heard that a powerful native Chief remarked that there were two good men in his territory, viz., the missionary and himself! The Prince's cavalcade was

very bright, as it wound its way, all mounted, through the Chumie valley into Alice, the young Prince wearing a white sun helmet, his ship companions, a "middy" and Captain Tarlton, of the ship. The event stirred to the utmost the native sentiment of veneration for chieftainship; they were beside themselves in excitement, and craned their necks to obtain a glimpse of the son of the great Queen. No bombs, nitro-glycerine or instruments of destruction among these unsophisticated subjects, who sped them on simply to behold, their hearts palpitating with delight.

CHAPTER XIII.

Post Retief, 1862.

NEXT outpost was Post Retief, a new field. Post Retief, named after "Piet Retief," of Natal history, the famous pioneer. He had lived at the Winterberg, in the Cape Colony, in very early days.

When the Home Government decided to emancipate slaves (and here I have looked up Theal's Work to jog my memory), the Malays, negroes from the east and west coasts, natives of Madagascar, Hottentots, and Bushmen, the Dutch colonists were very indignant at what they considered an unjust act, although the owners were partly compensated for their loss. The angry and discontented ones determined to migrate, and the northward trek was begun in 1833, having sold their farms for whatever they could get. There was then living as a farmer this Piet Retief in the Winterberg, an intelligent, brave man. The emigrants chose him as their leader, and just before crossing the Orange River they held Council, and drew up a document in which they declared their intention of keeping their independence wherever they were bound, and gave as their reasons for migrating, the loss of their slaves, and not only that, but the want of protection from violence and robbery by the Kaffir tribes.

History further relates that when the advance parties,

all of whom were travelling very slowly, arrived near the Vaal River in scattered groups, the Matabele attacked a band and killed the whole party; then rushed on to another, of whom only a few escaped. These few sped to tell the tale of disaster to their friends. Mounting on the swiftest horses, riders flew from camp to camp, and preparations were made to resist Moselikatze's "impi." Wagons were formed into laager (square). The Matabele did not shrink, but rushed upon the laagers, and were repulsed by the bravery of the defenders, who then retired upon the main body at or near Thabanchu, in the Free State (now Orange River Colony), where a resolution was arrived at to make reprisal upon the Matabele; and with a commando under one Gert Marits, one of Moselikatze's military kraals was attacked, and hundreds of the foe paid the penalty for their onslaught on the emigrants.

Later, Piet Retief, with a party of armed Boers, found his way to the headquarters of the Zulu tribe in Zululand, to the Chief Dingaan's Kraal, and were on their first visit received with courtesy. Dingaan was the successor of the famous Chief Chaka, whose name spread terror in the land. In 1838, the emigrants moved across the mountains into the Natal side. Again Retief, with his men, was received kindly by Dingaan at his kraal, but just as they were moving back to their laager, where their wives and families were, and the rest of the emigrants, they were suddenly fallen upon by the Zulus inside the kraal and all killed. That is how Piet Retief met his death. Then the Zulu "impi" marched to the Boer laager and attacked it, where there was a long and bloody fight; but the defenders made such a brave and clever resistance that the laager was saved, although a hundred Dutchmen lay dead

upon the field. That place is called "Weenan" ("the place of weeping") to this day.

When the Boers and a section of the Zulus combined later against Dingaan's army, there was terrible retribution. Dingaan and his "impi" were scattered, and Dingaan became a fugitive on the face of the earth until he was captured and put to death. Thus died Retief's enemy.

No wonder that I took an interest in Post Retief, with all this history attached to it. The British Government named the place after the great pioneer, in honour of his memory.

It should not be supposed that a Police Officer spent all his time dwelling on the history of the great Retief. There were serious responsibilities; the property of the "backbone of the country" (political name for the farmers) had to be protected over a very wide country, as the title, Great Winterberg, indicates; the Field Cornets in the wards had to be met in council; and it is a Police Officer's duty to ingratiate himself with these officials if possible, and be guided by them a good deal. A good old British or Boer Field Cornet is about the best ally in carrying out Police duty. The Field Cornet is acquainted with his district and boundaries; but he is a badly remunerated officer, and labours for *love*. Yet his enthusiasm can be aroused, for he knows he is the nominee of the farmers themselves, while expecting fair deference from the Police.

By deferring greatly to Field Cornet Sweetman, of the Winterberg ward, I was enabled to vigilantly protect the farmers' interests, while my men were not over-worked; who all became acquainted with the farms, footpaths, and tracks where marauders might travel. They also studied the pass laws, and where squatters were located, and, in

fact, earned quite an encomium from that official, who spoke of them as "a decent lot of chaps!" That was great praise from the quiet old Field Cornet.

All at the same time and date we did not neglect the rhiebok on the hills, nor the partridges on the highest points of the Elandsberg. Frontier Armed and Mounted Police was our title, but if any Cape legislator had seen us on those exposed eminences among the rock krantzes, he might have thought us anything.

> "I gazed, but saw only the Klip Springer bounding
> And the eagle of Winterberg high o'er the woods,
> Sailing supreme 'mid his solitudes."
>
> —*Pringle.*

The officers' quarters at the Post were most roomy, ample even for picnic visitors, who arrived from Fort Beaufort at intervals, invited to use the uninhabited portion. The wife of one of the officers, intent upon scaling one of the highest peaks of the Didima as benefactress with splendid luncheon for those who would aid and participate in transporting the supply to the top, my gallant troopers accomplished the feat, while I offered to see her safely up, we all receiving, while I was last to arrive, our deserts in sumptuous repast at her hands; she, good lady, delighted with her expedition.

> "Under the Didima lies a green dell,
> Where, fresh from the forest, the blue waters dwell,
> And fast by that brook stands a yellow-wood tree."

A Deputy-Adjutant-General and his wife accepted quarters. He and I went out and, for fun, exchanged uniforms, and on our return, his wife, a lovely little woman, in the gloaming, saluted the uniform that she knew best; I didn't mind a bit. For I was interested in the pathetic figure of an aged dame of the Napoleonic era. She had

been in Paris in the stirring days of the great conqueror, and had an excellent memory for events. Her daily routine was working on the land, garbed in scant petticoat, with brown and sunburnt arms and feet. Day after day, she never missed with hoe or rake, a meagre "Cappie," and her distinguished features altogether made a touching picture. She in the Winterberg, and France so far away!

While daily the liveliest little European damsel with streaming tresses riding (not sideways) behind the Post messenger into the barracks made me exclaim, "What a picture!" as she ignored stirrups, and wore only morning dew on her footsies. A few years later, at a ball at Grahams Town, my attention was drawn to the "belle of the ball"; it was "footsies," and in that nursery of beauty, "the City"; but then little tiny satin slippers adorned her feet. She was indeed the belle.

It is wisely said that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." On that wise proverb I never studiously avoided the New Year dances that were given by the Winterberg farmers, mostly on mud floors, which lasted two or more days—a country revel indeed. I did join in the festive romp until fairly exhausted at times. We all did. The Winterberg ladies were indefatigable, and the fruit in the gardens inexhaustible—no wonder we lingered. Returning from one of these one morning in the heat, the pony stopped suddenly to drink in a muddy vley, when I flew over his head lightly into the liquid mixture, so that when I arrived my batman did not know me, since he had not seen me for several days. The mud had dried!

Even then farmers were making brandy in the Winterberg, and the senior officer from Fort Hare, at Alice, who controlled the military band, partook of some of the same

as my guest in combing the plateau for "birds," remarking on the excellence of the vintage to the hospitable Mr. Moorcroft, who afterwards bred those substantial riding horses which were gladly purchased for the C.M.R. He, Moorcroft, also lent me a thoroughbred to train, on which I lost a hundred pounds in a match at King Williamstown. The late John Nettelton and I were in partnership in the match. Our horse, "Voltaire," against the late George Reid's horse, "Amato," of Port Elizabeth. The race was fixed for 12 noon, when as our racer was approaching the ground the other horse started, whether with or without the sanction of "Amato's" owner is not clear. The stakes were, however, awarded to the other side. I was away on the border at the time, but my partner, Nettelton, appealed to the great racing authority in England, Admiral Rous, and long afterwards I heard, when it was too late to benefit, that the decision of the King Williamstown Racing Committee was *wrong*.

In referring to the hospitality of the Winterberg farmers, their kind consent readily given to shoot over their land, the brandy and fruit and New Year dances, and hearty welcome accorded to visitors, on which I could expatiate at length, the economical Postmaster informed me at Winterberg that he had once travelled from his residence to Grahams Town and back—about 180 miles—on horseback, and he did not expend even a modest "ticky," thus to prove the hospitality of the country people. My humble feeling being that it also proved a special quality in some travellers. I do not agree that the hospitable farmer should be imposed upon by travellers. In our official rounds the Police invariably provided their own rations, the officer being in the habit of taking a pack-horse. Such

a thing as "sponging" on the farmer was strictly prohibited. But now we are growing prosy!

I had good days among the Winterberg farmers; the fruit was prime, and other farm produce. Here I met the Rev. William Meaden, incumbent, and also Miss Alice Smith (Walter Taberer's aunt).

Bushmen paintings were plentiful among the hills and caves. I only met one sceptical parson, who found a modern Guard's busby featured on a rock as ornament to a pigmy, wondering where the ancient artist obtained his model.

I remember we patrolled to the Bavians River, in the sister district, and there I called at the Pringle Farm, "Glenthorn," and met the Mr. Pringle who was wounded in the former war, and spent an evening there. He exhibited the bent assagai with which he was wounded, and showed me many features of interest, which would have helped to make this little account more attractive if it had been my intention then to write reminiscences.

CHAPTER XIV.

Police Life, Grahams Town, 1862-63.

RAHAMS TOWN was my next relief. Dear old Grahams Town I thought it was, but they made me pitch my tent at Botha's Hill, five miles out, a lonely place, with town so near. I glanced at Fort Selwyn Hill for my gun, and thought of the old horse and Tudhope. There were three detachments to supervise, viz., "Kingo," on the Fish River Rand, Fort Brown, and another. It was the same old routine—patrolling the country. I was responsible to Inspector Surman, who was a great terror to cattle robbers. His idea was that an officer's drawing-room, dining-room, and bedroom should be the saddle, and he practised his belief to a great extent, good man! With the fascination of town life, I had to sail as near the wind as possible.

I had a piece of fortune one morning, as leaving the headquarter office, my grey—an untrained brute—bucked as I am sure no horse ever bucked before, Sir Walter looking on. I sat this rogue of a bucker and started off. On my next call at the city I was honoured with an invitation from Sir Walter to accept a mount on his celebrated charger, "Lord Clyde"—the finest horse in Grahams Town—of Palmer's breed. After that my cautious fear of being seen in town was not so great. To be seen riding "Lord Clyde" down town was amnesty to boot. I found that

my hard-working immediate Chief, Inspector Surman, became more tolerant, and, between him and the supreme Chief, duty was being made a pleasure. Of the visitors to Botha's Hill to shoot, many were of the army which had been in the Indian Mutiny. Their conversation interested me, and I both bought and drew books from the library when duty did not call me away.

Here I met once more the young artist, Charlie Jay, and found that he had in one of his paintings of the Grahams Town Light Horse included an old pony of mine, a cream-coloured pony which had passed into the ranks of that corps when Prince Alfred was escorted into Grahams Town by the Light Horse. It was a little beauty, unmistakably the prettiest horse in the group of cavalry, the uniform of the corps being light blue, with drab helmets and puggaree. But the old city was always famous for its martial spirit and for the full number of brave men it sent to the front in former days It was called "The city of the Saints" for its piety. One might add "Cromwell's" before the word "Saints," to convey the true character of Albany's boys.

Being in the force then was a proper roving commission, and it was a very expensive commission to boot, for it was difficult to keep clear of financial difficulties.

An East Indiaman, laden with cotton, having been wrecked on the coast in Alexandria district, I was ordered down to watch events. I found that most of the sailors had been drowned and the cargo strewn along the beach in bales.

It was a novel experience to superintend a wreck with hundreds of bales of Indian cotton strewed along the beach for miles on the sand, the surf thundering. As a

mounted officer I thought the authorities had made a mistake and had sent the wrong man. The survivors of the wreck had been sent to Port Elizabeth, and, while astride my charger on a sand-hill beholding the scene, for the life of me I had no idea where to begin on that picture of wild desolation, until the customs officer arrived—a Mr. Smith—in uniform—who understood the business, and he had the resources of his profession. I passed my time between the wreck, Port Elizabeth, and Alexandria village.

It was there I met the Philpot family again, having met them just before at Uitenhage. At Uitenhage stock-stealing was reported to be very dreadful. I found that matters were not so bad. From one old farmer I inquired how many cattle he had lost, his reply being, "Oh, one in October, two head last year, and a whole span of oxen!" On which the old lady, his wife, joined in, "Yes, but those oxen were lost during the 1846 war, about twenty years ago!"

It was during this trip that I became associated with a Field Cornet Jackman, and with the district surgeon of Uitenhage, Dr. Dyer, in an expedition to an outlying farm in the Jansenville area, where we all received accommodation in the fore-kaamer (front room) to rest for the night; after a long day's journey, arriving late, hospitably entertained, we were soon in the arms of Morpheus. Long before daybreak next morning the family was up preparing coffee, etc., while we were bemoaning the early rising habit and praying that it would extend only to the male portion of the household; my personal reflections not sweetened by discovering that the lively Field Cornet had surreptitiously concealed my habiliments in a secret corner; necessitating I don't know what. By George, it was cold, and

I would have made great sacrifices to have been allowed to remain concealed a little longer; but I had to rummage that corner ere driving in cart and four. Everybody had colds, and we were giving tongue in the usual manner on frosty mornings; when I asked the doctor if he didn't think my lungs were badly affected, as I climbed out of the cart, and trotted along a mile or two to get warm. "Whether your lungs are affected! a man who can waltz with a Cape cart!" The run had the effect that the natives say that "dagga" has upon people with weak chests—it clears the wind! But the other two travellers sat tight, notwithstanding freezing extremities. We returned to Uitenhage, and from there I rode back to my camp at Botha's Hill.

It was here that my old officer, Sub-Inspector William Wynne, came along, and put up the night with me on his way to the city. He had then left the service, and was following the business of farming at Alice. We had a long talk over old times, and the Bushman spoor, and the "donga trap." He saw it all and was only acting in my interest at the time. When I looked at that determined face I thought no wonder the Chief Morosi had to pay the fine.

My patrolling led me to Bathurst district, where Sir Walter Currie spent his childhood, and where he learnt his marvellous horsemanship, with or without saddle, as I was informed. There is nothing to equal bare-back riding to qualify as an equestrian; to make the rider feel himself part of the wonderful animal, which has of late years been trained to such perfection that in the Lancers in India it will lie down on the field of manœuvre with its rider and remain passive, while hundreds of its companions

charge past; then rise at a sign and career in its place in the ranks madly to a point where its sense of obedience is strained to stop in an instant within a yard or two of a General Officer.

In South African farm life, springing on to a horse's back, independent of saddle, develops the dash and dare-devil spirit that makes the soldier. That is how the late Basutu Chief, Lerothodi, figured as the most reckless rider in Basutuland, by jumping on to his horse's back and putting the saddle on while he was riding. I heard as a fact that in riding a race along a mountain side his girth broke, and, not unseated, he threw aside the saddle and won the race.

Pretty Bathurst! Oh, that I had the pen of the ready writer and the memory of excellence to chronicle the many tales I have heard of Lower Albany, including Cuylerville, Baillies Party, and other places, Kaffir Drift and the many landmarks associated with the advent of the famous old British settlers. They would more than enable me to throw in little sketches of the brave pioneer confronted by the noble savage at the Fish River, the gate of Kaffirland, where the intrusion of the settler was so sternly resented by the savage foe. Just a glimpse of the scene is sufficient to convey to a visitor the stern reality of the early days by the points of vantage for wily Amaxosa in bush and krantz, winding kloofs, scenery of the wildest nature; elephants, buffalo, tigers; and Britain's mixed humanity in 1820—from the stout-hearted man to the tender-hearted woman, and helpless child—the advanced scouts of civilization daring to plant their flag at the very boundary. Anything that has or may be written of the adventures of that time will never convey half the thrilling incidents of

the Fish River border life in the early days. For Albany was, in fact, the line of defence, and the Fish River fastnesses the settler's boundary line, when troops were scarce, Government despotic, and every man was a kind of Robinson Crusoe. Beautiful scenery and romance, with the blue waves beating on the shore, while the ozone breeze lent vitality to those who had exiled themselves to fulfil Great Britain's civilizing mission.

It was a pleasure to meet surviving veterans and to listen to their well-told tales. Many a lost moment had to be made up through this charm, as I sympathised with the spirit of adventure, and oft exclaimed "Oh, I wish . . ., etc.," when told of the dash, or the rush, of a herd of buffalo, or the shooting of an elephant near Frazers Camp, and the big black tiger that carried the calf away while the cow made the welkin ring! It was poor consolation that I could then ride over the historic scene and find scarcely any of these left, excepting buffalo in the "cooms" of the Fish River, and a tiger; if there was time to own a cow. But in the Police there was no time to bait traps with calves; nor to do more than stalk the jungle at spare moments as an amateur sportsman.

Among my peregrinations along the Sundays River valley, where the fruit is so excellent—especially at New Years River—where one was tempted to dally by the way and call at Assagai Bush—the home of the Smiths. The wife of the Rev. Mr. Taberer was a girl then, with her beautiful sisters. They were the finest-looking family about. The brother, Lieutenant Smith, had introduced me. Duty led me to many places—the Sundays River, Riebeck, Zurberg, Espags Drift, Hell-poort, Bedford, Kowie, and others.

At this time my new destination was fixed for Woolridge, in the old Peddie district, the quarters of the late Commanding Officer of the German military settlers being engaged for that purpose. What a place for settlers! Crowded with scrubby bush, and not more than enough in the whole settlement for two Boers. The settlers moved to pastures new, and dispersed all over South Africa; for that has been the history of settlers when insufficient or unsuitable land has been granted; they migrate to pastures new. In viewing this scrubby tract of country in the Peddie district, dotted with Euphorbia and Cactus, it seems hard to imagine that any settler—especially of a military class—would attempt to farm there; and I felt by no means elated at the prospect of service amidst such surroundings. However, before this proposed move could be carried out, there was excitement in the Transkeian territory, and we were ordered up post-haste.

CHAPTER XV.

Transkei Life, 1863—Hunting, Etc.

The detachments were called in to Drivers Bush, and there we mustered at the headquarters of the inspector of the troop—Inspector Surman. I thought the men a very serviceable-looking commando, with their fire-helmets (for they all wore that head-dress, of tanned hide leather, shaped as a London fireman's helmet, with what object I never could tell) to lend ferocity to the countenance, and proved the survival of the fittest in a South African sun no doubt; brown belts, and tanned cord suit; cheery bearded fellows with lots of opinions, for they had mixed with the farmers, and some had married into farmers' families; bustling go-ahead frontiers men. Down along the road, where more baboons congregate than in any other part of the Colony, past old Frasers Camp to the drift at Trumpeters on the Fish River, where the rains had blocked the way; there was no pont or bridge. We drove the horses through, then followed in a tiny boat—two or three men at a time—such a messy job. Thence we passed through King Williamstown by forced march to Butterworth, to prevent the Galeka Chief, Kreli, re-occupying his country—that was the news. While at Butterworth my two chargers vanished from the troop. As an "army of occupation" we were stationed in that country, distributed in detachments at selected spots, 400

men in all. Well, it was not an uninteresting life, for shooting there was plenty. I will relate further on some events. My horses were recovered. One day a Sergeant Corns reported that three wild horses were on the banks of the Kei—wild indeed, and too fat for anything. After great difficulty these untamed creatures were brought in from where they had been roaming for months, in veldt like ripened corn, for the whole Transkei was depopulated since the date of the cattle sacrifice, and our men had been acting as garrison under Commandant J. H. Bowker. My one charger "Rodney" had thrown a rider, with fatal result, before he became my property, but he had carried me over the toll-bar gate at Botha's Hill. I had to be cautious. Lieutenant R. A. Nesbitt (now Colonel R. A. Nesbitt, C.B.) coming along, I offered him a mount, receiving in return an expressive wink; so I tendered the other, "Kei." I heard an exclamation: "Who, ah! no you don't; what sort of a horse is this? Here, Hook, ride him yourself." "Kei" had a way of crouching low when the rider approached. So neither of these skittish animals received any preparatory exercise before their cautious master mounted them.

I remember Lieutenant Jacobs, of Alice and Natal fame, coming on the scene once more when we kept late hours at a trader's store. He left early, stating that it was not becoming for a man of his years to be out so late. The night was dark, and off he went to travel three hundred yards. At three o'clock next morning a knock was heard at the door. "Who's there?" "Old Jacob's son!" The old man had been out, lost, all night.

The ridge on the banks of the Nxbara, where the Galeka Chief, Hintsa, was shot in the 1835 war, was a point of

interest; the exact spot was pointed out by a Galeka who was informed by an old man who lived in the time of Hintsa himself. As well known, that incident shivered the natives' confidence in the colonists for some time, inasmuch as they had a wrong version of the affair. The Chief was detained as hostage in the military camp, and promised a large fine of cattle imposed by the Commander, Sir Harry Smith. The fine was not promptly paid; Hintsa himself offered to proceed under escort and command those cattle to be delivered. As the escort with the Chief proceeded to that spot, it is reported that he made a dash for it, riding a good horse, and an officer named Southey shot him, under circumstances which exonerated Southey.

A Colonel Cathcart arrived at T'somo from Kieskama Hoek, having heard much of my men, their bearded appearance, etc. After an evening in my quarters, he offered to go round the camp. A jolly parson had been in camp the night before and persuaded the detachment that a smooth face was the latest. We found all shaven and shorn! I had been admiring the Colonel's field corkscrew—a little beauty—handling it. It was missing when he was leaving, and my feelings were uncomfortable, until the article was discovered in my poor pocket!

I told off an orderly to keep following the Colonel out pauw-shooting. The Colonel dismounted to stalk on the burnt veldt, crawling along on his waist through the black, a distance of half a mile, occasionally burying his countenance in the soot to disguise his strategic advance; when, lo! up rose the bird—the orderly had been "following." By George! that Colonel did cuss. He passed on to the Shikani valley, and, being an ardent sportsman, carried his gun to a vley at night. A native attendant thought

he would go and see, clandestinely, how a man could shoot in the dark. He found that out, and his manner of relating how he escaped the "shot" was most amusing.

We had some sport there; "Bowker" did its share of mess catering. In one instance, on breakfast gridiron, there were four different kinds of game steak grilling at once, not to mention yellow-beaked ducks from the vleis; ducks were in hundreds.

On another occasion, after a long chase, a young hartebeest stood blown. I paid a native to carry it to camp. It lived for a time, and then died, post-mortem disclosing that its food (cows' milk) had not been sufficiently diluted with *aqua*.

Temani station, near the Idutywa, was a proper sporting depôt—with my seven greyhounds, one pointer beater, and two monkeys. Six Kaffir ponies (bought cheap for £3 or £4 each) were for hunting purposes. My cap was worn with a stem buck's horn fixed on top, which, with "Bowker," was a fair equipment. The monkeys rode the dogs, the dogs knew what to do, and when hounds set off in chase the little Africans would mount my pony. These little creatures joined in any hunt, and would even take to water, following in my wake as I ploughed the rapid stream. Pauws' wings and other specimens, with horns and skins, adorned the exterior of my hut; while the interior was bedecked by finer trophies—birds, skins of snakes, and a young tiger. Partridges were shot in camp, so plentiful and tame were they. Two elands fell to "Bowker" one day, not a mile from camp.

A hunting expedition near Kentani, organised for visitors, chased fifty elands; then occurred a great chase down the valleys at breakneck pace, for an eland trots so

mighty fast in bush veldt. Disappointments are discipline. I bagged mine eland, and remained in the rear to skin the beauty, when up rides a young visitor with spectacles. "Have you seen a dead eland?" "Yes, here is one!" "I shot one, and saw it fall." "Did you?" "Ah! would you mind examining the bullet if it is in?" "Oh, certainly!" In the shoulder bone was discovered the bullet of Mr. Spectacles.

Buffalo-hunting in the Odwesa and the Manubi forests was not a great success. There were buffalo in those forests, and we spent some nights in pursuit, wounding two, which escaped to the Bashee River, where the natives devoured them. Hippopotami afforded occasional shooting at the Bashee mouth. I believe that a Lieutenant Townsend, of the 10th Regiment, claimed to have shot one, but he never produced the *corpus delecti*, so I, for one, never admitted the claim, for he was the man in spectacles who owned my eland.

A private expedition of my own led me to the Katberg, near the Drakensberg, to hunt buffalo and other species. Albert Davies, Clerk to Captain Cobb, was with me. Permission from the Tembu Chief, in whose country we travelled, was inadvertently not sought. We obtained good springbuck-shooting, but no buffalo, for the Chief refused to supply a guide, which was all my fault for overlooking the necessary formality. On return I heard that our trophies were to be confiscated, so made a night march and evaded the indignity. Afterwards the Chief sent to me and begged a blanket!

My last hunt then was with a Kaffir hunting party, hundreds of them; an army of dogs, of course. Sergeant Griffin was with me (he had been in the Imperial Army).

A terrific thunderstorm opened fire on us, flashing and salvoing, flooding the land. In dire extremity the whole "impi," dogs and all, found shelter in caves, the storm continuing; a night of bedlam and pandemonium was ours. The usual "after-the-storm-calm" succeeded, and Griffin and I went out in search of air. Soon we saw two hartebeest in the distance fighting. I fired and parted the two, who charged in different directions, Griffin and I after them. My buck lived to charge another day, but when I overtook Griffin he had his safe enough, caught, and actually knee-haltered. In reply to my question as to how he did it, he replied: "I raced it in, tired it, fought it, and kept it alive for you to see!" People who know the size of a full-grown hartebeest will appreciate this remarkable feat. The animal was unwounded, and glaring at me with all the wild timidity of the antelope.

Later an expedition was organised against that Chief who begged the blanket. Under the Resident, Mr. W. B. Chalmers, we marched and routed these Tembus, and I remember it was Allen Maclean's first patrol with us. He had just been appointed, and was under my charge to initiate him, which I did, and he made a telling shot, and was mighty pleased. I think the Governor of British Kaffraria was not over-pleased with that expedition for some reason; perhaps the captured cattle were not all accounted for! I know that the native country then was all under the Governor of British Kaffraria. Mr. W. B. Chalmers was an official of that Government, and acted in the case of "Dalesela," the Chief above referred to, with his usual acumen.

In mentioning the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Maclean, that officer, in travelling once in Kaffirland in

official capacity, was the recipient of honour by a Kaffir poet running before him sounding his praises, comparing him to all the great things in creation: his eyes were stars, his hair forest, glances lightning, speech thunder, etc. "Oh!" said Maclean, "Tell him to d—d well abuse me and I'll give him a cow." Maclean had to call stop first; the poet's vocabulary was so incisive. The bongo doctor got his cow.

In visiting Clarkbury I made acquaintance with the young paramount Tembu Chief, Ngangelezwa, while he was still in his minority. He was very proud of a giant bowl of porridge, which was his at breakfast, and invited me to stay and see him deal with it, which I did, applauding him for his prowess. Later, when he assumed full power, he became my guest on invitation, he and his great Councillor, Helo, who possessed neither hands nor legs physically, indeed, but his head and brain were excellent, and had been cultivated, as anyone who remembers him will say. After dinner we placed Helo on a table, and got him to sing hymns by the dozen, which he did with marvellous pathos, but my brother officer's risible faculties were tremendously exercised. Then we introduced my monkeys to amuse Ngangelezwa, and didn't that great Chief laugh, and the grave Helo himself also, when we decorated them in scarlet regimentals, helped them to wine, through which they became silly and excelled all ordinary monkey tricks, finally being undressed and put to bed like Christians. We had to amuse ourselves in the Transkei.

CHAPTER XVI.

Expedition to Noman's Land—Settling Griquas—Hunting in Griqualand East, 1863.

Now it was that a question of boundary arose between the Natal Government and the Cape Government, connected with the advent of the Griquas into Griqualand East from the diamond fields at the sources of the Umzimculu. Sir Walter Currie was appointed Commissioner to meet Dr. Suturland, the Surveyor-General of Natal. I was detailed to accompany the Commission. Lieutenant Marrilier, Imperial C.M.R., with "Fergus" Egan and John Crouch, were present, and also Lieutenant Jacobs.

En route we heard much of the tragic death of the late Rev. J. S. Thomas, Missionary, who was killed at Ncambele near Umtata, in mistake. There was a dispute between the Tembus, the Pondas, and the Pondomise tribes about a piece of land at that place which led to fighting, and the poor missionary, who was awoke from his rest by the uproar of the conflict, in proceeding to see what good he could do, was stabbed to death. The Chief of Pondoland was grieved about it more than words can express, as it all occurred in a mistake. That was the story that we heard as we passed along. I remember a remark that we heard as we marched:—"That the Kaffirs in South Africa never intentionally either kill or eat their missionaries!"

The unconventional and stark-nakedness of the aborigines on the way impressed me very much. Yet there were one or two places—"Oasis in the desert"—where Catechists and traders were living which redeemed the charge of "desert" against the country—where fruit was presented to us, which was most acceptable. I regret that I am unable to recall the names of the fruit growers, kind people, I do remember one Hully, at Tshungana, on the Tena River.

To me the wonder of the road was the Tsitsa Falls, on the Tsitsa River, where it passes through a picturesque gorge and descends over a precipice about 140 yards across, the volume of water plunging into an abyss about 130 yards below, said to be the biggest waterfall in South Africa. In later years I saw it in flood, I mean I *heard* it, for it was impossible to *see* owing to the mass of mist and spray around, above, and below the falls. I simply marvelled at the sight, and especially the roar of water.

I heard a story of those falls related by a native:—Away from sight of water, the Kaffir goats would feed and bleat and sport in peace not far from tiger's den. He'd merely reconnoitre, but soon as goats drew nigh to deafening din he'd hie him forth, sheltered by the roar, and secure his prey—no herd to hear—the deadly spring. So the story goes. For years this mighty tiger lived on stock protected by this strategy. At last a "trapper" came along, and in the night set trap, hiding in the cliff close by. Weary of the watching, ere dawn he crept to find if the goat, the bait, were there, when chains of trap and mighty tiger joined him in the act—an awful struggle 'midst the thunder of those falls.

We were absent about three months; passed through all

the intermediate tribes and encamped on the Umzimvubu flats. The Cape Government had deputed us to present a valuable horse and saddle on their behalf to the Chief Umditywa, head of the Pondomise tribe. I was much impressed by the *insouciance* of that Chief at the presentation. We also met Umhlonhlo, the other Pondomise Chief, who later embarked in hostility against the Colony, and was charged with complicity in the death of Hope, the Magistrate.

As far as we had heard, there had been only one wagon in that St. John's territory, or "Noman's land" (before it became Griqualand), so any person can imagine the difficulty we encountered in transporting our mule wagons along. We, the Staff and escort, were constantly in-spanned to haul those vehicles through rivers, dales, and over mountains. We were called the "rooi-span," on account of our tan, and it is needless to say how lusty we were, notwithstanding the hours spent in cold rivers. Fortunately there was but little rain, and, excepting that a report arrived that the Kaffirs meant to cut us off on our return for settling the Griquas in a country which they claimed, the expedition passed off satisfactorily.

These Griquas were an offshoot of European and coloured people, and were in the fashionable garb of the ordinary ach-ter-veldt Boer (Dutch farmer); some were dark, others quite black. They had their wagons and oxen, flocks and herds, carts and horses, and were armed with the weapon of the day, having sold their land or been dispossessed of it. These were the people who scaled the Drakensberg, a feat as grand as that of the great Napoleon over the Alps. Any traveller who has seen "Adam-Kok's Road" will testify to the skill and daring of the adven-

turous pioneers who passed to the south of that mighty range. Their energy and enterprise is easily traced by the history of their descent. A feature of their passage was that they ploughed, sowed, reaped and mowed on the journey, thus showing the time spent in turning their backs to diamonds, and working rocks and boulders to prepare the way for civilization at Kolstad.

Nehemiah Moshesh was pressing a claim to land in Griqualand East; he met us at the camp. That was the Chief whose case with Captain Blyth caused quite a sensation in later years—the Law Courts were full of it.

There were many claimants to Noman's Land—as the land was designated at the time. The Chief Faku, of Pondoland, claimed paramountcy over the whole of the country from the Drakensberg to the sea. The Cape, Natal, and the Basutus were each asserting rights to certain tracts under certain Acts of Cession. Sir George Grey had advised the Griquas to sell their country at the Diamond Fields and to accept land at the sources of the Umzimvubu River in lieu. The Griquas had sold, so no claims by one or the other of the contesting parties mentioned could be entertained. That our Commission informed the Natal Commission, and also the Basutu Chief, Nehemiah Moshesh, who was there representing Basutuland claim.

Sport with me was a leading idea—wildebeest, hartebeest, wild pigs. Lions also were in the Cedarville flats in the reeds. A Dr. Watling, of the Imperial Army, attached to us, in riding near a bed of reeds, fired his smooth-bore at something in the sedge. He was riding to see, when a second something emerged, and the Doctor flew—to us, the Griquas telling him that he had shot a "cat." I joined in and we "beat" the reeds. I think I

was the first to spy his lordship the second "cat," as he fled from cover, just as Currie arrived, saying "Jump off." We stood together, the lion came in bounding, I fired and hit it in the foot (or toe). It stopped to rage and lick, then Currie fired and banged it in the shoulder; over it went as I went up and delivered a charge of loopers into its head.

Staff Doctor Watling's shot had now to be investigated, and it was found that he had shot a lioness in the way described. No one was more surprised than he. He had shot it dead with a common smooth-bore gun. As it was St. Patrick's Day, my birthday, the honour was conferred on us to carry those two gory pelts around our figures—Currie saying that that was the law and rule of sport—and especially in the case of *great lion-hunters* such as Watling and his chum; while I knew that Currie was the first to dismount and hit the animal in the right spot, which I did not. Watling and I smiled in pride!

Later, when I called on the Staff Medico in King Williamstown he produced for my inspection his report to his friends in England of the daring deed. Said I, "Not that lion!" "Yes," he said, "that very lion!" "But," I said, as I viewed the noble beast set up on springs in his room, "it is not the fact!" "My dear fellow!" he said, "truth with fiction makes the thrilling tale; the lion will be naught without the story." I saw that Watling was born to be a very great lion-hunter. Gordon Cumming was not near. I gave my lion skin to Lady Currie, because she requested me to get her the skin "that Sir Walter shot the lion." I found my place.

We shot in addition forty wildebeest and wild boars and hartebeest that day.

But about the same time (in 1865) a Dutch sportsman in the Transvaal, a Mr. C. Botha, had to sjambok a wild lioness in the veldt, which would have made the Staff Medico envious indeed had he known of it. The story appeared in the issue of the "South African News," Cape Colony, of the 10th April, 1907, signed M. Smuts:—

A LION STORY.

The following story of an adventure with a lioness was related to me personally by Mr. C. Botha, an old and well-known inhabitant of Waterberg, and may prove of interest to your readers. I have made Mr. Botha tell the story in his own words.

In April, 1865, I went down from Schoemansdal, where I had opened a business, to Potchefstroom, for a supply of goods. As the wagon in which I travelled was too full for my own comfort, I bought a Cape cart and two salted horses. At Pretoria I laid in a further supply of goods, and by luck dropped on an old inhabitant of Zoutspansberg, by name P. Venter, who agreed to supply transport.

It was on a Thursday morning we sent the two wagons ahead with instructions to wait for us at Pienaar's River, intending to follow them up as soon as some necessary business had been transacted. Invoices kept me busy for the better part of that night, and I did not leave till about nine the next morning. We did not catch up to our wagons till late on Friday night. I must not forget to mention that I had given the finishing touches to my purchases in the shape of ribbons, fringes, laces, etc., and these, together with a bottle of wine, a flask of powder, and numberless odds and ends, had all been stowed away in the back box of the cart. The tinder-box, flint and steel did duty for ordinary purposes, but one of my special purchases was a box of vestas, an expensive article in those days. Between us we had three capital guns, two

of which were on the wagons and one on our cart. As you can easily imagine, lions were plentiful in those days, and every precaution had to be taken to safeguard our animals. Hence oxen and horses were tethered to the wheels, while we sought shelter under the wagons. Oom Piet proposed a trek to Vaalboschfontein at 9 p.m., but I objected on account of my need of sleep. I was willing to start soon after midnight, as we intended leaving the wagons behind at Vaalboschfontein, and making a detour for hunting ostriches on the Springbuck flats. To my proposal Oom Piet assented, and called me about half-past one. We at once called the boys, made them inspan, and told them to trek on; we would follow. We had meanwhile knee-haltered our horses, put a small kettle on the fire, and set Maart, a Bastard Hottentot of about twelve years, to guard the horses. The wagons had scarcely gone a couple of hundred yards, when the leader of the front team threw up the rein and shouted: "A lion! a lion!" At that instant both spans bolted, the drivers shouted and plied their whips for all they were worth, and the lioness, for such she proved to be, cleared off past the wagons and came in our direction. As we could distinctly hear all that took place, and feared some serious accident, we hurriedly gathered up everything lying about, amongst others a long hippo sjambok left behind by the drivers. Having harnessed our horses, we drove along slowly to gain the road. The moon was young, the night was dark, and to make matters worse a foggy drizzle set in. Oom Piet, being a stout man, was on the back seat; I on the front with Maart, to help me balance the old man's weight. We had scarcely got into the road when "Burr" to the left of us gave the signal of the leonine presence. At the same instant she sprang, luckily missed Oom Piet and Maart, and alighted on the back of the left horse. I have often read of lion-tamers cracking their whips, but I doubt if ever a lion had such a sound whipping as our assailant that night. I sjambokked the lioness for dear life, while we shouted

as hard as we could, and Oom Piet hurled everything he could lay his hands on at the enemy. Blankets, mattress, overcoats, everything went. The horses, mad with pain, fear, and the excitement of the lashing, ran as hard as they could go for about a hundred yards. Then the lioness, having worked her way forward, at a single bite brought the horse to the ground, and commenced gnawing at its hindquarters. Except for an occasional growl at the noise we made, she quietly enjoyed her meal and took no notice of us. Meanwhile the other horse, poor brute, was kicking most furiously, and terribly cutting its legs against the front cross-beam of the cart. Here we were in a fine fix! There was nothing for it but to try and shoot the lioness. I hauled out my elephant-gun, one I had taken in exchange for a rifle at Pretoria. It was ready loaded, but with regard to caps we found ourselves lost, for they were in the wagon. The only ones I had on me were some percussion caps of the rifle mentioned, and these were too small. We bit them open, but every time Oom Piet aimed, click! they missed fire. At last Oom Piet recollected having some bigger caps in the pocket of his overcoat. But what a disappointment when we discovered the coat, too, had been hurled at the lioness. By the merest chance Oom Piet touched a point of the coat dangling on the outer edge of the splash-board, and started pulling it in. A pull! a growl! Another pull! another growl! The lioness was lying on a part of it. At last we had it and all five caps safe. Eureka! now we would turn the tables on our enemy. Ah! luckless beast, for which we paid full dear! One cap after the other missed fire, until all were gone. We did not know that the nipple was blocked by a bit of linen. In happy ignorance of this fact, we resolved on another trial. Fear had now vanished, for the lordly brute designed not to notice the despicable bits of humanity on the cart. We resolved yet to avenge ourselves. For that purpose we decided to fill the nipple, which was fairly large, with powder, and fire it with a vesta. Again disappointment.

The grains of powder, being of a kind used in elephant hunting, were abnormally large, and with the best will in the world we could not get them to pass into the nipple. It now struck me that I had a flask of No. 2 or 3 powder in the box of the cart. Eagerly I unpacked and turned out the whole conglomeration of fringes, laces, ribbons, etc., stored there. In the wink of an eye I unscrewed the flask, and filled. Oom Piet pointed the gun; I struck a vesta and applied it. The light had scarcely flashed, when "Burr," the raging brute flew at us so furiously that she over-reached herself, and went right over Oom Piet's head. Snapping at us as she passed, she bit into the back lean-to of the cart, between wood and iron, and in toppling over broke off one of her canines, and that tooth is in my possession to this day. Maart had long ago taken refuge under the seat. Oom Piet and I, now terribly frightened, tried to do likewise. In vain! We nearly smothered the boy, and failed to reduce our dimensions. Oom Piet had received a terrible gash over the head, his scalp being literally ripped open from back to front, his left hand between thumb and fore-finger cut open as with a knife, both wounds bleeding profusely. We were in a terrible plight, our hats gone, our guns overboard. The lioness, maddened by the pain of her broken tooth, walked round and round the cart, and threatened every moment to jump on us. To add to our misery, the mosquitoes attacked us in swarms. Round about us the grass was alive with wild animals, jackals and hyenas. To our distorted vision, these all appeared like lions. Now and again the lioness would snap at and chase them from her prey, and then return and growl at us. To make matters worse, Oom Piet began to faint from loss of blood, and a lucky thing it was we had the bottle of wine to revive his drooping spirits. Our condition is better imagined than described. We were blood-bespattered from head to heel. I had on a pair of top-boots, but I was so benumbed that I did not notice the lioness licking them. Her rough tongue, however, left

its marks, and as I preserved the boots, the marks may still be seen. For four mortal hours, which seemed like an eternity, we sat there huddled together scarcely daring to breathe, much less to speak, fearing every moment a fresh attack. I prayed for day as I never prayed before or since. But even my prayers were continually interrupted by the growls of the enraged beast, and I had to begin over again. Just at daybreak the lioness attacked the other horse and killed it. As the sun rose, the welcome crack of a whip heralded deliverance. The lioness saw the wagon coming and slunk off. We stretched our weary limbs and thanked heaven for our deliverance.

For years I have been a hunter; I have killed over 80 lions, 18 elephants, several rhinoceroses, and scores of buffaloes, but I have never since been in such a tight corner.

M. Smuts.

From there we made an expedition into Pondoland proper, to visit the old Pondo Chief, Faku. He was very old indeed, and must have been a tall figure; but then, he could only sit and shuffle himself along. The proper thing was to hide some sweets in your pocket and sit by him and let him grope and find them, to please the ancient. The Pondos and the Amxisbis were always at war with each other. We travelled through the latter country. Horses were scarce—both these tribes knew very little about horses or riding. We put a Xisibi on horseback and made him ride (without saddle, of course), and when we arrived at Palmerton—the mission—that worthy lady,. Mrs Jenkins, relict of the late Rev. Jenkins, who was then almost, self created, Regent of the tribe, ministered to that excoriated native, who was not only suffering physical torture through absence of saddlery, but was also mentally prostrate at the sight of his deadly enemies, the Pondos!

It appeared that the late Rev. Jenkins' memory was very dear to the Pondos, they revered his memory because he

> "Laboured that the lost sheep might be gained,
> Nor seeking recompense from human hand."

The rev. gentleman's devotion to his duty being so great that at his death-bed he requested that the funeral service should be in the Kaffir language at his grave. And his desire was complied with. The service was conducted in Kaffir.

We settled the Griquas, defined their boundaries, and then left them. They seemed rich in stock; were splendid shots, being armed with the Terry breech-loader; they had splendid horses. I never saw better game shots; "Bowker" was not in it. Some had European servants. The two gentlemen who became Magistrates under their Government were Strachan and Brisley. Later the Kaffirs tried a few skirmishes with them, but the Griquas drove them pell-mell. The Kaffirs could not stand before them; they could have conquered all Kaffirland if they had been allowed, but they were placed under British rule and a Chief Magistrate appointed over them.

In 1876 Captain Blyth was appointed Chief Magistrate over them, taking on the administration from Mr. Cumming, who had held the principal office since about 1873 or 1874, the date when the Griquas were deprived of their independence. Captain Blyth arrived escorted by Inspectors E. B. Chalmers and Albert Davies with a hundred men of the F.A.M. Police. At that moment Nehemiah Moshesh was accused of acts of aggression against the British Government, and a spirit of discontent prevailed amongst the Griquas against the Government. The condition of affairs seemed threatening. Mr. Donald Strachan

was Assistant Magistrate at Umzimkulu, Mr. Martin Liefeldt at Matatiele. Captain J. T. O'Connor was also there supporting. Prior to that date a Commission had been appointed which arrived in Kokstad and investigated land matters. There were great complications indeed. From being Noman's Land, and Griqualand East, the country appeared to have become everybody's land. There was a rebellion when Captain Blyth arrived, in speech, paper, threats and military demonstrations by the Police, Griquas, Pondas, Bacas, and volunteers; even the Basutus were on the "war-path," ending in the blow-up of the Kokstad Magazine in the concrete, when the warlike spirit evaporated; as the warriors said they couldn't fight then, because there was no ammunition! Then another Commission arrived called the "East Griqualand Commission," and adjudicated on the Griqua "spirit," the land, the Magazine, and Captain Blyth. But Blyth vindicated himself and came well out of it.

Then they, the Griquas, sold their land cheaply and gracefully to the white man, who bought them out in trade, and in some cases litigation, and now these African scout-hunter-pioneers have fulfilled their destiny. The Chief, Adam Kok, whose name (Kokstad) was given to the capital of Griqualand East, lies buried in that town, where he set up independent rule, and the fair Province, named after the Griquas, in Eastern South Africa, is now an European Province in every sense, as much as fair British Kaffraria itself. Improvidence, false status, being hemmed in by tribes that were already under British sway, accounts for the speedy dissolution of this extraordinary nation.

It was in Griqualand East that the return wrestle with Sir Walter Currie took place. The following day a man,

finding me hanging by the hands to a tree, inquired what was the matter. "Oh!" I replied, "I'm re-setting dislocations."

We returned to the Transkei and resumed our old stations. Sir Walter (the wrestler) passed on to Grahams Town.

CHAPTER XVII.

Transkei Life, 1864—Sergeant-Major R. B. Keys Swept to Sea—Veldt Fires—Sergeant Rowles.

It is said that travellers meet with strange bedroom companions. Some call necessitated my presence at Uitenhage, and I was travelling between that place and Somerset, when I drew up benighted at a lonely roadside inn. Late in the night my bedroom was opened and a stranger ushered in. I glanced up and recognised a butcher whose name and number had been recently removed from our muster roll for stabbing a comrade with his operating knife; while on another occasion he had let off a revolver at a comrade's helmet, inflicting a slight scalp wound. I noticed that he had a short double-barrelled gun in his hand, and seemed in very brigandish costume! In view of the short gun, I drew purse, watch and revolver to my side, and kept an eye on that young man until he departed, early in the morning, and then I slept.

With the comedy there was tragedy as well in the Transkei. We were at the seaside in wet weather—a river named the Cora was flooded. Our Sergeant, Robert Byron Keys, constructed a raft to get supplies through; the raft was carried out to sea by the current. Keys could not swim, although he had been a sailor. His companion dived off and saved himself. The raft turned over repeatedly in the breakers, Keys finding his way on top.

Away he went to sea; we could not help him, so waved a sad good-bye. He returned the salutation, the raft went further out, then it seemed to drift towards the shore. We strained every nerve to reach the raft, venturing into danger in the wild surf, but out it spun again—the second good-bye. In once more; this time, having connected all our bridles, girths, and neck scarves, we ventured farther than we had before, trusting to this nondescript rope, seized the poor jibbering object, who seemed scarcely human. It was an escape for us likewise, as we were far out in the big breakers in deep water. Keys lived on, but finally committed suicide. When we returned to camp in all this flood, we found the river at the station mountains high, walls of huts down, roofs in, chimneys in ruin, a trooper drowned, the two Darcys carried down and saved, Cecil and Richard, sons of the late Major Darcy, of the Imperial Army. They tried to swim the stream with haversacks round their necks, which drew them under. Then after all this we had to re-build our station at our own expense, and build even the magazine.

At last my old batman, Sullivan, retired, and left for Ireland, being worn out; he was never very robust. I remember once, when starting on a long ride with Lieutenant Baillie (later Major Baillie), that Sullivan failed in some detail, and I directed him to report himself to the Sergeant-Major for duty. He never did; but when I stayed away longer than normal he enclosed £15, remarking that I might be "hard up," and when I returned, there he was to take my horse as usual. My next batman was a proper light-bob, a model Cavalry man, but sorely addicted to drink. With him was Jonas, a Tembu boy. Light-bob would say: "Jonas, the boss is gone; I'll lie

down (with a bottle), you watch, and when the monkey shouts call me, make the fire, bring the water, sweep the room, polish the candlestick, etc., and mind, Jonas!" The hercules would assent. "Monkey shouts!" Light-bob out, swearing that the boy was a lazy Turk. These remarks repeated after canteen visits. At last, one day the boy, enraged, suddenly damped his finger and popped it into Light-bob's eye, with sand—good for both, as after that they worked harmoniously. Jonas was so powerful that he would let us have twenty minutes at him with the fist, he merely guarding.

An anecdote about a Major Gawler, formerly a Magistrate, with natives—that he flogged so freely that the tribe were known by their backs, and were rather stuck up.

The power of fascination fully exemplified. An imitation puffadder near Bowker's bed. Commandant Bertram's son came in, transfixed, finger raised, for I don't know how long—Bowker studying the victim.

A little man, named Hughes, who had been an officer in the old C.M.R., spent his time between the different camps—everywhere welcome. His visits were short—just an appearance, with folded arms, and off—no speech. He swam the T'somo to call on the Governor, walked up, returned. He went to Zululand hunting and walked up to a hungry lion.

That genuine administrator, W. B. Chalmers, Chief Magistrate of the Transkei, was there, and helped to make Transkeian life pass pleasantly. William Fynn also was a host in himself generally, by his reminiscences of campaigning and Kaffir life. Captain Colley was also there for a period—the late General Colley who died at Majuba. He was surveying.

While there the present Mayor of East London, Mr. Richard Walker, came along and called at my camp "Collosa." He was then a young man, and he afforded me the pleasure of his company for just one evening. It was always a treat to receive a visit from a congenial spirit like Mr. Walker, in his pioneer-in-trade style, travelling across the border among the traders on commerce intent. His genial character was bound to fortify business in whatever branch of commerce engaged as a merchant. I remember that he was much amused with our rough life, and with the barracks *minus* windows and doors to his bedroom; also the trophies of the chase fixed on the interior and exterior of the walls of the cantonment, my quarters. Those commerical equestrian trips for young business men must have been most delightful.

After Mr. Walker left, Sir Walter Currie arrived on one of his expeditions in wet weather, and as we couldn't work, we played. I remember he challenged us to go out into the veldt in the cold rain in the dark and run a foot-race over a mile. Which we did. He was a mighty powerful man physically, and in an idle moment challenged me to wrestle. I tried, and got him down, but not by "Greek." The next bout there I lay, which was not so bad, but the Chief, in enthusiasm, dug his chin in my best eye for shooting, at which the mess declaimed, and so did I, when my antagonist proffered sympathy in "Poor old chap!" The referee intervened.

Grass Fires.

Veldt fires, when the whole prairie would be ablaze, were of frequent occurrence, and as the Tambookie grass was several feet in length, and the ordinary grass luxuriant

Sergt. Rowles, who rescued Lieut. Wylde from burning to death by grass-fire.

to an excess, these fires in windy weather swept over the country in a most destructive manner, preceded by dense volumes of suffocating rolling clouds of smoke, mixed with fire-brands, along the veldt and through the air; spreading danger to camps and travellers; destroying pasture. More than once, when off-saddled on patrol, there would be a panic as a fire suddenly broke out through the act of a careless smoker, or a zealous cook; and there would be a "fly" to save saddlery, by disappearance of the patrol into dongas or holes after getting the horses into some measure of safety; in some cases as quickly *un*-knee-haltering them and springing on their backs, remaining there, until the danger was over. In one case an officer of ours took refuge on a high rock, instead of on his horse's back, when a whole wave of conflagration brought him down into its mass, and it was only by the fireman act of a Sergeant Rowles that he was rescued from a horrible death.

Sometimes a whole camp built of inflammable material, such as thatch-huts and reed-stables, would be burnt, and the men great losers of property; horses burnt to death, saddlery fried, etc. I venture to assert that few people could realise the magnitude and extent of these Transkei veldt fires in those days when the country was denuded of population after good seasons.

We were trained to a special fire-brigade drill, in a way, for conflagrations approaching the horses' grazing veldt. Each man kept a muid-sack in reserve, and with it wetted when the bugle sounded the alarm, would trot out in skirmishing order and lay-on to repel the unwelcome intruder. The greatest, or grandest, spectacle would be sometimes at night, when the universe would be illuminated

and the "fireworks" of the veldt disport most beautifully. An effort of hours in the embers and charr developed some strange and weird figures; smoke-sodden stokers we looked, as from the pit, weary with our bedraggled muid-sacks. A man's character would come out in those "night attacks on the enemy," when the wounds received were more deranging to beard and curls than to vitality. Fine exercise, indeed! we would exclaim in returning to camp, feeling that a good night's work had been done. The rapidity of motion required to repulse a fire during a western gale on the *prairie* can be imagined, but not justly described by me. For it was not acres or morgen of veldt in flames, but hundreds of thousands of morgen (as a prairie) rushing with a lightning, zig-zag advance to the accompaniment of roar and crackle of wind and flame.

In those fires I ever found the horses most unintelligent unless ridden. Mounted, they would charge and jump almost any flame, however high, even rush into dense smoke regardless of what they might be urged to do; but otherwise they were just about as wise as *sheep*, and hadn't the slightest idea! Not so the American prairie-horse, as we have read, which sniffs danger and careers with the buffalo and gnu to escape!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Galekas re-occupy part of Galekaland—Fingoes settled in remaining portion, 1865.

When the intention of allotting farms in the Transkei was abandoned, and the decision of the Home Government announced that a certain portion was to be restored to the Galekas, there was some feeling in the Colony about it. However, the decision was put in practice and the Galekas were in 1865 allowed to re-occupy from the sea to the great wagon-road between the Kei and the Bashee Rivers. It was our duty to watch their re-entry. They were overjoyed, but it was a mournful re-occupation all the same; they seemed so poor, lean, and unprovided for—no homes.

Seeing them arrive in twos and threes—a man, a woman and a couple of children from Bomvanaland, carrying an earthen pot and perhaps a pick (hoe), the man carrying a child—would convey no idea that a people was returning to its country.

They came from far and near, from where they had found sanctuary at and since the starving resulting from the cattle-killing. There was not a home or hut left. They had been away seven years labouring in servitude and bondage. Families had been separated and lost; scattered and dispersed all over the Colony and in Kaffirland, even as much as the Boers were in the late unfortunate

war of 1899-1902. At the fatal period in 1857-58, farmers —English and Dutch—I remember used to come to the border applying for destitute families and obtaining them from the British officials on the line, conducting them away in the most tender manner, feeding the lean and ministering to the sick and the children. That was the time the European public shone to advantage in their relief measures for black humanity. Soup kitchens were established at many points along the border, and the ladies of country and the town populations both lent active aid and practical sympathy in alleviating distress.

Now in 1865 the Galeka Chief Kreli summoned his people to return to the land of, not "promise," but overgrown vegetation! where the grass was many feet high, and the "kraals" choked with rank weeds. Game had increased in numbers; a duiker-bok or a bush-bok would leap out of the site of an old homestead, or a covey of partridges whirr from where the Chief's favourite wife's hut once stood. To me it was wonderful how the natives at first managed to subsist; still more where the cattle came from that were soon visible on the land. I scarcely ever saw any being *driven* in, but they were there in fair number to be counted if anybody cared to undertake the task. I once conjectured that they had arrived like quail in season! or that perhaps then was the moment that the prophet Umlanjene's predictions would be fulfilled by some beautiful cows and heifers. Where they came from was an exceeding great puzzle.

The survival of the remnant of the tribe proved what can come to pass in seven years. The mystic seven! There is no doubt that the Galekas had learnt experience during their sojourn away from their country, by contact with the

white man and the tribes with whom they had associated. Formerly they had proudly remained at home, excepting on some special mission; now they had all been "abroad" and had gathered experience; and were as *pioneers* in capacity to break fresh ground and make the best of circumstances. I think that the cattle referred to were likely to have been lent to them by their friends, or some given to start re-occupation. The Chiefs were soon settled, and they established the old native system of rule, as Kreli was left independent, as he was before. Mr. W. R. D. Fynn was appointed Resident among them to guide them in true principles, and the great Chief Kreli was taken out of the "bush" (as it is called when a Chief is in disgrace in seclusion) as he had been in Bomvanaland.

We—the F.A.M. Police—had nothing to do with locating the Galekas in detail. We merely left the gates open, and they wandered in; saluting us if we met; they appeared all un-armed; not a sign of a weapon in the form of a gun ever seen. We never examined their mats or their bundles.

Their country was approachable from three sides, viz., the Kei River, the Bashee River, and the great wagon-road. It did seem a strange sight all along the boundary of so many miles in extent these people coming back with their bundles after an exile of seven years; each making for his old piece of land in some valley where his forefathers dwelt. They had left in the usual garb, viz., blanket or kaross, now after it they wore suits of divers colours and pattern. Some wore dopper suits from the "achter-veldt" Boer, others were patched like "giddy, giddy gout!" not all stately "red." Nobody subsisting on Government rations; but men with hatchets cutting wattles and poles in the kloofs, women

with sickles gathering great bundles of grass and thatch, with the necessary "tambo" to bind (strips of bark), an every-day feature of the landscape as we patrolled and snapped at any startled duiker-bok or riet-bok breaking from cover by the strange invasion. At times we used the newly-arrived as beaters in the wooded ravines, as a buck broke and fell to a rifle, the women and children would join in the jubilee from the ridges, forgetting their trouble and difficulties in the excitement of the chase. Strange to say, a few dogs had also arrived to patch up a domestic condition. That is the way we settled the Galekas in the Transkei.

Locating the Fingoes.

I was in King Williamstown at the time that Sir Walter Currie was deputed to settle the Fingoes in the remaining portion from the great wagon-road to the Tembu border. As that gallant officer was *en route*, the King Williamstown displeased public expressed their indignation by burning two effigies—those of the Cape Colonial Secretary, Southey, and Currie. A man named Earl, the picture of Currie, in long beard and all, took up the *rôle*, mounted in F.A.M.P. uniform, to impersonate my Chief, with a party of us equipped as Staff, entering the market square as the populace—some in reversed jackets—were engaged. The hoax was most successful, while the supposed Chief, Sir Walter, had refreshment at Moore's Hotel, and afterwards proceeded to lodge at Colonel Armstrong's residence; the late Mr. George Christian betting that it was Sir Walter.

However, Sir Walter arrived by another route, and commenced the settlement of the Fingoes from Peddie and other parts, thus filling up all Kreli's country. The Fin-

goes were highly favoured by receiving all that lovely tract between Butterworth, the Kei, and T'somo. It took a long time to effect the settlement. The Galekas felt aggrieved at this distribution of Galekaland to their "dogs." But the justice of the thing had to be considered in the light of the cattle-killing, and its motive, as judged. The Galekas said they only "killed their own cattle."

Captain Veldman, an ex-rider of ours, now one of the leading headmen in the Transkei, received a goodly portion of land for his location, and so did other deserving loyal natives.

Each headman and group in clans was located in separate areas, called locations; Sir Walter roughly demarcating boundaries, allowing a proportion of hill with valley as the features of the country permitted. Streams and rivulets were in abundance; it was a beautifully watered tract, and at the time was waving in long grass like fields of ripening corn.

The keenness of the Fingoes even then to select their locations was remarkable; the old Fingoes knew Galekaland, they had been there in bondage, each endeavouring to obtain preference. This kind of thing rather taxed Sir Walter's patience, and many a strong expletive accompanied his answers to such petitioners.

Settling these Fingoes was mounted-duty indeed in that creamy little province, by the amount of riding we had to do. We had no surveyor with us, and we just granted hundreds of thousands of acres of good fertile land wholesale to the pleased and expectant crowd of the former servitors and then enemies of the Galekas.

What good fortune for these people, refugees from Zululand some years ago, passing through the tribes poor

and subservient, sheltered by the British Government from abject condition, now resident as owners in the land of their masters! Captain Cobb was placed as Fingo Agent at Nmaqua, and then our duty ceased.

The Idutywa Reserve was respected and recognised on the Bashee for the natives who accompanied Major Gawler from Kaffraria, some of whom did not sacrifice their cattle, and others who had done good service, to wit, Smith Umhala, and a Galeka Chief, Sigidi.

An excellent class of European traders flocked in and built good dwellings and stores. It was there that I became closely acquainted with the two brothers Goss, who were store-keeping at Idutywa, not far from Nglaglakaxo. I had known these two when they were troopers in the Police in Queenstown. I little thought of the service that I would have to render them some day.

Major C. C. Baillie, C.M.R.

CHAPTER XIX.

Police Life in British Kaffraria, 1866-67.

WING to the settlement of the natives in the Transkei under Magistrates—instead of allotting the country in farms to Europeans—a stronger force of Police was required on the boundary along the Kei River, and we were withdrawn from Kaffraria, giving place to a native Police administered by the Transkei officials.

To the right of the road from King Williamstown to the native territory east of Komgha village was my next station, in company with my old friend, Charlie Baillie (later Major Baillie), who departed this life in King Williamstown. A sterling officer indeed, one of the best. He became subsequently known as "Bongo Baillie," by his climbing propensity on the banks of the Bashee River in the last Galeka war; he, with his splendid troop of men, No. 6. scaling any height in quest of foe; a clever, daring officer in each campaign.

One day we saw two elands bolt across the road to Kei mouth; they had been driven through into the Colony by Galekas and escaped our guns—to be shot by the farmers. We had excellent buck-shooting there on the farms of Snyman and others in the Chechaba and on Buttler's farm.

I remember one day we were driving from the hotel at Komgha noticing an inebriated European leaning against the door; we offered him a seat in the trap. In he got, and

seemed to fall asleep, with his head hanging over the side. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Just a mile!" "What is?" said Baillie. "So many revolutions of the wheel make a mile!" replied our drunk man, looking up quite in earnest—a born geometrician.

I had the reputation of being a sober man myself, and, being in King Williamstown, a party kept it up one evening until the small hours, just two remaining to finish our cigars. Said I to my companion, "Did you see that man prime my gingerbeer?" "Yes," he replied; "Will you stand it?" "No, I'll find him and make him apologise for the stealthy act." "Good!" replied my friend. "We'll go together" (two miles up town), and off we sauntered, finding our man asleep in bed. He was a pleasant fellow, and awoke, giving full attention to my grievance; then, pointing to my companion, exclaimed, "Why, that's the man!" I had to laugh, because my companion's sweet chuckle was so irresistible.

Soon afterwards the establishment of a new station at Gonubi Hill was decided upon, near the site of the old Post Wellington, on the present George Grey farm. In those days all buildings were paid for by the Police themselves. We built Post Wellington on the slope of the hill facing the Kabusi River.

My neighbours were Mr. John Dick and family, and Mr. George Blaine, also the Ranger family, and others, from all of whom the detachment received the greatest kindness, and myself especially. It was there that I formed a close acquaintance with my friend, Mr. R. J. Dick, at present Special Magistrate in King Williamstown, and there also where I met Elizabeth Emma Hoole, who became my wife, she and her sister Addie visiting their aunt, Mrs. Dick.

Putting down stock theft was then our duty, the native herds being principal agents, working hand in hand with those who thought it smart to lift the white man's stock, and increase their own; the risk of a term of imprisonment for success being understood. It was not uncommon for professional thieves to serve as detectives, hoodwinking the Police. I remember finding one Jim Crow, an ex-detective, on the way in a gang of hard labour prisoners, "Well, Jim Crow, what are you doing there?" Jim (with a smile): "Me take one cow." "Are you sorry?" "Me very sorry." "How is that?" "Me go home, only one cow, three calves; sorry not ten cows, got thirty calves" (smiling and holding up his fingers, native fashion), having a sense of humour.

"The cute and crafty Kaffir
Does steal our sheep and goats;
But our pockets and our homes are safe,
And he does not cut our throats."

—*D*—— *D*——.

Being out hunting, I discovered in a deep "kloof" a slaughtering place where thieves concealed loot, which led to great disclosures and convictions in that neighbourhood; but, unfortunately a Corporal of ours overstepped the law in prosecuting, and was reduced in rank, a point for stock thieves.

Meanwhile we were more than active in suppressing stock theft, the necessity of the new emigrants to the Transkei being great; that herd's possession of the little flock being undisturbed.

Our main duty was to watch the Gaika tribe of Kaffirs, who were under the great Chief Zandilla, a famous old warrior. This tribe had as its Resident the most distinguished native administrator, Charles Brownlee. The

natives called him " Chawles " (" U-Chawles "), the history of whose true adventures in Kaffir wars is unparalleled. No official was better known than " U-Chawles " among the tribes from Zululand to the Cape frontier—a man of gigantic stature, who spoke the Amaxosa dialect with the true accent. No native ever born could beguile " U-Chawles."

Well, a friend advised me to invest in a few sheep, as the veldt was plentiful, so I bought 200 from another friend, paying my little library, a horse, a promissory note, and sundry other belongings, to boot, for these awfully troublesome little woolly beggars. I, of my own influence, as a detector of stock thieves, to watch the Gaikas, was unsuccessful in endeavouring to engage a herd, so I applied to my friend,"U-Chawles." He informed me that the Kaffirs were afraid of the Police, but he would ask a friend of his, a native. At this time, in wet weather, the lambs had taken the cramp; so, in compensation, I told the men to kill a few, as many as they liked for private use. By this the responsibility was reduced. In a day or two a villainous-looking Kaffir appeared from Gaikaland as " herd." I noticed that the flock took less time to enter the kraal each day, and found out by counting the many scars and cuts on the native's skull that the tribe had sent me their most notorious thief. In view of the fact that thieving was rife among the farms, it seemed good practice for me as a police officer. The Gaika Commissioner, Charles Brownlee, Esq., " Chawles " ("U-Chawles") laughed most un-officially when I related my experiences.

However, it was not all mental worry at Post Wellington. My little flower garden, well cultivated plot, in front of my cabin was a great solace. And

"I love the breezy uplands
  And the undulating hills;
The woven fern-kloof covers,
  Where the jewelled loorie trills;
I love the bush all tangled,
  Where the wild geranium blows,
Where the finks and ring-doves nestle,
  And the stately aloe grows;
Where flowers the sweet mimosa
  And the scarlet Kaffir-boom;
Where every shrub is an evergreen,
  And each month has its bloom."

—*A.W.C.*

As well the two intelligent monkeys, that had accompanied me from the Transkei, who practised all the natural and selfish tricks of comic existence. They were fed on a little dish of boiled mealies, set before them, when each would fill its cheeks to the utmost, according to the fashion of bush life, and the male, being quicker, and the dish empty, he would then proceed to rob his chum by gracelessly taking its little jaws between his fingers until he had succeeded in having two meals; the little injured one screaming "for all it was worth"—touching appeals—lapsing into utter forgiveness, and capering, as if it had enjoyed a good breakfast of monkey nuts!

A South African monkey is a soothing companion; when it is in a temper, it reminds you of somebody; when it is pleased it recalls some by-gone; when comic, some friendly acquaintance! I hate to see the poor little "devils" tormented by dogs. Yes! if un-chained, the cruel-hearted should have it all his own way; but to "Sah!" dogs on to the fettered little captives is man's inhumanity!

It was at Post Wellington that I lay me down pondering

why the British Government had, in their collective wisdom, kept the Transkei vacant during so many years, from 1858 to 1865. What good was it? But I have learnt since that it had connection with the two parties of political thinkers. The one desired to locate European farmers in the country; while the other sympathised with Kreli's claim to be restored to his land. Between these two ideas the grass grew.

In regard to British Kaffraria there was no halting between two measures—a compromise—while not disposessing the natives of all their land, a solid European population was introduced; civilization side by side with the semi-state; marvellously practical; but quite picturesque in relation to the difference between the Transkei and Kaffraria, as an object lesson. A strip of farms between the Galekas and the Fingoes for occupation by white settlers would have commended itself. That would have been indeed compromise.

I also soliloquised on the once uninviting downs of Kabusi River, how they had developed into something marvellous in the short time as stock-grazing veldt under the observant eye of the white man. Chronicled now by civilization, but in the Amaxosa's history, he, the Amaxosa, was also aware of the virtue of those downs at the date when he held possession, used as they were for cattle grazing.

But there were no railways at Kei Road; and all journeys by farmers had to be performed on horse-back; or foot; every footpath was known, and all short cuts. Everybody rode to church on Sunday, and cantered over the veldt visiting freely. All these observations made in an official capacity by me.

The F.A.M. Police had always one standing grievance in being compelled to defray expenses of building quarters. The unfortunate troopers were heavily embarrassed, and the sub on eleven shillings a day, out of which he had to supply all, was equally impecunious. In view that officers in the regular army require a private income, so should every member of the Police be recompensed for this extra charge on his salary. The building of my cabin of raw brick cost ever so much, and the men's expenses amounted to about £3 per head, although they cut the sods and thatch. In the case referred to we drew the line at a Magazine, and I sheltered it under my dining table, much to the horror of a certain Imperial officer of the War Department who lunched with me and sat smoking his pipe by the cartridge cases.

The responsible Inspector of my company had himself selected Post Wellington because it was right in the eye of the Gaika tribe, with a magnificent range of view over the country. It had also other compensating advantages in relation to neighbours, including Messrs. J. Fuller, Wainwright, Kettles, the Cumming family, the Irvine family at Tembane, Warrens, and others. Ex-Commandant Davies with his interesting group of children was there at the Gonubi, and the Blakeway party—all pleasant people to know, and who were so kind about their partridges. Excellent bags were made at times in those preserves, with exchange of yarns (not swapping lies!) about pioneers and experiences. The humorous man was Mr. George Blaine, whose fun was never exhausted, while the late Commandant Davies, formerly Adjutant of the 90th Light Infantry, delivered his reminiscences of the wars in a most interesting manner. Mr. Charles Ranger's devotion of time to business

kept him from relating much, although he had distinguished himself at the attack on Fort Armstrong in the war of 1850 against the rebel Hottentots who had fortified the place and endured several assaults before they were driven out. Ex-Captain Stevenson, who had commanded a corps, made up for Ranger's reticence, by the reliable information he was ever able to afford. For social, and domestic incident, and even for campaigning, Mr. James Fuller (father of the present Secretary of Agriculture) was always worth an interview.

But the social feature of life was at its highest at the home of Mr. John Dick, whose musical and charming family made it the centre of happy welcome and entertainment to all friends. That was the house to smooth wrinkles and drive away dull care. A visitor might arrive there with a load of trouble, but in a short time the brow would be cheerful by the hospitality received.

During rambles on patrol with my optimistic troopers to show that interest in farmer's affairs which counted as work, I frequently touched at Macleantown, where so many who later figured in enterprise or politics sojourned. The brothers Barber were there, Grey, Guy, and Hilton; also Lennox Atwell, Richard Atwell, Alec Macintosh, Connellon, and others, pioneers of beautiful Kaffraria, with its well-watered dells and parklike scenery. I remember being present at an address delivered by Mr. John Gordon Sprigg, on temperance or abstinence, which pleased the audience—the young fellows of the surrounding farms—who were all very moderate and agreed about temperance more than in total abstinence!

CHAPTER XX.

Free State-Basutu War, 1868—The Crocodile their Sacred Animal.

INALLY an order arrived that we were to march to Basutuland at once. So I got my friend, Mr. R. J. Dick, to boss-up that Gaika's sheep (unless he, my friend, would purchase), and off we marched, No. 5 Company, on the high road to the Free State and Basutuland, rather slow. Each company had a mule wagon to carry ammunition, kits, and a sick man; the troopers' fines paid for this transport. It was an interesting journey. We were then regarded with disfavour by the Dutch farmers, who thought we were proceeding to act against the Free State, who were at war with the Basutus. We delayed a bit at Dordrecht.

I remember one night a foot-race up the Dordrecht Mountain in the dark, through the boulders, when many came to grief, the winner, I believe, being the present millionaire, Mr. J. B. Robinson, a smart young fellow then. It was really nonsense—exuberance of health, without wealth. Charlie Boyes, a sub of ours, having retired within his small patrol tent, was carried out in spite of frost to "sprint" a hundred yards. We saw a flying object, and were distanced to his tent. He it was who proposed the mountain race.

On the way Fred Wylde (called "Cocky") desired to

be informed of all the names of farmers as he passed along. We all said "Nel!" to every farm. At last he grew suspicious, and rode a distance from the road to ask a Boer. "Jan Nel!" was the reply.

We marched on through Herschel, the old Wittebergen, where I had been before, through Governor's Drift on the Orange River, where we paused a little while. There we had some grand swimming; Inspector William Wright and Charlie Boyes were good at that. I followed suit in a game of "follow the leader," a dive, for height; my emulation was a point to credit, but a scarlet back from neck downwards was points the other way.

The Basutus were beaten by the Boers. They had (with an interval between 1863 and 1866) been fighting ever since 1866, the latter still in the field, the former taking refuge in the mountains. Spies stole in, reporting that the Boers would attack *en route*. "Who's afraid?" said warriors bold; all precautions taken, slowly and cautiously advancing along the line of conquered territory and Lesutu. Evidently our intentions were resented, and much dissatisfaction prevailed in the Free State, especially in the laagers. Finally we arrived at a spruit called Korra-korra, and there encamped, the whole force together numbering 500 men.

Thaba-Bosigo (the Mountain of Night).

The aged Basutu Chief, Moshesh, was still alive, and occupying his famous stronghold, Thaba-Bosigo, which the Boers had never captured, although they had both besieged it and attacked it during the war; but the Basutus were very much beaten. I saw the place where the Dutch Commandant fell, he and his young son, in the attempt

to take Thaba-Bosigo. The burghers were encamped at various points along the line, not far from us, the Basutus in the "Krantses." It was a joyous day for them when we arrived. The Governor of Cape Colony came up, Sir Philip Wodehouse, also Governor Keate, of Natal, with Sir Theo. Shepstone; Sir Walter Currie in command of the expeditionary force. Sir Philip Wodehouse's object was to save the natives from losing all their country, and to place them under British rule. In the conflict between the Free State and our Government regarding boundary line, Governor Keate acted as intermediary, making the award; but this is all stale history—I crave forgiveness.

While at Korrokorro some English burghers from the laagers strolled into camp; among the number was that distinguished Statesman, Mr. John Merriman, who was then in the Free State, whether as a burgher, in addition to being a surveyor, or only as the latter, I forget. He helped to while away the time at whist with our old Chief, Sir Walter. In return for slight courtesy extended, these invited me to call on them. I did, riding to their camp at Xieme Mountain, Pansegrow's laager. At some distance from the camp we were called to halt by some Dutch-speaking burghers, and invited to be blindfolded before admission. To this proposal I objected, as breach of understanding. Immediately those who had invited me arrived and explained the situation, all obstacles being thus removed. The Commandant was civil, and invited me to lunch. The laager was three-cornered, a gun at each angle; inside a kraal for stock, outside a place for tents. I noticed the simple way the Boer officers had with their men. The Commandant was "Oom" (uncle), the men "Nief" (nephew), "Jan," "Hendrik," and so on.

I saw the mountain called Tantjies-berg, and others which the Free Staters had successfully assaulted. Every mountain was a fortress in itself. A visit to the top of Thaba-Bosigo was my next trip. I met the old Chief Moshesh himself at his house on the mountain. It had a hole in the roof, from a Boer cannon-shot. We sat on a form. Well, I thought, this is the man who has shown himself one of the great diplomatists of the day, although only a barbarian. His motto was "Kotsi-inkali" (peace is plenty). His signature was a scratch across the paper like an eel. He had conquered and conciliated many tribes. He had wrestled diplomatically with the British Government, the Natal Government, and the Free State. He had fought the Governor, Sir George Cathcart, in open battle at Berea, on top of Table Mountain, and gained good peace terms thereby. I saw the gorge where the 12th Lancers retired. Someone inquired how they rode down such a place, a French missionary suggesting that he supposed that the English had learnt gymnastics in the riding school.

This was Moshesh's mode of dealing with a tribe that lay besieging his stronghold for some months. When they raised the siege he sent them a presentation of cattle to feed them on their way, saying they might be hungry. He reformed the Basutu cannibals in the mountains by sending them beef to eat in the form of live stock, recommending them to try that, and give up feasting on human flesh. They listened. I saw the cannibal caves and human bones, also an old reformed man-eater with sharp-pointed teeth—an awful-looking fellow.

My brother officer, Charlie Boyes, was a fine-looking fellow of six feet, a trifle over twenty-one. He invited

Captain C. S. Boyes, killed in Gaika war,
at Chichaba, in 1878.

me to call with him on his godfather, Sir Theo. Shepstone, the Knight observing, "Well, what a fine big boy you've grown," to Charlie's disgust. "As if that's the way to talk to a man," said Charlie. A load of contraband liquor arrived in camp; the officer commanding caused it to be spilled on the veldt. As there was no liquor in the field, excepting that which was on the veldt, I never saw such mournful faces among the men before—sad looks in their eyes. Even Charlie and I wore an expression not the result of visits to godfathers!

Sir Philip Wodehouse was a great favourite in camp. In coat sleeves very short, wrists and face burnt red, partaking of a trooper's beaker of coffee, however hot.

Then we had a great field-day of conquered Basutus and diplomatic Police, Moshesh appearing in various gorgeous French military uniforms, which had been presented to him.

At the said field-day, when the great Basutu Chief displayed the riches of his wardrobe, Sir Walter was not to be surpassed. He dressed in Admiral's uniform to move the Chief, mounted on the celebrated blood charger, "Lord Clyde," having the horse held in such a way that when he mounted it stood on its hind legs and then sprang into the air with an awful bound, the great assembly of Basutus shouting "Byat!" "Morena!" evidently Sir Walter being the hero of the day. Then about a thousand mounted natives rode a race against "Lord Clyde," the latter appearing like a bright spot of sun followed by a dark cloud. "Lord Clyde," I think, became a stud horse in Basutuland, for a fine deposit in the Bank to Sir Walter's credit.

The French considered Basutuland their field of labour.

They had done a lot of work in the missionary field, and well deserved respect. They had suffered tremendously by their missions being wrecked and property destroyed, and labour thrown back. It would be impossible for me to faithfully describe the hardships that these missionaries endured during this and former wars in the country; when we arrived they were just endeavouring to re-establish themselves. The country was an awful waste. Fuel was scarce; we had ourselves to climb the mountains in search of fuel, and build tiny huts to exclude the icy wind. Notwithstanding the temperature, I never missed my morning bath in the spruit; just a header and no more.

As things settled down in the country the Governors all left, and even Sir Walter returned to Grahams Town, the officers remaining being Inspector James Henry Bowker (to act as Governor's Agent), Sub-Inspector William Surman, Sub-Inspector George von Wedell, and myself. The others, including Sir Theo. Shepstone's godson, had all departed.

Inspector Bowker manufactured a joke against Von Wedell—that he always volunteered to make the fire in the mess-hut, to sit in the fire-place, for it was intensely cold, which Von Wedell enjoyed, and the fire too. Bowker went further, and singled us out for "shivering," while he pooh-poohed warmth—an example for young fellows to study. Noticing how bulky he appeared for a sinewy figure, I ventured to give him a pinch, when lo! he was clothed in his whole wardrobe, wearing about five suits of clothes. Didn't old Von Wedell laugh—from the fire-place. Von Wedell, on our march along the Free State border, had been told a story about "Old Sanna," a Dutch cannon in that war, whose report, when fired, sounded like

a giant drum, and that probably the Boers would fire it into camp in the dark—that was to be the signal. One dewy night Von Wedell's tent ropes were strained like fiddle-strings. Charlie Boyes, coming along as Von Wedell slept, struck a cord with his walking-stick, producing a note, the sleeper and many others flying to their posts.

Many stories were related of the then young Basutu Chief, Lerothodi—his dash and gallantry in the war—a fearless horseman. Great things were expected from Lerothodi even then. After the death of Letsei (his father), when he became paramount, he justified his character, especially in the disarmament campaign, continuing Moshesh's policy of whatever he did he did it well; he fought well and behaved well in making favourable peace terms. Contrast the position of the tribe to-day with its condition at the date that we intervened. The Chief, Letsei, was then abiding in a Krantz (Cliff) terrace, and it was no slight task to find either the terrace or the door when we went to make our humble call. The hunted warriors were all clothed in skins and karosses—not a shred of blanket left, the war had lasted so long. Letsei seemed anything but pleased that we had tracked him to his eyrie, where assvogels (vultures) generally congregate. Later that Chief returned the visit at our camp.

Owing to various calls from Nehemiah Moshesh and others, Von Wedell had labelled all mess liquor "Medicine, medicine, medicine—A tablespoonful three times a day!" Says Nehemiah, bringing Letsei along: "No drink, can't afford it. Awfully dry!" glancing at the "medicine" bottles. "Yes," says Von Wedell, "Can't afford it!" "The Chief is so sick," lisped Nehemiah, as he seized a bottle and put it to his lips, exclaiming: "Oh, what beautiful

stuff!" In the end Letsei, who dwelt where the assvogels did, obtained a flask of square-faced gin and carried it off, with the little reed in the cork and all. Who says that a native has no gratitude? Next day, noticing a creature resembling a young rhinoceros, hornless, being driven into camp, I found that it was compensation for the bottle with the reed cork. Good old Letsei! A contra spirit was exhibited by a young Basutu, who appeared on our cricket field in rag-tag and bob-tail, and when asked if he would field, replied in pompous English: "Oh, I haven't played since we licked the 9th Regiment in Cape Town!" We got that rag-tag to play, and he proved that there might be some truth in his assertion by the way he threw in.

On a second visit to the Chief Moshesh, he was leaving to call somewhere, and the attendants were dressing him up in suit after suit of French uniforms, until I thought he would suffocate. Then, before lifting him on to the horse's back, they shod him in a pair of ammunition boots, and fixed the brass ornament of a percussion cap box on his fine cloth peak cap, and thought him an awful toff! The old Chief looked very much stuffed as he ambled away, and the picture made one think not of "majesty."

CHAPTER XXI.

Basutuland and Free State, 1868—Interview with President Brand.

I was much impressed with the picturesque beauty of that Switzerland of South Africa, and its abundant supply of sparkling streams. The tall reeds which are used for making screens for dwellings and other purposes grew like forest in a valley, and were considered the King's Forest. No one dare take them without the sanction of the King. There were valleys there that never received the rays of sun in winter, with constant ice. Postal duty for the troopers in the depth of winter was a freezing experience; our men, as they were dispatched, and on arrival, looking much like Eskimos, by their attempts to keep unfrozen.

In later days I obtained permission to visit Smithfield, when the Boers had retired from the field, and there I met the Octavius-Bowker family, who I found were all good rifle shots, from the youngest to the eldest. I was invited to try a shot, and left the town without a laurel. Then next I wandered to Bloemfontein, with Private Harber, and when we arrived at Thabantho some lover of horse-flesh relieved us of our chargers, so that we were obliged to hire fresh animals to take us on our way.

The Boers' reception of us at their dwellings, if we called, was chilling, to say the least, through our intervention. They called us "Soldaat" (soldiers, if the term is

rightly spelt); not "rooineks" nor "khakis," as was their custom later. We were "Soldiers!"

On arrival at the capital of the State, in the afternoon, finding the public offices closed, I strolled around in uniform, and drew attention, I could see, in my yellow cord and braided jacket. I went to get my photograph taken in my well-worn garb and weather-beaten countenance. I observed a wagon-driver in a hotel yard endeavouring to count blue-backs in a breeze on the veldt. A pile he had which flew like chaff in a whirlwind. I assisted him and saw this paper currency (issued in the war). Poor native! Colour was supposed to guide him, size and shape. His arithmetic was at fault, so was mine. He bundled them into his "sack" (pocket) in despair, and I received a suggestion to exchange my coin for blue-backs! Later I succumbed to this trading exchange, and paid all my liabilities in paper currency, securing a substantial discount.

The following day I waited at the Government Buildings to see the President and acquaint him of my visit. Shortly I saw him come along, and smilingly approached his Honour. He seemed too stand-off-ish for anything, and said he had heard of my arrival, and wondered why I had not reported. To this I replied that consideration for his Honour's privacy alone was my reason; that I was simply on "leave-out" and nothing more. Then a chair was offered, and I took a seat and passed a pleasant moment, receiving an invitation to call at Government House, which I did during the evenings that I remained in Bloemfontein. I heard President Brand express his guarded views of our interference in Basutuland, but he spoke as statesmen speak, in polished terms and rounded sentences,

always courteous towards those Governors, and that godfather of Charlie Boyes, Theo. Shepstone. Grand old President, who was subsequently knighted by our Queen. I saw his monument at Bloemfontein of late, near the Government Buildings. As a barrister in Cape Town, he had once defended an action in the Supreme Court, where my father had sued a man for recovery of some lost bank-notes; I remembered him quite well.

I went to get my photograph taken in my well-worn garb and weather-beaten countenance by a German artist, and found it awful! Said the artist: "What's the matter?" "It's too ugly!" Then he told me it was just like me! So what was the good of going to Bloemfontein to find that I was so photographically plain!

In connection with this visit, I had to fulfil a promise to meet a friend (with a cough), which led me to a damp low alley bad for my cough. I knocked and coughed, mine host opened the door and coughed, he coughed and introduced me to his friend, who coughed, I coughed back, we all coughed, so after a pleasant half-hour I left, going through the same ceremony on departure.

We returned to Korrakorra, and very soon a gay Basutu came prancing to our camp, on my best charger, to sell it to me! On explanation he found that he had stolen a benefactor's horse, and not a Boer's. "I dead," he said, "Moshesh will kill me!" To this heartrending appeal, I promised to beg him off. Poor devil, he never meant it, so I got my "Rodney" (that was the horse's name), without much tail, as the Basutus dock the tail to keep the horses from trespassing in the garden; they say it makes a horse bashful. Harber wanted to kill that Basutu.

While in Lesutu a new appointment greeted us, a

Captain Fishbourne, late of the Imperial Army, a senior Major in every look, arrived as junior sub. Seeing that William Surman was quite a colt, the two were a lovely contrast, and between them one had to jerk. Fishbourne, when in England, accepted a vacancy in the Cape Town Police, thinking that it was in the F.A.M. Police, and only on arrival found it out. Then he, garbed in municipals, approached the Governor, who transferred him to us to "roam" and "hunt" as he desired to do. This pleasant, charming fellow led a chequered life subsequently, but never qualified either for Municipal or Frontier Police.

After the trip to the capital of the Free State, I wondered whether the Free Staters would conform to the Keate award if the conditions were disappointing, as they appeared to be by the demeanour of the farmers both in and out of laager. The duty that we were engaged in was evidently of a delicate nature, as the letter "B" indicated the British, the Boer, and the Basutu! There were many of the Free Staters of English descent, or actually British, such as the names of Ward, Owen ("Mad Owen" he was called, on account of his daring exploits), Bowker, Poultney, and others, whose fame in the protracted war shone prominent in the Press. The two nationalities were in perfect harmony in laager and in fight as they served shoulder to shoulder. Seasoned warriors they looked in their rough attire and unshaven beards, armed with the very best rifles of the time—sporting rifles—for which good prices had been paid; meant to kill, not contract arms at the *imitation* "Bowker" rifle with which we were armed. The Free Staters were, on the average, armed with the same class of weapon as my "Bowker"; but mine was an exceptional gun, as I have said before—

exceptional in comparison with the arms in possession of the F.A.M. Police. The Free Staters were the best of shots, owing to long campaigning and the abundance of game in the State; and their horses were all trained to stand fire; the very best of horses—bright-eyed, short-in-the-back animals with pricked ears; warranted to amble at the rate of six miles an hour. I often wondered that the conquerors of the Basutus had not fired at us, especially as they had artillery and we had none. A shot, and the whole thing would have been in a blaze. We carried "bowie" knives, but the awful knife didn't fix on the muzzle of the rifle! Of course, in former affairs on the frontier, we had it duly impressed upon our minds that the "bowie" knife was a terror! I often laugh when I think of the conceit. Yes, battle-axes and assagais might inspire, but revolvers and "bowie" knives are too stagey for me. Night attacks were talked of; the Free Staters themselves masters of the art. They had "bowie" knives and revolvers too. It was just whether they had a free access to any amount of ammunition; as we held the sea, and a matter of credit against their blue-backs. Certainly the Free Staters were weary, but they were not "Weary Willies!" They had home cares and longings, but they were a valiant set of warriors, and they might have intercepted our stock of reserve ammunition which was following up under the charge of Inspector J. M. Grant, with his powerful escort of under a thousand men reduced by nine hundred and seventy-five, while we supported our vanquished ally—our "rag-tag-and-bob-tail-klip-springers!" Well, if there had been a collision, many saddles need not have been strong in the seat, for I am sure there would have been many empty. Sir Philip Wodehouse had an anxious moment, and the Free State a wise President.

Even at critical moments the trading instinct will live, for didn't Napoleon remark that the English were a nation of shop-keepers? The Keate award was always uppermost in a game of cards, or a swapping of horses; a farm would come in, a "conquered territory," at the price of £7 10s., with the chance of profit and loss! Land speculation was at fever-heat in the scant intercourse between the Free Staters and our expedition. The Basutu border was the land of farms and capital represented by scraps of paper.

And there were even many legends of precious stones and minerals in the Lesutu; but the stories were mixed with "witch-doctoring," "snakes, the spirits of ancestors," "rain-making," and the "evil eye!" and all that sort of thing, with "Leting" (the mild liquor), vs. "Juala" (the potent beverage)—that we merely in an absent-minded manner glanced at the surface of the Switzerland of South Africa, while the diggers at the newly discovered diamond fields dived into the bowels of the earth. Doubtless the power to prospect was then in our own keeping, if we had the enterprise, but we, as Police, were too much occupied.

We also became "klip-springers" ourselves by the way we haunted the mountains in examination of features of interest and where the fights had taken place. It was then that I discovered the Basutu telegraph system of calling the news from point to point. It was the business of certain men to act as "criers," men with strong voices and with the knack of throwing their voices long distances from selected spots. When any important news had to be sent on, a "crier" was called, who went to the proper place and shouted the news to the next village. "Crier No. 2," on hearing the voice, listened, and then off to his

post of forwarding, and the news seemed to travel with astonishing rapidity. War news was only sent after dark, when the silence of evening favoured communication, as the voice of nature was still.

In regard to supplies, we had no hermetically-sealed chambers for our mutton, but our meat hung up in the open-air, protected from sun, kept good for six weeks at a time. That we proved more than once, when the meat's flavour was fresh and sweet and unimpaired in every way. That was the simple freezing process—nature's method—the "Oxygen" treatment—the gaseous element which forms about one-fifth by volume of the atmosphere!

There seemed a special charm about Basutu life; the people were so happy in disposition, although they had been banged about by the Free Staters. They were of a very cheery nature, and loved a fight; *nil desperandum* was their feeling. They knew all the names of the Free State Commanders, and used to mention them by their Christian names as familiarly as possible, relating how they did the "De Wet" military manœuvre in the mountain by avoiding the "tangle" and fought with scarcely any ammunition. We were the peace-makers, and the late Commandant James Henry Bowker, acting as Governor's Agent, found his time well employed in diplomatically administering affairs, which he did with great success. A weak point in his armour was that one of his brothers was a full-blown burgher of the Free State army, and by repute had accounted for more of the rank-and-file of the Basutu than any other burgher, by being the best shot in South Africa—the same Octavius Bowker, of the good old stock, from whom I purchased my rifle, which I named after him.

CHAPTER XXII.

Capture of Queen Nonesi, and Second Expedition to Free State Basutu Border re Governor Keate's Award, 1868-69.

SHORTLY afterwards I was transferred to Grahams Town, to assume command of No. 1 Troop of our corps, as Acting-Inspector, *vice* William Wright, who was then on special duty at the northern border in command of military operations against the Korrana tribe. I rode to the eastern city in eight days via Herschel, Dordrecht, Queenstown and Fort Beaufort. As I dismounted at the station at Oatlands I heard a trooper exclaim, "Oh, there's an officer with an Hell on his back!" I felt that the back of my jacket was undergoing more than ordinary scrutiny, so remembered that there was a "tare in my coat," up and across. My own immediate headquarters was Fort Brown, on the Fish River.

Capture of Queen Nonesi.

A Tambookie Queen Regent, named Nonesi, was wanted by the Queen, and we were ordered up from Grahams Town to execute the policy of the Government about the end of the year (1868). In order to be accurate I will quote from Colonel J. M. Grant's brief Historical Record of the Corps:—

"Towards the close of 1868, disturbances occurred among the Tambookies located in the country traversed by the Witte Kei and Indwa Rivers. These disturbances were mainly due to the proceedings of the Chieftainess Nonesi, the widow of the great Tembu Chief Umtirara. It was decided that the best way to pacify the country was to arrest Nonesi and send her to live for the rest of her life with her brother Damas, Chief of the western Pondas. Three troops of the F.A.M. Police were employed on this duty, under the direction of Mr. C. D. Griffith, formerly Inspector in the corps, and then Civil Commissioner of Grahams Town. The operations, owing to the tact and ability with which they were directed by Mr. Griffith, were entirely successful. Nonesi was captured by a *coup-de-main,* without firing a shot, and was at once sent to Pondoland under a strong escort of the F.A.M. Police."

I will now give my version, as already written, viz.:—We were sent to Occupation Post, on the Indwa River. There our horses improved on grass alone; they looked like pictures. The rich ripe grass in seed. My old Commanding Officer (Faku), as Civil Commissioner of Queenstown, was the messenger. It fell to my lot to charge the Queen's kraal at daybreak, in advance of the Civil Commissioner, who was coming along with the main body himself. We counted upon an attempt at rescue. Just as we galloped up she emerged from her hut, in company with her councillors, and instead of running away she was seated. We informed her of our mission, to which she seemed to listen with much unconcern. The question was would there be a rising of the tribes immediately? Our policy was to avoid it if possible, so we quickly got a mule

wagon and seated the lady in it, with a concertina to play as the cavalcade proceeded; attempts at rescue being provided for by reliefs of Police all along the route, and we by steps suppressed the war cry as much as possible, safely conducting her to her destination, a wag (a trader on the spot) irreverently remarked to me, "What are you doing up there, Hook, catching old women?" Nonesi was exiled to Pondoland, to her relations; the exact quality of her offending or intriguing I never learnt. Certainly the arrest happened about the time that claims for extension of territory on the border were exercising the minds of many.

Governor Keate's Award—Free State—Basutu.

In accordance with my personal misgiving a complication had arisen on the Free State-Basutu boundary *re* Governor Keate's award on the conquered territory question, and scarcely had we returned to our stations than it was another concentration of detachments.

At short notice we were ordered up to Quoquadalanek, beyond Queenstown, with three months' supplies. That was a curious order, for there was no commissariat, and officers who were generally "broke" were expected to provide everything. However, a merchant at Queenstown was foolhardy enough to give me credit, and we fixed a camp at the Nek awaiting events. Fishbourne was still in the corps and encamped with us. He detested my black servant, Jonas, and one evening said that he would quench his thirst if he thought that another servant would come to hand the water. I appeared to light a cigar, telling the boy to come. Fishbourne hailed, remarking that he hoped that the man who "explored the whale" was dead, and the

big shining face of Jonas, smiling, fills the tent door. Fishbourne expressed a wish to return to camp at once, but it was as dark as Hades. I lit up again and instructed Jonas to help the baas at the deep black donga. I listened and heard my friend mutter, "I hope that big black gorilla isn't about," and a blood-curdling yell, as Jonas flew back gasping, that that baas would "kill," for as he, in the deepest part, said "Inkosihelpegass," something happened, he did not know what.

Evidently we meant to be prepared for emergencies, by the complement of field supplies on hand. We were living in clover at our own expense; as the Government never paid a penny towards the extra expense of these expeditions. These dreams of British policy were paid for out of the pockets of the poor—the F.A.M. Police. It was no Police duty entering into a war dispute between the Free State and the Basutus outside of the Cape Colony boundary. We were Cape Police; anywhere inside or on the immediate Cape boundary was our province; not where Sir Philip Wodehouse employed us. Not that I had any personal objection, as I ever loved to obey orders; but through having been in such close touch with the affair I was enabled to view the *pros* and *cons* of the thing. We would have fought like wild cats, no doubt, whether right or wrong, and our officers and men were of the best.

I forget now how the hitch in the Keate award occurred; but it took time to settle. Meanwhile we were waiting events in the salubrious climate of Queenstown in order to support the Acting Governor's Agent, Commandant James Henry Bowker, if necessary. It would have been an ugly affair if we had crossed swords with the Free State; and a most deplorable thing if we, the Cape,

had been drawn into war with our child—The Free State.

However, in due course the dispute was settled, and we wended our way back to Albany district after I had disposed of the balance of supplies at my own risk; and settled up with the merchant and the man who sold me the oxen which I had been directed to take with the troop. The other troops returned to their stations likewise; and I know for a fact that one troop-officer fell into special pecuniary difficulty by having to provide supplies which he could not easily dispose of without compromising his position.

In a few months we had executed three military expeditions, viz., two for the Governor of the Cape, and one for the Cape Government. The arrest of Nonesi was no Imperial measure; but the demonstrations against the Free State were—and our expenses (the extra) should have been paid. Our small pay only covered poverty; we were so economically provided; some poor fellows in short sleeves, and long arms, with no socks, and scarcely able to afford a waterproof coat. Yet they would sit as straight in the saddle as the bold dragoon! It was simply wonderful how those leather-helmeted fellows responded so often to Governor's calls. Of course the name, "Currie's Police," carried great prestige; and the very name was worth a legion to the Basutus; while it was a regular knock-out to the Free State. Under those helmets we looked wicked; and we carried our rifles with the air of conquerors, as the officers wore their swords in a manner.

I know that the Basutus imitated us and were picking up military *style* since we were protecting them; and the Basutu Police dressed in our uniform as soon as they could get it. Gradually the Free State grievance was hushed,

and the farmers applied themselves to developing the resources of the land, including their portion of the conquered, and the British intervention question was allowed to slumber. The Basutus grew in number; recovering its position among native races under somewhat different circumstances to those which governed the case of the Galeka tribe; but showing equal vitality; for the Basutus seemed decimated at the end of the war.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Korrana Expedition, 1869.

THEN, inasmuch as Inspector Wright had been unable to suppress the Korrana rising on the north-western border of the Colony, we were ordered up to reinforce and bring the matter to a successful termination if practicable. There had been many skirmishes, and a number of Police killed, without any compensating result. Maximillian Jackson, formerly of Alice, was appointed Border Magistrate, with special power to deal with prisoners.

At Bedford Nos. 1 and 2 Companies of the corps joined, and received the Snider rifle, a breech-loader, returning our old weapons into store, for which I think our men received a refund. The two companies arrived at Victoria West, and then heard of the excitement consequent on the north-western border disturbance, and we hurried up, Captain Grant's troop marching by day, my troop by night; irresponsible travellers met by the way telling us that we would be all killed!

The distance seemed long and arduous; the country was suffering from partial drought, and water scarce. At one point Grant and I separated in order to obtain sufficient water separately. Sir Walter Currie joined us on the journey in a mule-cart. My officers were Lieutenants Archie Duthie and F. W. K. Wylde. Captain Grant's

officers were Lieutenants Edward Harvey and Allan Maclean. Quite a reinforcement followed up from Cape Town in the form of a detachment of Royal Artillery, with a gun (seven-pounder) and a rocket apparatus, with a bombardier. On arrival at Kenhart, Inspector Wright, Special Magistrate Jackson, and Dr. Snell reported to Currie all particulars. Dr. Snell departed to the Colony, and Dr. Cornish, of the Imperial Army, was attached to the expedition.

We were surprised at the position of affairs, the small body of "Border Police," as it was designated, having had to bear the brunt so long against those lawless Kalihara robbers, the Korranas, who are and were the exact type of the natives that are now exercising the military prowess of Germany on the West Coast of Africa. They were all hunters, armed with sporting guns, discarded weapons of the former hunting Boers, long "Snelders" with hair triggers, elephant guns, and others, while the Bushman brigade had poisoned arrows. Altogether, no more than the natives that are now fighting the Germans are a contemptible foe were the then Korranas to be thought slightly of.

No wonder that plucky Bill Wright was at a standstill against a foe so mobile, with the Orange jungle as a base from which to operate and shelter. The many branches of the river spreading over so wide an area are concealed by bush.

We moved down the dry Hartebeest River through sandy tracts, thorny scrub, and camel-thorn trees, to "Pipeklip," and so on to "De nous," where we crossed the Orange River below a group of islands, encamping on the northern side. Currie had brought up two Korrana

prisoners from Victoria West, to be used as "guides" no less! One morning in the frost these useful aides seemed unprepared to point a spot well known in Korrana topography. Needing exercise I stirred them up a bit, breaking silence, on which out came all the information that we required—that an island was occupied and held not far off, *en route*. This we assailed by fording the river, which was flowing rapidly. While in the stream a light volley splashed the water, but the enemy was *non est*, not a soul visible. So, soaked to the neck, we returned, finding the benefit of the Snider cartridge at once by its keeping fairly dry; whereas, with our old ammunition, what a dilemma we should have been in!

Then our force marched in an east direction up the river to a point opposite Piet Rooy's islands, where we discovered quite a deserted laager, of wagons, sails, "kartels," ploughs and other farming appurtenances. All this property had been looted from the Colonial farmers, and much stock carried off, while at the same time many homesteads had been wrecked. The force then entrenched and took observation of the scene around, the wide picturesque valley of the "Gariep" (Orange), with our backs to the Kalihari desert.

Our first attempt to take the islands was not successful. We moved, dismounted into the bush close up to the Korrana rifle-pits, but the rockets and shells from the camp behaved so erratically, like boomerangs among the trees, our shelter, and the Korrana sharpshooter fire was so hot, that retire was ordered.

Without delay, with more strategic arrangements, as Mr. Anthony Greef, a trader, at the head of a few northern border farmers, executed a feint from the south side, the

Sub-Inspector A. H. Duthie.

Frontier Police and Border Police stealthily took cover in the jungle, without blankets, in the cold and frosty night, near the rifle-pits, which opened fire at once in our direction, and kept it up all night, the leaves of the trees falling in showers, cut by bullets, many of us burrowing with our bowie knives in the soil and covering ourselves with leaves, etc. At daybreak, up and into the big stream, feeling its depth reaching to the tall men's breasts, the men of less stature hanging on to the former. By this and that the water was cold, a difficulty being to keep the Sniders and ammunition held high. We crossed on the enemy's flank, and not where expected; through the trees we charged, soaked to the skin, then sending volleys in, receiving a return fire, but the defenders of the island took panic, and shouted in their language a wail as they rushed for the water through the long reeds and headlong in, diving in their accustomed manner. Some escaped on "horses" (swimming logs with peg), others drowned, while many paid the penalty for murder and lawlessness by our Sniders.

The Korranas had confidence that their position, defended by such formidable currents, was impregnable, and never dreamt that the force would drop feet first into those streams so early in the morning. It was a surprise.

Archie Duthie, one of my officers, was slightly wounded, and Private Carter severely, while Captain Grant's troop had three men badly wounded. Duthie was an old hand at campaigning; he had been in the Ashantee war in a West Coast regiment, and also was the man who pioneered the Duke of Edinburgh through the Knysna forest when the Prince shot the elephant, for which Duthie wore a souvenir. He was also my daughter Beatrice's godfather.

A better sportsman never lived—the owner of Belvidere at Knysna. He was having a drink, when a Korrana missile damaged his Snider barrel and struck him in the face. Carter's wound passed from back to front through his chest, and yet he recovered. It was evident that the Snider rifle rapidity of fire struck terror into those who took a long time to reload their "Sannahs" ("Roers," "Snelders," "Babbyyan-bouts"), the old-fashioned style of weapon, of good killing calibre, but obsolete.

I attach hereunto a photograph of the late Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, with his hunting companions, taken in 1867, when the Duke went elephant-hunting in the Knysna. The central figure, the Duke; on the Duke's extreme right, Sir Walter Currie; next to Sir Walter, Major-General Bisset; on the Duke's right, his gun-bearer; on the Duke's left hand, Captain Gordon, R.N.; next to Captain Gordon, Mr. St. Vincent Cripps; on the extreme left of the Prince, Mr. Brierly.

In this instance Sir Walter thought fit to compliment my personal conduct, and in token presented me with a glass of three-star French from his only bottle. I long remembered that presentation, and even do to-day, although it adorns my name no more than it does my uniform. However, Sir Walter thought a lot of it!

As a further earnest of confidence Sir Walter entrusted me with an expedition into the Kalihari desert, to follow a body of Korranas supposed to have escaped, but which turned out to be a myth, as eventually Piet Rooy and gang surrendered. In the desert wild melons were our drink, having to distinguish between the bitter and the sweet. By squeezing the latter we had coffee, and our horses quenched their thirst. The desert air makes parched lips.

The late Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, with his hunting companions, taken in 1867.

We shot a few enormous springbucks there, the finest I have ever seen. An ordinary buck behind the hunter's saddle, its feet reach only to the girth; in these the feet reached to near the ground—so much so that on return to camp Sir Walter's cook exclaimed: "If he only had a haunch like that to cook at the Governor's dinner!"

The desert was then very beautiful in the winter; the "dunes" (sand hills) were like garden banks, all in flower and bloom, the waving variegated bushman grass bowing to the wind. These rolling sand hills, in length hundreds of miles, extending from north to south, covering who knows how much wealth perhaps—if not in minerals, at least in water. Note how the land and water are reversed in that arid region—the land on top, the water underneath. A bushman drew my attention to a precious little root which, when chewed, creates a desire for grog and tobacco; a second chew, more grog and tobacco; third relish, a little extra grog and tobacco: that was its character from an ex-leader of a smouse-wagon. (I afterwards found that the root "gaap" was like society.)

In returning to the east, at the Orange Sir Walter came a cropper in the river from a rock; he was riding my charger, "Korrakorra," which slipped, and down stream passed the Chief. I followed, and hauled him on to *terra firma*. A shock it was, and the Chief most grateful.

Near "bitter-pits" Dr. Cornish captured a Korrana head —a skull—and placed it in a sack on a wagon, the driver ever finding that sack and laying it by the wayside. Cornish alert, re-loading, an actual contest whether that savory item should reach its goal. The doctor's perseverance was rewarded at last. The next thing was to reduce that anatomical specimen to condition by the cook

William's consent. Said indisposed Sir Walter, sitting by the fire: "William, what is it that that s——ks so d——ly?" "Oh, it's kop without potjes, Sir." "For my dinner?" "No, the doctor wants it." "Does he eat carrion?—let me see!" Just then there were four—the Chief, in red night-cap, snorting, a flying cook, three-legged pot firing off a Korrana head, while the doctor from a wagon chest criticised despairingly, the worst being that Sir Walter had his eye on him, and the skull.

Game kept shy; vermin (wolves, jackals and antbears) were not scarce. My orderly chased a silver fox and hooded it with his patrol jacket, but it died. I chased an enormous wolf, and laid it low with bullet in its brain as I rode—good leather for "yoke-strops." In getting an antbear out of a pit, I did not follow the manner of the little officer at Sand-flats, who tied one to his horse's tail, and "passed away" (that antbear hide is even better for "yoke-strops").

These Korranas ("Koras," as they called themselves) seemed a mixed tribe—Hottentots, Damaras, Bastarda, Bushmen, etc. We had a crowd of prisoners, the Chief, Piet Rooy, included. They spoke a language with a click, a wild weird note in the jungle, as they signalled; I think it was proper Hottentot.

Then Sir Walter moved back to the Colony in advance, Captain Grant (who had acted partly as Staff Officer) with his troop accompanying him, including the veteran Artillerymen and ordnance. We bade good-bye to the gallant Special Magistrate, who had rendered us much assistance—Mr. Max Jackson, leaving the Border Police behind under Inspector Wright, who with his men had helped so materially to bring that northern border dis-

turbance to a successful issue. I am of opinion that that gallant officer, Inspector Wright, never received due credit for his arduous services.

The muster of a Korrana prisoner gang was a novelty to me. I led them in in twos, as all the wagon tracks had two grooves from wheels, with a ridge in the middle. Having observed that my bushman guide on foot seemed as an ostrich is to a tortoise, I placed the bushmen in front, in marching order—the tallest men in rear. The march was like machinery as those pigmies strode along in leather crackers (trousers) in the heat—three hundred miles or more to Victoria West—the hindmost prisoners labouring hard.

We had with our caravan also a wonderful gridiron—the largest in history. On the march to the border a Bastard who joined us, despoiled of all his belongings by the Korranas, repeated a story of a marvellous "rooster" (gridiron) which they had taken, which would grill a springbuck, telling us that was the article for our mess! And as he ate his sheep's "kop" (head), cooked under the ashes, he expatiated on that wonderful utensil till we promised to search for it in the enemy's stronghold. His eyes just beamed with delight. He took that gridiron more to heart than all his stock, vowing that, unarmed, he would (with us) storm the island to identify the article. He described it o'er and o'er, with its eight feet, and scores of bars, all straight and parallel, handle like a spade, clean and bright. It was the hunter's "kitchen"; hundreds and hundreds of "skitters" (shooters) had praised it. On the day of the attack there was the Bastard in the van, alert. After the Korranas' defeat I saw a figure bending under what I supposed was a gate—a garden gate. It was the precious article, found at the Korrana Chief's fire-place.

That owner did manifest joy and happiness as he bore it triumphantly into camp and laid it by our "kitchen." Certainly a whole Cape sheep, spread in cutlets, left room to spare on it, if coals enough were there!

In reference to a credential presented to me fifteen years after, in 1884, by the late Colonel C. D. Griffith, C.M.G. (Ex-Civil Commissioner and Ex-Commandant-General of Colonial Forces), which I appreciate so highly, it seems appropriate to include it here in order to show the late Sir Walter Currie's opinion of my humble services in Korranaland.

Cambridge,
12th January, 1885.

This is to certify that I have known "Captain David Blair Hook" for about thirty years, and during the whole of that time I have always found him an honest, steady, and sober man, with an unblemished character. I first became acquainted with him in 1855, when he joined the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police Force under my command in the district of Queenstown, and by dint of good conduct he rose in rank until in 1858, when he was appointed a Sub-Inspector in the said force, and in 1868 he was further promoted to the rank of Inspector, which position he held until in 1878, when at the re-organisation of the Frontier Armed Mounted Police Force, the name was changed to that of "Cape Mounted Riflemen," and the rank and title of "Inspector" was changed to that of "Captain."

I am aware that the late Sir Walter Currie had the very highest opinion of Captain Hook for his gallant services during the "Korana" expedition in 1868-69, when he (Captain Hook) led the successful attack on the

enemy, who had taken up a strong position on the islands in the Orange River.

It is also within my personal knowledge that Captain Hook has served the Colony faithfully and well, both as a *Police Officer* and as a *Civil Administrator,* and he has also served *with distinction* in all the wars and military operations carried on within and beyond the borders of this Colony from 1857 up to and including the Basutu Rebellion in 1880.

CHARLES D. GRIFFITH.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DISBANDMENT OF IMPERIAL C.M.R.—EXPEDITION TO UITENHAGE AND JANSENVILLE, 1820—SETTLERS' JUBILEE, 1869-71.

E returned to Grahams Town. On a vacancy occurring I received promotion—being advanced to the rank of Inspector—having been *ten* solid years a sub. Showing how slow promotion was in those pioneer days! We had brought from the northern border quite a lot of little springbuck kids that we had raced down on the Victoria West plains—a bit of riding, for even a springbuck kid can cut like the wind. We conveyed them in a packing case padded, and landed them at Oatlands Estate, where for long they graced the park. I used to look at one that I knew in particular, and remember how he, *in extremis*, with me hotly following, took refuge in an old bushwoman's apron as she squatted in surprise, she having to produce that spoil. Let a good polo player try his hand at catching springbuck kids!

I married here, in the City of Grahams Town, the lady that I met at Kaffraria at Mr. Dick's residence, on the 9th October, 1869. I was married in uniform—the tanned braided cloth, and my bride looked lovely. We were united in St. Bartholomew's Church by Bishop Merriman. I would like to dwell upon and relate some of the stories that I have heard of that respected Bishop, but I am afraid to trespass on sacred precincts.

My own immediate headquarters was Fort Brown, on the Fish River. That was a hot place in summer. I am sure it could not be warmer in Persia, where it is said that if a man dies and goes to Hades he requires a blanket! Inspector Surman had retired.

The Fort was near the bridge—the military bridge which had been built in about the year 1840 by the Imperial Government. The barracks was of the old style, for defence, not comfort. It seemed very vacant by having such a small detachment as garrison. But my quarters were most commodious, quite a range of well-built and well-finished compartments were at my disposal.

The "Queen's Road," the highway to the city, was a favourite ride for my wife and self at times, she on her beautiful horse "Wentworth," which I had bought for her at Graaff-Reinet (the "gem" of the desert). I often drew her attention to a spot where it was said that a regiment of Imperial troops was suddenly attacked by the Kaffirs, the officer in command perplexed why his soldiers were so dilatory in returning the enemy's fire, and noticing that some of their guns missed fire, until afterwards he discovered that the warriors had loaded their arms with "dop" (brandy)!

On the same road a thrilling cart accident had occurred at a spot which I pointed out to her, when the late General Bisset and Commandant Currie were driving in a mule cart and turned the cart over the precipice; mules and cart all hanging suspended in the wild euphorbia trees until rescued, none of the party hurt fortunately.

Disbandment of the Imperial C.M.R.

The Imperial C.M.R. were still on the Army list in Grahams Town—a useful regiment, in dark green uniform,

black belts, and swords. I think I said before that this regiment was raised in the 1835 war as a foot Hottentot corps, subsequently mounted, and later, coloured troopers eliminated, converted into a European regiment. Our Frontier Police and this regiment had many rifle contests; the Police, being more mobile and obtaining more sport, had advantage, and were good horsemen. I remember once a trooper on his way to outpost wandered into the Drosity ground, where the I.C.M.R. were reviewing before General Jackson. His presence was a nuisance, for he had been parting with friends, and he was ordered off, but he wouldn't go. They tried to arrest him, but they couldn't; they sent two men, then four, then six, eight, at last a whole detachment, which cornered him in the angle of the square at the street. He just popped over the wall, about six feet high, and galloped to his station, the General issuing orders that he was not to be reported, in admiration of the leap. The I.C.M.R. was soon disbanded and the beautiful horses sold on the public sale. The officers' chargers were a picture, and some of their owners were keenly sorry to part with such polished steeds. Had I fortune I would have bought the lot. No horses were transferred to us, but odd ones were purchased by the men according to fancy, and a fair number of the men themselves enlisted in our corps, but not many.

Much could be said about that famous regiment; but I cannot do better than quote a letter I have received from the ablest living authority on the subject, who was himself in the regiment, and who has been good enough to supply these few lines:—

"Prior to General Brabant joining in 1856, up to that time the Regiment had the handsomest uniform in the

Service: Dark green Hussar jackets (one slung), rifle belts, and scarlet and gold sashes, with black sabretashes. The present General Brabant was the first officer who joined with the tunic and cut-down shako. The old shako was very high, with immense cock tail plumes. In 1856 the strength of the Regiment was 1000 strong, and 1000 horses, being the only regiment in the Service which had a horse for every man (not by any means an advantage). They had twelve troops. The term squadron was then only used for drill purposes, the troop being the unit. At that time they had about 200 to 250 "Totties" in the Regiment. But after General Brabant joined only one batch of coloured men were re-enlisted in Cape Town by Captain Harvey, who was the grandfather of Sub-Inspector Harvey, of the C.M.P., now in East London. Up to 1859 or 1860, the European troopers were volunteers from Infantry Regiments of two years' service, with clean defaulter sheets. About 1860 a depôt troop was formed at the Cavalry Depôt, Canterbury, and the Regiment was recruited like any other regiment at Canterbury. General Brabant was stationed at the depôt from 1862 to 1865 with a Major McDonnell, and they made representations which resulted in their being allowed to recruit in Yorkshire, where they obtained an excellent class of men—stable boys and jockeys. General Brabant was Acting Adjutant when the Regiment broke up in 1870. There were then only ten "Totties" left. The Regiment, then reduced to six troops, was sent home, and finally disbanded at Colchester, the men being allowed to volunteer to Cavalry and Horse Artillery. This was due to the very favourable impression the Regiment made upon the Duke of Cambridge at its final inspection. It was a great grievance to the men that before going home they were only allowed to volunteer to Infantry Regiments. During the war, at a dinner at Government House, General Brabant sat next to Prince Alexander of Teck, who told him that he had often heard his uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, lament the disbandment of the

C.M.R. Although they were drilled as Cavalry, they were supposed to be Mounted Infantry, and were the only Mounted Regiment that had "Colours." The old Colours are now hung up in the Cathedral in Cape Town, where they were left by the Regiment when it sailed for England. They really should be at Grahams Town, which was the headquarters for many years. General Brabant was a Member of Parliament in 1879, when the F.A.M. Police were made soldiers as the first line of defence, and he urged that the corps, as the successors of the old Regiment, should have the title of Cape Mounted Riflemen, and not *Rifles* as was proposed. The old C.M.R. contributed many officers to the Service who had distinguished themselves, as Generals Sutton, Sir Godfrey Clerk, Carey, Bisset, Armstrong, and others."

British Settlers' Jubilee.

In 1870 the British settlers' jubilee of 1820 was commemorated in the City of Grahams Town. The descendants of those adventurous Britishers mustered from far and wide to render thanksgiving at their respective churches; especially the ancients were invited and brought in, no matter how feeble they were. I heard of one or two who succumbed to the effort, grand old souls! They would attend, so enthusiastic were they to meet once more and have a word ere they said good-bye for ever, after their many harrowing experiences together. The survivors were few in number, the descendants many. What a memorable scene was that—gay and grave, old and young, stalwart and feeble, of varied callings in life, assembled at the time. A monster procession was formed, and meetings held on the market square, and speeches made. People met who had not met since they first landed fifty years before. There was great rejoicing and renewing acquaintance, even though only for a day. I was on duty to assist,

Commandant J. H. Bowker.

and had detached the Albany force of Police in half-sections all over the district to guard the settlers' farms in their absence. This protection was much appreciated by the absentees, as they had left their dwellings and stock unprotected. Some of the settlers' early adventures were very tragic, some amusing. I remember one. A settler, having no boots to attend the Landrost's Court, tied raw hide on his feet, marching in the mid-day heat, slower and slower until, fainting by the wayside, he was found with feet in deadly grip, etc.

In June, 1871, Sir Walter Currie retired on full pension and Commandant James Henry Bowker assumed command of the force—the latter having withdrawn from the post of Governor's Agent in Basutuland, where he had acted since 1868.

Native Unrest in Jansenville District.

Immediately after Commandant Bowker had taken over, the natives in Uitenhage and Jansenville districts became troublesome, necessitating a visit from the F.A.M. Police. Several troops were dispatched to the disturbed parts. Hitherto we had always been moving east and north, now, for a change, it was west. My troop being nearest the scene, I was first on the field along the Sundays River patrolling the farms from Uitenhage to Zwaart Ruggens—Commandant Bowker with us.

It was then that I had the pleasure of meeting once more the estimable ex-Principal of the Alice Young Ladies' Seminary, residing on one of those famous Angora Goat farms, then engaged in authorship, as I previously mentioned. She expressed great interest in the Police movement, and wanted to know the real cause, which I was not

quite able to explain. No one can ever explain the inmost of a scare! She was also tremendously interested in the proceedings of the settlers' jubilee, which had filled most hearts on the frontier of the Cape Colony—the commemoration of the arrival of that adventurous band of settlers who made the frontier British!

Commandant Bowker seemed to know the country well, for he had in 1850 war been a burgher serving in expeditions in the neighbourhood of the Zurberg Mountains. We made but few arrests of any importance; we were there more to awe and demonstrate the country into pacification; especially the native squatters.

It was in a way a promenade in the noorse-doorns and prickly-pear (elephant's food)—as rough a bit of veldt in the form of jungle and scrub—(fit for wild animals) as could be found. We were still wearing the awful helmet to inspire! I think the natives called us "Nongai"—in allusion to the savage helmet!

It was an unromantic area to traverse to allay that easily roused excitement, originating with "the Kaffirs!" "The Kaffir." We remained some weeks, I forget how long, and then returned to our respective districts. I, in company of a number of officers arriving at a hotel, where the head waiter came forward inquiring what we would prefer to quench our awful thirst; we indulging in dreams of soda and this and soda and that, something cool and refreshing, when he announced that they had nothing but "boer"! (Cape brandy). It was a frightfully hot day!

The headquarters of the force was then removed to King Williamstown. I remained in Grahams Town, with power to recruit and horse the recruits for the front, having every convenience—stabling, saddlery and clothing, on the spot.

Port Elizabeth supplied batches of recruits—town boys and adventurers. Our uniform was now undergoing changes under new administration—Norfolk jackets and a Prussian helmet. I tried the latter, an officer's helmet, which was very grand, but not adapted to hot countries. Its spike, eagle and polished leather were inappropriate. Among the many weapons tested for our use was the Winchester repeating rifle, while we had the Snider—the latter preferable in every way.

CHAPTER XXV.

Expedition to the Diamond Fields—Currie's Death—Galeka-Tambookie War, 1871-72.

In 1871 a dispute arose between the Cape Government and the Free State Government, about the Diamond Fields. The Free State claimed certain parts, when a rumour spread that a commando of burghers a thousand strong, with guns of artillery, was on its way to Pniel and Cawoods Hope. The whole of our force was then concentrated at Hope Town, in readiness to support the British diggers.

I was instructed to prepare a train of wagons to convey arms and ammunition to the Fields. This was a task, for no one was near at hand, so I approached J. W. Dell, of the Standard Bank, who put me in the way, with authority to expend on his behalf. With funds at service, buck-wagons and teams obtained, filling up vacancies and training spans as we travelled, loaded with the provisions of war, it was a novel trip for horsemen. To travel with bullocks in day is disastrous, so we had perforce to trek by night, speeding, as oxen fly, through Colesberg to Hope Town, where a halt was called. I cannot tell how many tired and foot-sore cattle were left by the way—a fine crowd—all to be accounted for to my able friend, J. E. Dell, who should have been Commissary-General to the Cape, as well as Ordnance Officer, for the Dells from history are noted as

purveyors. Just look up Kaffir war accounts of marches and provisions to notice the name of Dell. A point in the Government system then was that all this was done at my own risk and venture, I personally responsible, the same as when I was ordered to prepare field supplies at Quokadala Nek. I never received a farthing reward or compensation, had all the labour and responsibility, with a good chance of loss and no chance of profit. This is to show what officers in the Cape service had to put up with at that date. Perhaps the experienced up-to-date officer would say that he would see the necessity at Timbuctoo before he would emaciate himself for a grateful public. *Esprit de gens d'armes.*

Evidently Commandant Bowker had attempted some amelioration of this condition of affairs, for I found that the then Governor, Sir Henry Barkly, had written him a letter:—

> "The pay of the Police is intended to cover all costs. That was the foundation of General Cathcart's plan when the force was originated, and if we let in the small edge of the wedge, and supplement the pay by a little for this and a little for that, we shall do more to break up the force than has ever been attempted by any member of the Legislature."

Imagine saddling us with the expense of a dispute over the richest mine in the world! But I could see what guided the question. The members of the Legislature—or some of them—disapproved of the use of the Police for foreign service—while the Governor (High Commissioner) found the force most mobile and useful to carry out any little measure of Cape *Imperial* Policy. So between the two we had a hard time.

I am sure if I had been the interpreter of General

Cathcart's scheme I should have taken it to mean that any expense for frontier duty should be borne by the force, but not expeditions of conquest and annexation of territory outside the Cape Colony boundary. We were always "stony broke," and no wonder we were sober!

While at Hope Town Colonel Bowker ordered a field-day, to review and skirmish on the commonage. The late Colonel Nesbit, C.B. (R. A. Nesbit, then a sub) acted Adjutant, and bugler, with a trumpet sashed on shoulder. We were qualifying for action and skirmished in a practical way in formation of threes, not fours. The skirmishing was practical, but the Chief Bowker was still more practical, for he said, "Now we'll march through the town, where each man will dismount and supply himself with a bundle of forage, then remount and return to camp in column." But I could never find in the drill-book terms for that formation, obtaining forage in the streets of Hope Town at the hotels, the Adjutant blowing himself purple to re-form the brigade; it really was too funny. After which we jogged along to camp, singing, I think, "The Army of the North," and fed the tired screws at the picket rope.

Then, inasmuch as the Diamond Fields question was settled, volunteers were called to garrison the Fields, Inspector William Gilfillan being chosen to command, he getting many of my best men, Sergeant-Major William McCarter to wit, the very best non-commissioned officer in the force—a tall, fine looking fellow, with dark beard, a splendid rider and shot. However, wishing these men a speedy fortune at the Fields, for no doubt they had fortune in view, we parted in the hope of joining forces again some day.

My troop returned to Grahams Town. On our way the field mess became disorganised. We drew lots as to who should cater; it fell to me. At Cradock, after a dip in the tepid spring, I sauntered up the town to dine. Later my brother officers came on as sulky as the demon, in search of the caterer. "Nil desperandum," says I, "we'll improve." So the following day, in passing up the street, I ordered all the luxuries, and such a breakfast! The brothers condoning all my faults.

There was one junior who tempted us to jokes. We treated him as Sancho Panza—forbidding this, forbidding that. So in a forest, declaring himself a pure and simple bush-ranger, he seized the lot of luxuries and cast them far and wide—jams and potted meat, sauce and butter, all we had, into bush and saw-pits. "I'm no Governor of an island," said he, "I'm just Fred!" After that, for the loss of our lunch, a little bit of reprisal was concocted. He had bought a new charger, so a suitable name was wanted for it. We proposed "Sweet-briar," "Nelson," "Skunk," etc. He had no objection to the former, but the latter he would not have at any price. So we induced him to draw lots, manipulating the straws so that he drew "Skunk" for such a pretty creature. What is life on the veldt without some mirth? We separated at Fish River Randt—Duthie off to Riebeck, Wylde to Buffalo Kloof, Edward Harvey to Buck Kraal, jolly fellows all!

The Tembu-Galeka War.

Towards the end of 1872 a war between the Tambookies and the Galeka tribes broke out through Kreli's daughter, the wife of the Tembu paramount Chief (Ngangalezwa), the great wife making accusations against her husband

that he had ill-treated her in committing a breach of Kaffir custom to "Royal Consorts." The armies met and engaged in battle, causing a great panic; the effect far reaching in Kaffirland, on the frontier, and even extending to Cape Town, where the Legislators were exercised. All sorts of anticipations were rife; native combinations imagined; and "Moni" of the Bomvana tribe—petty section—suddenly developed into a "powerful influence!"—according to the Press—etc. The Pondas would, of course, "sharpen their assagais!" However, the frontier was most disturbed. In seven years the Galekas had once more arrived at fighting form, and were on the war path! The tribe which had in that number of years returned from exile, some wearing "dopper" jackets! and with better developed muscle! as keen for a fight as the Irish! What a fine field, geographically they truly had for a good campaign on the banks of the Bashee River! Plucky Galekas! They would resent the insult to their Chief's daughter!

Ngangalezwa, my old friend of the "bowl of porridge!" and the monkey entertainment at the Colossa cantonment, equally determined to maintain his attitude.

Native army tactics are not laid down in "red books," but there is much to learn in superstition in marshalling an army. A bird of ill-omen unversed in sanitary etiquette flying over an assembled "impi" turned an army back! A singular position for a Staff officer was when the great councillor "Xelo," legless and mounted, was left behind—who had been my guest!

When the Rev. Peter Hargreaves, Wesleyan Missionary, forced his way as mediator between the contending forces engaged, he certainly earned the spiritual spurs and the V.C. Good old Missionary.

SIR WALTER CURRIE.

All the same, everything comes to an end, but as the war broke out, we were ordered up to the line on the Kei River at Komgha, and there awaited developments with three troops of the Corps, viz., Nos. 1, 2, and 5.

While there we shot off several rifle matches between Inspector J. M. Grant's troop and mine, resulting in victory to the better, No. 2, who by practising in the east and western gales of wind, conquered us.

We also entered the list against the renowned Kaffrarian rifle shots—William Warren (the present Colonel Warren, C.M.G.) and Cowie (John Cowie, senior), with his son, Lieutenant Cowie, late of the Cape Police, who is, I believe, the best game shot in South Africa.

Popular history believes that it was a drawn campaign between the Tembus and the Galekas. Well, it just makes me reflect that if it had not been for British intervention there might have been a fine "Golgotha" on the Bashee plains at that date. I presume if we had joined in the war that it would have been as allies of the Tembus, who had "cultivated most friendly relations with the British!"

When the war was over we returned to our respective districts.

Death of Sir Walter Currie.

The Korrana expedition was an unfortunate affair for poor old Sir Walter. He went to Cape Town and on his return to headquarters fell ill and became very feeble. He would have me with him. We talked over old times, and he told Lady Currie about the decoration that he had given me, and amused me with many reminiscences of his fighting days. He was a born fighter—as hard and tough as possible. He could ride with or without saddle, go with

or without boots, but he couldn't move along without adjectives. Still there was melody in his language, the same as in the case of Sir Harry Smith. No one liked him less for the infirmity.

The gallant old Chief died at Oatlands, on the 7th June, 1872, at the age of 53. He was born at Jersey in 1819.

He was much respected and loved by the corps and the whole frontier. His name spread wide and far. There were no trains in those days, all travelling was slow; men from Police Stations arrived from far and wide, hurrying in to pay their last respects. The funeral cortège was the longest ever known in Grahams Town. I commanded at the funeral. Sergeant-Major Specht practised the firing party, which formed a lane, with arms reversed, as the coffin was carried into the Cathedral. At the Cemetery the usual honours were bestowed due to a Field-Officer. Thus ended the career of one of Africa's finest men. It is not in my power to relate his full career. He was the farmer's friend; retained the confidence of the Government to the end before responsible government was granted to the Colony. Last, but not least to me, personally, I was deprived of a great friend. He had a fascinating manner with personal friends, and departed from his useful career too early in life.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ZUURBERG—NORTHERN BORDER MAGISTRATE, 1873.

THE HEAVY expense of the travelling Police service, with the fact that my domestic financial liabilities were increasing, made manifest the necessity of retrenchment—but retrenchment in what form, as we officers and the men barely existed? Every one in his heart was advertising for a good billet! To avoid the embarrassment likely to arise from being too manifest in the person as a citizen—where nature would keep me good-looking and *apparently* well-nourished—I cultivated concrete retirement among the fastnesses "away from the dwellings of men." At the moment when the necessity of suppressing stock theft required the Police to extend more to the westward, I was ordered to Zuurberg, on the way between Somerset and Algoa Bay, to erect a camp.

On the mountain at Boentjies River we had commenced to make our bricks and dagga, feeling invigorated by the lovely air, and busy in architectural design and calculations, in that famous fastness where the late distinguished Sir Andries Stockenstrom was killed by the Kaffirs in the wars, when suddenly the Cape Government sent a message offering me the post of Northern Border Magistrate, where I had had experience in the Korrana war. So, quickly making up my mind—as it is wonderful what a little stimulus in hope to liquidate a few liabilities will do—

I readily accepted, parting from my old troop, No. 1, with whom I had served so long.

I was affected deeply at parting from my wife and three young children, but felt bound to go, taking the nucleus of a new troop with me to form at Kenhart, which subsequently became No. 8 troop in the corps. Taking two orderlies with me in advance, I travelled *viâ* Cradock, leaving the men to follow, purchasing a Cape cart and mules from the Civil Commissioner of Cradock, Mr. W. B. Chalmers, who had just arrived from Swellendam.

It was the time of drought, as it always was at bushman's land, and off we trotted, to return to the wild northern border. Past Victoria West, grass *nil*, karro-bush, sticks, water evaporated, hotels things of the future.

However, I arrived on a scorching day, with the sun at its meridian, and found my predecessor had left, the clerk sleeping in the only room; not a living thing to be seen except the clerk, not even a dog, the whole place silent as death, in the mid-day glare, a centre of thousands of miles, tens of thousands, in the same condition. The walls of the only chamber—which answered as dwelling, office and court-room—were pierced by wasps and hornets; a range of bees' nests at the back supplied swarms of angry bees which infested the place, while puffadders quartering in these nests for honey crawled about at night. My clerk retired to bed at sundown. Moving incidents by bees in daylight, puffadders silent by night. A great lone land.

> "A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
> Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
> Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
> With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
> Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
> Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;

And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye:
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound."

—*Pringle.*

The daily fare, bread, dripping and Cape sheep, three times a day.

The reaction from bricks and dagga to days and nights of torment developed an attack of insomnia. I had two medicine chests at hand containing every drug. None of these for me; I turned my back on them and fought it by physical effort. Every day at dawn off I would stride for miles through sandy plain; at fall of day repeat the same o'er the wild waste. At last, after six weeks' strain, the malady succumbed; Richard was himself once more, in a very humble way.

Then I realised the outlook. A court of criminal jurisdiction over eighty-nine thousand square miles of land, including Fraserburg, Calvinia, Namaqualand, Victoria West and Hope Town division, with power to sentence friend or foe to thirty-six lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails for any crime, without appeal or review, so indispensable is it to maintain order in that wild and distant land. The mail, a weekly arrival and departure, conveyed by a single bushman on foot from "Skietfontein." O'er that dry and sparsely populated land the pigmy found his way; little did he think of "track" or "road," just slung his leather bag, with sandals on his feet.

Finding orders waiting to deal with a gang of bushmen squatters in the Fraserburg district, I quickly marched towards them with patrol, having been informed that they were prepared to give us lawless welcome. Their rifle practice had been at objects called "police." At dawn of day we fell upon these lawless squatters and scattered them; they quickly fled. A few were taken to Skietfontein, and there tried by me and sentenced for any crime they had committed.

Another case, the Secretary for Natives, "Chawles," directed me to remove a gang of red Kaffirs who were unlawfully occupying Crown land at a place called Prieska, on the Orange River, the same gang who had in former days murdered the Magistrate of Victoria West. I was warned that this gang was dangerous, and that they would lay a trap in their defiles. Too early in the morning, and by a path that they knew not of, we galloped to their werfs (settlement) and sent them flying, hurrying them north across the Orange River. These were the natives who in later days took shelter in the jungle valley once more and caused such disturbance that Sir Thomas Upington went up and quelled the disturbance, when Colonel R. A. Nesbit was wounded. The Galeka war was fought much later on.

My appointment was a roving Magistrate's. We carried the records in a wagon, set up court anywhere within our boundary. I remember once a Smouce (trader) had infringed the law by selling liquor without a license. My energetic clerk at Olovenhout Drift, in the veldt, preferred the charge in terms of the Bill concerning the matter which had been laid before Parliament, instead of the very Statute. The accused was fined and all his cases confiscated, while the record (in this case) went to Cape Town

for review. It seemed a sacrifice to waste that good beverage on the veldt, so we allowed it space in wagon, waiting for the judge's confirmation. It was hard to keep those cases intact; they were badly packed. The enquiry generally takes place about lunch-time, in the heat, we watched them so carefully. The careful judge did not approve the conviction for obvious reasons, which led to my discovery of the error, and the owner of the cases arrived at terms with the clerk.

When we returned to Kenhart a charge against a Dutchman for assaulting a native was before the court. While at breakfast up drove the person charged, with his witnesses, comprising his sister and a friend, all come to breakfast. The table cleared, the accused stood up for trial just where he had sat, I sitting in my chair the same. A £5 note protruding from his pocket was the penalty imposed. Afterwards he shod my horses gratis, smoked, and the clerk flirted with the lady, and so it ended, no ill-feeling remaining.

Part of my duty was to deliver yearly to a Korrana order-loving Chief, named Puffadder, a quantity of gunpowder to shoot game with, by treaty. He was at war with another tribe, the "Wild-cats." These two tribes, namely, the Puffadders and the Cats, had been at war for many years, as a practical way of keeping their boundary defined. I received a description of one battle. They held positions opposite on "Sand-dunes," a mile apart and fired a shot occasionally (for powder was too valuable to be wasted), hunted, robbed bees' nests, dug "gaap" (that wondrous root), praised their enemies and vituperated themselves (reversed), returning to their respective villages; result—killed nil, wounded nil, prisoners nil, with very little prospect of peace.

The responsibilities of office necessitated many obligations,

medical work for instance, no doctor being at hand nearer than 150 miles across the veldt. A poor Dutch farmer broke his leg, a bullock having kicked him; Sergeant-Major Specht and I went to attend the injured man in the night. We set the leg. A wag circulated a report that the wrong leg was bound up. However, in later days the grateful patient sent his gratitude in the form of a cask of good Cape wine.

In passing through Victoria West I had promised to go to their races, but forgot all about it until a new clerk arrived, who said that they expected me, and sent a message to "hurry up!" Nothing but extraordinary celerity of action could land me there in time. After consultation with Sergeant Jack Walters, he replied that he could do it. "Horses in." Left at sundown, in a dog-cart, the new clerk with me, and the batman "Light-bob," four horses inspanned; winter, drove all night and all next day, drove all second night, and reached Victoria West in 52 hours, a distance of 252 miles. Danced all night, races next day, juvenile dance that evening, the new clerk and I maintaining the honour of the border. Left next day, hobbled the horses in the veldt, slept. Horses lost; found after heavy tramp. Returned to Kenhart in four days, slept for a week. There were no hotels *en route*. Made it a point to outspan every two hours, the only forage being a little crushed wheat, carefully administered.

A great "trek" (migration) of Dutch farmers once took place from the divisions to the Transvaal. They rested in the vicinity of Kenhart for a time on the journey. The clerk and the F.A.M. Police sub (Jack Maclean) were anxious to invite these trekkers for a day at the camp, so, falling into their proposal, we sent out invitations, not

readily realising what form the entertainment would take. Very early on the appointed day, before breakfast, we heard wagons coming, whips cracking, and, glancing out, there was the whole veldt alive with transports, coming for the day. Quick as possible the detachment of troopers was requisitioned to prepare coffee and scones, and do their best, which they did in right good earnest, satisfying everybody. Then with cricket, quoits and a shooting match, aided by a good big bag of dates for the children, and mothers invited to use the offices for the babies, the event passed off with *eclat*. In the evening there was a dance, the ladies having provided dresses in anticipation, and all present had a jolly party. In the office, "Anthing's-folly," as it was known (in respect to a celebrated eccentric former official whose theory and practice for civilizing bushmen caused Government great expenditure) was a big roof support in the form of a pole. Round this we inaugurated a procession, an endless circle, of all the company singing "Fatherland" in Dutch, an old farmer in rather long hair leading the music, and we ourselves leading one or two songs, in which everybody either joined or attempted to; the party breaking up at daybreak, when all our visitors departed—such a breaking-up, inspanning, and moving back to their temporary resting places.

A day or two subsequently a deputation of these farmers waited on me to inquire whether I would accept a Landrost appointment in the Transvaal if it were offered to me, as they had influence and friends in that State, and could vouch that such an appointment would be offered if I would accept. I could only reply that, while thanking them for the compliment, I was unable to accept, being in the Cape service, and I would not change my flag.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Northern Border Magistrate and Inspector of F.A.M. Police, 1873-77.

DUTY of the border required a mounted clerk in the Civil Service. A new officer arrived who had never sat a saddle. The riding sergeant taught him how to mount in motions—"one," "two," "three," the clerk just flying o'er the horse's back. Then the clerk had to write in office. My remarking with a query at an "o," saying that it should be "g," the vaulter replied, "Oh, it is a 'g,' but its *tail* hasn't come down yet," as he proceeded to affix a tail.

The hush and stillness of Kenhart at times was appalling, relieved at intervals by a "cloud flickering, dazzling our eyes, veiling the firmament from our sight," as legions of locusts passed o'er the land "the heavens seemed to tremble," but the mounted clerk was just too comic. He was out shooting and got into an army of locusts as an eclipse of the sun occurred, a total, when the locusts dropped in banks and shoals and he was nearly "snowed-up," and could never cease talking of the adventure. It is correct that the locusts were supreme at times and filled every part of the station more than ever before fell under my observation. In a flight of the greatest with a total eclipse of the sun out in the Northern Border expanse where the young clerk was quite alone, I was not surprised that he made a startling tale.

Purchasing Remounts.

Purchasing remounts for the newly organized troop of F.A.M. Police (present "H" troop, or squadron, of C.M.R.) in one case was an exhilarating experience for the mounted clerk. The unmounted men had to be supplied with horses —young horses they preferred—for the market value, but I, as a practical judge of stock for cavalry purposes preferred seasoned animals; for it is well known that the Dutch horse-breeder accustoms his young horses to harness as a taming process ere he saddles. In the Victoria district (Victoria West) I had purchased a number of horses—including many of the seasoned class—fine Dutch wagon horses—and they were being driven along ahead of the cart—a mule cart—in which I was seated—when the mules tired, and the driver suggested that we should inspan a team of fresh horses. The proposal only required a moment's reflection, when it was decided to do so, provided a suitable team could be picked. We selected a team to correspond in colour and appearance, all fine big bays, in first-class condition, and while we prepared—the remainder of the horses standing around—a formula in harnessing strange animals on the veldt to be observed—care of all points in regard to gently adjusting and fitting traces, suppressing "mettle," "Whoah!" "Steady!" "Be careful!" "Quick!" tracing, fastening, reins seized, crack of whip, simultaneously with team on hind legs plunging off with cart along the double-grooved track across the "bult" (Rand) in storm of dust and gravel shot into our faces as the startled and loose troop pricked ears, cocked tails, and with heads and manes, pictures for artists, tore madly in front, our team under no control. The cart was light—on the heels or in the 'midst of the flying troop, sparks from

contact with stony obstacles—as fire-flies in (dusty) dusk —the cart rolling and bouncing to the undulations of the deviating track. We felt for all the world like a ship driven before the storm, powerless and rudderless, or as a locomotive, brakeless on the rail, until the excited troop tired of the contest, settled down, snorting, stepping high and large, proudly as if it felt that it won the contest; the vanquished ranks opened out while some of the loose trotters turned a head to reconnoitre the cause of all the commotion as we revived from the astounding pace we had been travelling in this stampede. Shortly afterwards we arrived at "Bastard's Pits," and late in the evening the mules and the "lazy" boys arrived wondering what had happened, as they said they could only see dust and hear what sounded like low thunder.

To the mounted clerk it was his third novelty since he had arrived; for he had been seated in the cart and never found time to speak. What surprised me most was that our cart never got off the "rail," or that it did not shiver into splinters!

Port Nolleth, on the west coast, *via* Springbok (the copper mines), then required a visit owing to depredations of stock reported to have taken place at Pella, a German mission, established for the purpose of civilizing the bushmen. Be it known that this tremendous tract of country was ever known as "Bushmanland." That was a trip of little interest, excepting that a Mr. J. G. Gamble, acting hydraulic engineer to the Colony, came on a tour of inspection for irrigation purposes along the Orange River, and we joined forces for certain journeys. I accompanied him along the line and to Sack River and other places. Von Wyk's Vley is a big scheme.

I remember one day at the Orange River we saw a boat in the possession of some Korranas and offered to hire it for our purpose, but the occupants were unwilling to lend through some whim. We had a Sergeant in the camp capable of making ugly faces, the most hideous that I had ever seen. He swam out to speak to these savages, who kept aloof rather. At last, by winning ways, he got to the boat and climbed in, the rowers being doubtful of what he meant. He just pulled one face and overboard went number one, another face and number two did likewise; a mild expression sent the third out after them, so he brought the boat.

During my travels I visited the old fighting ground where we operated in the Korrana war, in the jungle; it reminded me of old Anthony Greef's smouce wagon which seemed to contain all the treasures. It was built with various secret compartments, and never became exhausted. Of course there was a tremendous demand on his supplies, which could not be met, but two of us were let into the secret, and we were never short of such trifles as a few muscatel raisins, a little French brandy, etc. Anthony was a good old Boer.

In 1874 the break up of a severe drought was ushered in by many incidents, some tragic, others of a milder form. The Orange River valley was almost dry; the stream scarcely stirred. The banks were thronged with lean and living game and stock, grazing on leaves of trees. The game could be approached with ease—too weak to move. A Dutchman who encamped to feed his sheep described the flood: blazed the sun, the heat was awful, at mid-day seeking shade. A distant sound, gentle as a riplet up the valley, increased to seaside murmur. Then a roar, as cloud

of mist and murky bank came rushing down the channel, thundering in its course; a mountain wall of turgid water, living so it seemed, owing to countless forms of famished kine, antelopes and fishes, swept along by the awful avalanche. Where trees and rocks were swallowed in the impact the earth trembled, the air quivering from the shock, followed by a scene of flood, with wagons, homes and lumber passing to their fate. He closed his eyes to marvel at the wondrous sight and thank his stars that he had not floated to the western coast of Africa. Then I thought of the sources of the Orange—how its mighty course was fed by the Vaal, the Caledon, Kraai, Tella, Stormburg Spruit and the others, and wondered very little.

The same Dutchman (a Field Cornet) reported that a boy of European descent was a shepherd with the Kaffirs at Priska. A lad of fourteen, blue-eyed, with straw coloured hair; and that he had heard that a child was stolen in the Western Province. A communication with the Cape on the subject resulted in two Dutchmen arriving to inspect the boy. The Field Cornet brought him in; a wilder specimen of a herd I ne'er had seen, with tangled locks and savage scowl, yet with deep blue eyes, fairest skin and features of the Saxon; his nails were filbert even. The Dutchman would, but dare not, claim him as his own, although the likeness to the missing child was striking. To bring back a wolf to where a lamb was nourished by its loving mother was a venture beyond his love. The savage herd, in Kaffir tongue, denied his extraction, vowing that his parents were the "Amaxoso," his dear old red-skinned Kaffir mother. No accent had he but the Kaffir language; he glared at every soul who seemed inclined to drag him from his kraal. I gave him food of biltong. To see him

gorge it like a tiger! The Field Cornet, who had seen many a wonder, yielded in despair, with puzzled brow. The native mother claimed her son—the native father swore he had never stolen a child, although the years and looks did correspond in almost every point, excepting that the finger nails at roots were slightly dark. The effort at identity had failed.

At a country sale of stock at Dragooner's Pits, near Priska, a crowd of Dutch farmers being present, with their families, a revelry was proposed on "tramp floor" (thrashing floor), with sail of wagon spread as roof. In uniform and riding gear I attended to trip the "light fantastic," selecting the "fairest of the fair" as partner of my choice —a fair refusal greeting me, although I had bowed my best. The Field Cornet being my friend, I inquired the cause. He made investigation and found that the dame would not believe in a magistrate apparelled in uniform and boots. But I got the dance.

CHAPTER XXVIIa.

THE GALEKA CHIEF KRELI (SON OF HINTSA) DELAYS MEETING THE NEWLY-APPOINTED RESIDENT (COLONEL EUSTACE) THROUGH STARTLING REPORTS.

BOUT this time (1876) public attention was very much drawn to the state of affairs on the eastern frontier by the question of tribal boundary disputes and the removal of Kreli's Resident, while a new Resident was appointed to him.

Kreli's successes in war against the Tembus had made it quite clear that the Galekas would have over-run Tembuland in a short time if the Government had not intervened.

Sir Henry Barkly, the Governor, had met Kreli at the time of the war, and a Commission had been appointed to define boundaries, but, as usual, had not succeeded in giving satisfaction.

The following letters, which appeared in the "Cape Mercury" and in the "Kaffrarian Watchman" at the time, will best illustrate the situation on the proposal to establish a new Resident in Kreli's country:—

From a Special Correspondent.

Kreli's Country,

1st December, 1876.

Kreli's tribe has been in a state of commotion throughout the week. On monday night the cry was sounded throughout the whole country that the people should

assemble with their arms at the Chief's Great Place. On Tuesday morning the roads were thronged with armed men—some old, some young—all making their way as fast as possible to the place of meeting. Never was there such a turn-out. Tuesday had been appointed as the day on which Kreli should come to be introduced to the new Magistrate, Colonel Eustace.

Arrived in the vicinity of the Residency, one found the summit of the ridge all around alive with armed men—here Mapassa's tribe, there Sibosa's, and many others. It was a picturesque and interesting sight. Some were dressed in European clothing of many different styles; most had the red blanket. I saw one with a shield (oval shaped), the majority had guns; all had assagais. If you add to this the ludicrous of one or two battered black chimney-pots on one or two woolly heads, and the savage appearance of those whose head-dress was of skins, you will form some idea of the motley appearance of the throng. Some tried to march up in military style, wheeled to the left with tolerable unanimity, and grounded arms. Evidently, the excitement is great in Galekaland, whatever be the cause. Descending from the hill-tops to the N'thlambi, where the Residency is, we find the new Magistrate waiting for Kreli, Mr. Cumming waiting to introduce him, and others present to see and hear. We wait some time. The Chief does not come, nor is there any appearance of his coming. We ascend the hill again, and making our way to where Mapassa and his sons and people are posted, we find that they have sent off four men on horseback to the Great Place to inquire why it is that the Chief does not come. In a short time they return and say they have not seen the Chief, but his sons say some of the assembled Chiefs and people must go to the Great Place to consult with them, the rest must withdraw for the night, sleep near, and muster again in the morning. Kreli, it was said, was not at home, as it was reported he had not been for a week—ever since, in fact, the letter announcing the determination

of the Government to enforce the new boundary-line had been read to him. He was reported to be living at some of the cattle-kraals near the sea.

The people gradually dispersed for the night. Wednesday morning came; the roads were again thronged with armed men hurrying to the meeting. The women also seemed to have turned out in greater force than on the previous day. Everywhere, all over the country, could be seen women in small groups, armed with stout sticks and decked out in finery, resting under the shadow of trees, or standing on the hill-side looking out for their husbands, or at least awaiting the result of the meeting. It seemed that every kraal was left in charge of the children, or old women.

Wednesday is a repetition of Tuesday so far as waiting in a broiling sun and the non-appearance of the Chief. All manner of rumours were afloat. It was said that there were 4000 men to back up Colonel Eustace and take Kreli captive. It was said that the house at the Residency was full of armed men, and that Veldtman's huts were also packed with Police, the object being to take Kreli. It was said that Colonel Eustace had a loaded revolver concealed about his person, with which he would shoot Kreli when he met him, etc., etc. To re-assure them, Mr. West Fynn had gone over to the Great Place, and explained to Sigcau, the Chief's great son, that the Government had no hostile intention whatever; that the Colonel had no army of soldiers behind him; and that, in fact, he was the very man whom he was sure Kreli would like and could get on with. As a consequence of this, or whether altogether in consequence of this or not, at all events, Sigcau and the other sons of Kreli, with some of his brothers and other Chiefs and men of the tribe, came in a body to the Residency on Wednesday evening and paid their respects to the Magistrate. The meeting was friendly; they were all very civil, and said that Kreli could not come, he was sick. The Magistrate received them all well, but gave

them to understand that he could not be satisfied without seeing Kreli himself.

On Thursday it was hoped the Chief would turn-up. Mr. Fynn started in the course of the forenoon for the Great Place, hoping to find him and to be able to persuade him to come, but he did not succeed, but had to remain all day talking to the assembled councillors and Chiefs, answering their questions, and explaining who and what Colonel Eustace was; the intention of Government, etc., so as to disabuse their minds of prejudice and superstitious fear. They seemed to be satisfied, and said Kreli was down towards the sea, sick, but Mr. Fynn came back with great hopes that the Chief would verily appear on Friday. But Friday has been as Thursday and the two previous days—Kreli is still reported sick, and down towards the sea. Some say he is still afraid of being shot (like his father was by Southey in 1835 war). There is, however, another way of looking at the aspect of affairs. Kreli is dissatisfied with the boundary-line defined by the Government. He and his councillors probably think that if they accept Colonel Eustace as their Magistrate, they must also accept the line, which they are unwilling to do. Cumming has been superseded; a new man with a military title has been appointed. Why? Simply (they will say) because Government is determined not to listen to our representation on the boundary dispute, but drive us back with force.

This is exactly what the Government has said, and Kreli and his men cannot believe otherwise. Hence it may be that while the Magistrate is waiting for him, Kreli is waiting for answers to messages which he may have sent to different Chiefs of various tribes as to whether they will support him in an attack upon the white man.

This may be so, or it may be, after all, that he is afraid of foul play, and of coming to an untimely end like his father. One thing seems beyond all doubt—that the mass of the people are suspicious of the designs of the

Government—they can scarcely be brought to believe that the Government does not want war. They all declare that they do not want war, or intend war, but they are suspicious of us. Hence the great turn-out of men and women on Tuesday and Wednesday so fully and superabundantly armed.

On Thursday and Friday most of the people, tired of waiting, had gone home.

Nklambe, Kreli's Country,

2nd December, 1876.

(To the Editor of the "Kaffrarian Watchman").

Sir,—Having discovered that there were no newspaper reporters knocking about, I determined to drop you a line or two, which I beg you will insert in your paper.

The past week has been one of much anxiety and (with some) consternation. Colonel Eustace, the new Resident, with Kreli, arrived at this place last Saturday, notice having been given to the Chief Kreli, appointing Tuesday, the 28th, for a meeting, in which the Colonel would be introduced to the Chief by Mr. Cumming, of the Idutywa Reserve.

It appears that reports had been spread amongst the Kaffirs to the effect that the Government had sent a body of troops (4000 strong) to the Komgha, to be in readiness to move over the Kei River as soon as they were required, as well as 500 Police, who were waiting orders at Butterworth. Also that Colonel Eustace had a revolver secreted about his person, with which he would shoot Kreli as soon as he made his appearance at the office, the Colonel having devoted his life for the purpose.

These rumours were agitating the people dreadfully, and it was not long before other reports, equally alarming, were flying about. . . . .

Yours, in good faith,

"Fair Play."

"GROSVENOR" SURVIVORS.

Writing to the "Natal Witness," Mr. F. Steinacher

gives an account of the "Grosvenor" as told to him by the old Galeka Chief Kreli, a version which was years afterwards confirmed as correct by an old gentleman then living in southern Natal.

The three white women rescued from the "Grosvenor" were, as stated in your article, taken by a native Chief. One of those women gave birth to a white girl a few days after her rescue. About a year after the wreck these women were found by an expedition sent by the Cape Government, but they refused to return to civilisation, having meanwhile had half-caste descendants. One of the descendants of these was a Mrs. C—— (I forget the name, but knew the woman), residing in Pondoland. The white child grew up, and later fell into the hands of some Zulus. When Moziligazie broke away from Chaka this white woman went with Moziligazie's men. Part of that impi remained in the Northern Transvaal mountains, and with them this white girl. She died only about ten years ago. She is the main character in Rider Haggard's "She." Some twelve or thirteen years ago I tried to trace some other women in Pondoland and Griqualand, descended from the three women wrecked with the "Grosvenor," and so far succeeded as to trace two; but I have forgotten their names.

On reading the above, which appeared in an issue of the "East London Dispatch," I communicated with Mr. W. R. D. Fynn, of Queenstown, late Resident with the former Chief Moni of the Bomvanas (son of the early British Resident with the Galekas), and he has been good enough to supply me with the following, which I think is of particular interest in regard to Kreli's descent, showing that the Chief had a strain of Scotch blood in his veins:—

Queenstown,
11th March, 1907.

My dear Hook,—With reference to the cutting from the paper in regard to the survivors of the "Grosvenor,"

I find the particulars are not correct. There were only two women rescued from the wreck, near Umtata mouth. Nutshunci was at that time Chief of the Bomvanas, and he took these two women to wife, and these women were the grandmothers of Moni himself, and also of Nomsa, who was Kreli's mother, and that is how Kreli came to have a strain of European (Scotch) blood in his veins. This information I received from Moni himself in 1877. Both the white women died in Bomvanaland. One of Moni's councillors, named Ntswenstwe, gave me an assagai, which had been handed to him by his father, made from one of the bolts of the ship "Grosvenor," which is still in my possession. The three Chiefs now in Bomvanaland, Serunu, Charlie, and Dumas, are the great-great-grandchildren of those white women, and they are very light in complexion.

Thus, in view that Kreli was paramount Chief of the Amaxosa (which embraced the Galekas, Gaikas, and the T'Slambies) as the direct descendant of the King of those tribes, and that Hintsa and Gaika (the latter father of Zandilla and Macoma) were cousins, there was consanguinity of blood between the heroic Amakeya (the daughter of Macoma) and the Highland Chief Campbell to whom she knelt when begging for her father's liberty. What would have been the Highland Chief's thoughts if he had ever dreamt of such a thing? The ladies, Campbell, daughters of a General Officer returning from India, have always been recognised as the two survivors—women—of the wrecked "Grosvenor." It is more easy, therefore, to understand the Scotchman who, during Macoma's great fighting days, inquired whether Macoma (being a Mac) was a Scotchman.

CHAPTER XXVIIB.

At last Kreli meets his newly-appointed Resident—Report of—1876.

The photograph of the celebrated Chief Kreli shows him in tiger skin Kaross, with violet or maroon cap, a most distinguished looking native, tall and well-featured—the most dignified Chief in Kaffirland—pleasant and witty, vivacious, his people drawn to him by personal charm. Handsome he was, second only to his brother Ulindinxowa in that respect. Astute beyond measure, in native diplomacy.

Genealogical descent traced back several hundred years as a Chief:—

Amaxosa Chief Chewo.
Togo.
Gondwa.
Palo.
Galeka.
Cotwa.
Hintsa.
Kreli.
Sigau.
Gwabinkumbe.

The latter, Gwabinkumbe, son of Sigau, permitted in 1907 to live among his people in the Transkei.

The long looked for meeting had come at last. About 10 a.m., Kreli, and a host of mounted men were seen coming

down the N'thlambi valley towards the Residency. Mr. West Fynn rode out to meet them, and returned in the midst of the host alongside of Kreli. There were a few white men gathered together, traders and missionaries, to see and hear.

As Kreli's troop was seen approaching, the various companies of Kaffirs, posted on the hills, marched down into the valley converging towards the Residency.

After some time occupied in resting and talking on the part of the Kaffirs, the newly-appointed Magistrate, Colonel Eustace, proceeded, accompanied by the few Europeans present, to the west end of the new and as yet unfinished Court House, and there took up their positions under the veranda, where seats and a small table had been placed. Presently some of the subordinate chiefs advanced, were introduced to the Colonel by Mr. West Fynn, shook hands, and took up their positions along with a number of their councillors, on the greensward in front. Those who had come forward with assagais and guns were ordered by the Chief to withdraw to a distance, as only the great men were wanted there. A long time was spent in waiting for Mapassa and his councillors, who, having waited since Tuesday for Kreli, were to be excused if now Kreli should have to wait for them. At last they arrived, and presently thereafter Kreli himself came forward, was introduced, and welcomed by the Colonel, and the business was at once entered into. It was now afternoon. The proceedings commenced by Mr. West Fynn stating that Mr. Cumming, who had been appointed by the Government to introduce Colonel Eustace, having not been able to remain after Tuesday, the day appointed for the meeting, he (Mr. Fynn) had been asked by Mr. Cumming to perform that duty in his room and stead.

Kreli, son of Hintsa, paramount Chief of Amaxosa tribes.

Colonel Eustace thereupon rose and addressed the following speech to Kreli, the paramount Chief of the Galekas, and to his people. The speech was interpreted by Mr. C. H. Lundell, of the Ntshashongo mission:—

TO KRELI, PARAMOUNT CHIEF OF THE GALEKAS.

The Government of the Queen have done me the honour to appoint me to be your Resident. My first duty, therefore, will be to protect the interests of my Government—my second to promote in every way I can the welfare of yourself and people. The Government are most anxious to maintain those friendly and peaceful relations which have for so many years happily existed with yourself and people, and I am instructed to assure you that nothing will be wanting on their part to ensure their continuance. I trust, therefore, I may receive similar assurance from you, in order that I may inform my Government that I may rely with confidence upon your repeated promises of peace and good will. I may inform you that the Government of the Queen may deem it expedient for the better prevention of disturbances, and the preservation of peace amongst the different tribes upon our border, to make from time to time different dispositions of their military and police forces—I tell you this in order that if they should take place, they may not be misconstrued, or that it might be thought that the Government have any intention in any way to depart from the settlement entered into with yourself and other tribes in 1864, so long as Chief and people resident in those territories live peaceably within the boundaries then prescribed. The Queen, however, as paramount Chief of South Africa, whilst willing to extend the protection of her laws, laws which know no distinction of colour, race or creed, to all who seek to live under them, and would force

them upon none, does not recognise the right of any Chief or people to make war, or in any way to alter their boundaries, without the consent and approval of her Government. The Government, therefore, were sorry to learn that after they had gone to very great trouble and expense in order to arrive at a just decision upon the boundary line between the "Tembus and Bovanas," you should not have loyally accepted that decision. My Government are in no way benefited by that award, and their sole object has been to arbitrate fairly between the contending tribes. The Government of the Queen trusts, therefore, you will at once comply with that decision, and thus prove your continued loyalty and good will by your acts as well as by your words. I have nothing further to say, but that my services, save only as far as my duty to my own Government is concerned, will be devoted whilst among you to promote the prosperity of your people—that prosperity, however, will depend chiefly upon yourselves. It has been my lot to live among many different people, in many lands; I have heard much of the loyalty and bravery of the Galekas, and the wisdom and prudence of their Chief, but I have only found that those nations have had a long and prosperous existence who have cultivated peace, industry and sobriety.

Having thus spoken, the Colonel advanced and handed the written speech to Kreli, remarking that what was spoken might be forgotten, but what was written remained. Kreli handed the speech to Mr. Fynn to keep for him.

The old Chief Botaman opened the conversation which ensued, by asking, according to Kaffir custom, where Colonel Eustace came from, and if he was now the Government Agent with Kreli.

Botaman then asked a series of questions with a view of bringing out the position which "Charles" (Mr. Brownlee) held in relation to them, to him, and to the Government.

In reply, the Colonel explained that Mr. Brownlee's position was at Cape Town, that he was one of the Government, in short, the *voice* of the Kaffirs to the Government, one of the five councillors of the Government. Dispatches were sent, in the first instance to Brownlee, but by him laid before Government. The Government hear what Brownlee has to advise, but decide for themselves. He said, therefore, in reply to one of Botaman's questions, that he was not under the authority of Brownlee, but under the authority of the Government.

Botaman then asked, prefacing his question civilly, why Mr. Cumming, whom Mr. Brownlee had installed at his last meeting with them, had been withdrawn before they had even seen him at his post.

Colonel Eustace replied that the Government did not tell him their reason for withdrawing Mr. Cumming, and he did not ask.

Botaman said: We are different nations, and our customs differ; you must teach us, therefore.

Kreli himself now took up the *rôle* of questioner. He asked if notice had been given to him that Cumming had been taken away, and another appointed.

Mr. Fynn: The Government instructed Mr. Cumming to come and introduce the Colonel, and explain why he had been removed.

Kreli: I wish to know why no letter has come to me about this matter?

Colonel Eustace: The Government sent Mr. Cumming a letter to be here in person, to introduce me, and to explain

why he had been ordered to remain where he was. He came, stayed over Tuesday, and then went away.

Kreli: I wish to know why nothing has been said to me about these changes.

Colonel Eustace: I am serving the Government, receiving Government pay, and, therefore, the Government do not consult Kreli when they appoint me here. The Government have the right to say to one servant, "go here," and to another, "go there," and they do not recognise the right of Kreli to question the appointment; just as, should Kreli wish to send one of his councillors to represent him there, the Government would not say, "Why did you send this man, and not that?"

The Chief: If a man gives you a beast as a present, and then takes it away and gives you another, would you be satisfied?

The Colonel said the analogy did not hold, and repeated what, indeed, he had to repeat more than once, that he, as Government Agent, was the servant of the Government, and not of Kreli. He said, moreover, that he was there to maintain relations of amity between the Government and Kreli, and to assist the Galekas in every way he could.

Kreli then asked what *he* was—meaning what the Government recognised him to be.

The Colonel replied that the Government recognised him as a paramount Chief of the Galekas.

Kreli: Where is my chieftainship, if I am not consulted on these changes? If I were to treat my servants as the Government treats me, they would not be satisfied.

The Colonel had to repeat that, while he was recognised as paramount Chief of the Galekas, he had no voice in the

appointment of a Resident—a Resident being a Government servant; admitting, however, that if the Resident made himself very disagreeable, they might petition to have him removed; adding also, that it was certainly out of no disrespect to Kreli the change had been made.

Kreli and Botaman said they were not despising any individual by asking these questions; but asked why Ayliff, Fynn, and Cumming had all been removed without their being consulted. The matter then dropped.

Botaman now entered on another subject: "I wish to know again," said he, "what you said about the Police and soldiers?"

The Colonel here re-read that paragraph of his speech which referred to the probable or possible movements of the Police or soldiers, and explained that he told him of these things beforehand in order, that when they did take place, they might not be alarmed, or think the Government had any hostile intentions towards them.

Botaman thought that if they were so much frightened by false reports of the near approach of the soldiers, they would be much more so when they came in reality.

Colonel Eustace: They are not coming into your country.

The boundary question was then taken up, and Botaman asked that that paragraph in which reference had been made to it, be re-read. This was done. Botaman asked for a description of the boundary.

The Colonel said he could not give it, but the Government had appointed a Commission and gone to the trouble and expense to settle the question, and it hoped that both parties would abide by the award.

Botaman went back to the time when Brownlee, Chalmers, and Fynn made a decision as to the boundary after

the war with Gangelezwa, and asked to whom that boundary was then shown.

Colonel Eustace said he believed Mr. Brownlee then told the Tembus and Galekas to return to their respective kraals, without fixing definitely any boundary.

Ungubo, a Chief of large proportions (bodily) now took speech in hand. He said: "How was territory obtained?" The Government had obtained territory by might; Damas had obtained territory by might; Gangelezwa had obtained territory by might; and when Kreli put to flight the Tembus in 1872, the Government said he must come back, he must relinquish that land which he had conquered.

Colonel Eustace replied that the Government did not recognise the right of any of these Chiefs to go to war without their permission; and when they invited Kreli to return to this country in 1864, they hoped that he would live peaceably within the boundary described.

"Well," said Ungubo, "we have given up any of Gangelezwa's country which we might have claimed by right of conquest; but there was a piece of ground within Kreli's boundaries, which was given to the Tembu Chiefs, Bacela and Umlata, who had fled to him for refuge. That ground, which is our own, we are now speaking of; and we wish that it should not be taken from us."

Ulindinxowa, Kreli's brother, confirmed what had been said.

Colonel Eustace replied, that personally he did not know the country, nor did he know anything about those decisions unless by report. But he thought it reasonable that Galekas and Tembus should abide by the decision already come to by Mr. Probart and his fellow Commissioners last summer, when they went along the line and heard evidence

on both sides as to which was Tembu and which was Galeka territory. Indeed, the Government had shown greater favour to the Galekas than the Tembus in their decision, for they had gone beyond the award of the Commission and given the Nchana Valley in addition to Kreli.

And after some further parleying, the matter dropped, as the business of the day was to receive the new Agent, and not to discuss the boundary question. That will be entered into another day.

Botaman then said: Is this gentleman sent by the Government to be Resident with Kreli?

Mr. Fynn replied in the affirmative.

Botaman said: We thank the Government for this gentleman, and we accept him. We trust that the Government have given us a man whom they know can help us, and who can understand all the matters we bring before him. We will look to him, as we wish to live in peace and quietness. There are many reports, but the new Resident will be able to explain matters to us. The Resident will be uncomfortable here, because there are many complaints. We are a people who have little land, therefore there are many troubles; however, he must persevere and be patient with us.

Ungubo then spoke: I agree with what Botaman has said. You, the Resident, must treat Kreli and Mapassa and all the Chiefs and Councillors well. This land is full of false reports, but you must not be alarmed. The land is destroyed through the evil reports of us Kaffirs. You must form your own opinion of rumours, for you are a man from the "Great Place." Here is a word we received from you. "If the Resident is not good we can appeal to the Government."

Mapassa also gave thanks for the Resident.

Kreli: I give thanks for the Resident who has come to take charge of my life. These things that have given thanks are my younger brethren. They all look to you to take care of them. It is said that I am making war, but no one can give any proof of it. I ask you why you have been so unfortunate as to accept this appointment as there may be many reports to-morrow. I am just like some evil beast, there is always some bad reports about him. I hope that you have come to find out the true state of things, that I may be able to enjoy life a little. Another thing I say, my days are past, I am old now. My brothers and sons are those to whom you must look. Although I am sick, yet the cry is "Where is Kreli?" I will again refer to the boundary question, when I hope Mr. W. Fynn will be here.

Colonel Eustace said: I thank Kreli and his tribe for the reception they have this day given me. I thought the Government had honoured me when they sent me here. To-day I am more than ever convinced of this, since I have seen the meeting and taken part in the proceedings which have been peaceful and pleasant. I hope that Kreli will have confidence in me, and if any reports arise he should come to me and inquire, and I shall treat him in the same way. I will do all I can to promote the welfare and prosperity of the tribe.

THAT ENDED THE MEETING.

But I have diverged in order to give some particulars of what led up to the Galeka-Fingo war. I was still at Kenhart when the British Resident question was the event on the eastern border.

Being parted from my family in that outlandish part, Kenhart, led to an adventurous step. I got them up, but,

finding on trial that the climate was not adapted to them at that date, ere long I sought a change, being relieved by Inspector R. A. Nesbit. It was an arduous duty, that northern border, where I served four years—from 1873 to 1877. I can scarcely believe it now; the life was unrelieved by anything to compensate it, simply deprivation of all that makes life worth living.

Under authority I disbanded the old Northern Police, and duly organised No. 8 Company of the F.A.M. Police, half of which was at first composed of coloured men, "Bastards," they called themselves, much like the Griquas.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Galeka-Fingo War in Transkei, 1877.

On return to the eastern frontier I was posted to command of my old troop No. 1, strange to say, as if it had been retained for me. I found it at Queenstown, where I assumed command. Affairs on the Kaffrarian border were then near a crisis. Just what I thought would happen when we settled the Fingoes and the Galekas together side by side in Kreli's old country had come to pass; they were bound to fight. In 1858 the Galekas had killed their cattle, in 1865 they had returned to their share of land allotted, in 1872 they went to war with the Tembus, now in 1877 they prepared to fight the Fingoes, showing the depth of their resentment.

They started it by quarrels at beer drinks on their mutual border. A beer drink took place early in August in 1877 at the kraal of a Fingo named "Ntsaecebi," at which some Galekas of a headman named "Mxoli" (a newly-appointed "Veldt Cornet") were invited. At the close of the day a Fingo, under the influence of liquor, insulted Mxoli, which led to a pitched battle with "knobkerries," and in the death of a Galeka.

The Galekas, in number about 9,000, would have raided Fingoland about the 26th of August, 1877, instead of attempting it in the end of September, 1877, had not Mr. West Fynn disclosed to Kreli a secret entrusted to him by

West Fynn.

another native Chief. At that time there were only about 45 F.A.M. Police stationed at the Gcuwa River. The Galekas were actually assembled for the purpose at several points without the Fingoes' knowledge. A sad plight would the Fingoes then have been in, as they were quite unprepared. And Mr. Fynn's act was a great deed of merit in preventing what might have been a thorough rout of the Fingoes with great loss of life.

The secret that Mr. West Fynn whispered into Kreli's ear which startled him so and kept him from raiding Fingoland at that moment was that the Chief Mapassa, with his son, Qoxo, and 1,500 men, would not support him, but would join the Government. This information staggered Kreli, and he recalled his men, convening a meeting of Chiefs and people, at which neither Mapassa nor Qoxo attended. The defection of these two latter being verified when the war broke out, for they moved to the side of the British.

It would be interesting to know whether Mr. West Fynn's services were ever recognised by the Government for this good service indeed; or in regard to his instrumentality in getting Kreli to accept Colonel Eustace as British Resident. It was well known that had it not been for Mr. West Fynn's influence in persuading Kreli, Colonel Eustace would never have been accepted. West Fynn (with his brother, of Queenstown, W. R. D. Fynn) was a son of the early British Resident to the Galekas, which family was rescued by troops at Butterworth in one of the early wars.

A slight incident might be related in connection with that particular rescue: The family possessed an old military sword—an officer's sabre—which had been given to them after one of the fights, and during the preparation to

depart from Butterworth with a wagon packed, a Galeka passed and made some disrespectful remark to Mrs. Fynn while the sword in its scabbard was lying on the wagon box; the gist of the remark being that as soon as the other white people were driven into the sea he would come and claim her for his wife. In an instant the sword was out of the scabbard and the British Resident's (young) wife after that Galeka like a rocket, he flying in a bee line as the offended nimble lady was hard at his heels with the flashing weapon. The Galeka only felt himself safe when he was able to take breath on the top of a knoll and exclaim in native fashion . . . !

The same lady is still alive, but very old, and resides at Redlands, in the Stutterheim district with her son West.

As the matter seemed to grow into importance a troop of F.A.M. Police under Inspector E. B. Chalmers, with one gun, was sent forward to steady the situation, as the new Governor of the Colony, Sir Bartle Frere, who had that year assumed office, arrived on the frontier, with three Ministers of Government in his company, viz., the Hon. The Premier (Sir Charles Molteno), the Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works (Mr. J. X. Merriman), and the Secretary for Native Affairs (Mr. Charles Brownlee), to inquire into the disturbance.

The Governor; in his suite Mr. Merriman and Mr. Brownlee; encamped on the Gcuwa River, within the Fingo boundary, sending for the Chief Kreli to attend after the Fingo headman had given their statements; but the Chief was reluctant to meet the Governor outside of his own boundary at that moment; at the same time he was very anxious to meet Sir Bartle; but considered it hard for Sir Bartle to expect him to do so in Fingoland, and he, Kreli,

requested his Excellency to meet him at the Galeka Residency, Nthlambe, where the former Governor (Sir Henry Barkly) had come and met him about the Galeka-Tembu war, and where Sir Henry had congratulated him upon having contributed nine oxen for the building of a suitable edifice to receive Governors and other officials who might visit him in future, but Sir Bartle—under advice, no doubt, of his ministers, as he had been such a short time in the Colony—declined to accede to his request, and consequently did not meet Kreli.

A message was then sent to Kreli by the Secretary for Native Affairs, Mr. Brownlee, to say that he would be pleased to meet Kreli with his councillors at the Government office at Nthlambe, but Kreli replied that he was not prepared to meet him in the trouble he was in to-day by the location of Fingoes (his dogs) on his immediate border, which he had told Brownlee at the time would lead to war when traders' brandy and Kaffir beer drinks excited the people—*that day had come.*

Simultaneously Sir Bartle, with ministers Merriman and Brownlee, proceeded to Blythswood, in Fingoland, as Mr. C. D. Griffith, Governor's Agent in Basutuland, was appointed to the temporary command of the F.A.M. Police (*vice* Commandant J. H. Bowker, invalided on account of ill-health) and to the military command of affairs in the Transkei. Griffith arrived at Ibeka on the 26th September, 1877 ("Faku"), and Inspector Chalmers, with his men and the gun, made a patrol from Ibeka towards the Idutywa (Ncxcxcxga!).

On the march the patrol noticed a skirmish between Mr. James Ayliff's Fingoes, Mr. Ayliff being Resident with the Fingoes) and the Galekas below the Gwadana Mountain,

and turned to aid the former when the patrol was strongly assailed by a numerous Galeka "impi," which advanced boldly although the gun played upon it unerringly and the F.A.M. Police vigorously engaged in battle, supported by Commandant Ayliff and the small body of Fingoes, until unfortunately the gun in action broke down, and to save the gun a retreat had to be ordered—an unfortunate occurrence for the prestige of the Colonial Forces at the beginning of the war—with the loss of one officer, Lieutenant Von Hohenhan, and six men of the F.A.M. Police, and some Fingoes.

The Galekas, encouraged by this mishap to British arms, on the 29th of September, 1877, made a warlike demonstration against Ibeka, where Commandant Griffith had taken up his headquarters with the meagre force at his command, but was repulsed. It was evident that the Galekas desired to come to close quarters with the Fingoes more than to fight against the British. It was a Fingo-Galeka war, and not meant as a war against the Colony; the same as the Tembu-Galeka war in 1872. The Galekas repeated the armed and popping demonstration against Ibeka the following morning with the same object—to draw the Fingoes. These two "attacks," in military parlance, the "battle of Ibeka"!

Shortly after this, reinforcements of volunteers and Burghers having arrived from the Colony, the "battle of the Springs" and an advance on Kreli's Kraal took place on the same day, 9th October, 1877. The fight at the Springs took place between Kaffrarian volunteers called "Our Boys," under the command of Captain George Grey. Various detachments had made up this contingent from Macleantown, Gonubi, Komgha, and the Fort White troop;

also some specials from King Williamstown. The officers whose names are familiar being :—

Captain G. Grey, Gonubi.

Captain J. Sansom, Komgha.

Captain H. Sprigg, Macleantown.

Captain R. J. Dick, Adjutant to Corps.

Lieutenants W. J. Warren (present Colonel, C.M.G.).

Lieutenant J. Manly.

Lieutenant H. M. Lowe, Captain, Fort White party.

Captain Richard Walker, at present Mayor of East London, of the King Williamstown specials (Volunteers).

Sergeants James Cumming and Connellon. Sergeant-Major Gormsley.

Total, 134 men in all.

As "Our Boys," leaving sixteen men in camp, were marching across the Gcuwa River valley towards a point—the "Tutura Mission"—advancing, divided into two parties, 98 men in all, up the bushy heights of the *Manzana* and the *Umyanyana*, one party commanded by Captain Grey, the other under Captain Sansom, one of the most spirited actions ever recorded took place. They were opposed by the fighting Chiefs Botaman and Kiva, with an "impi" estimated at 2,000 Galekas which, in cover, and holding at first every point of vantage on the scene, blazed away with all their might, hurling assagais and knobkerries ("bunguzas"), and yelling the war cry to demoralise "Our Boys," but fortunately for the small parties neither Galeka shot, assagai, nor "bunguza" spread "destruction far and wide," although the fierce uproar was a matter not in their "Field Drill Book." The Galekas meant, if they could not drive back "Our Boys," to suffer no dislodgment from their strong position, and maintained the fire of

their *warm reception* undiminished, while "Our Boys" manœuvred to lose not an inch and to gain ground if possible by keeping up a fire equal to the reputation of the best shots on the frontier! In a few moments, as they obtained cover position, and as openings occurred, many a Galeka bit the dust as they dared break cover for a moment. Rapid file firing was poured on the enemy's position, the hot blood of the Kaffrarians roused as they partly silenced the fire of their assailants; they crept towards the apex of the height, as the wily hunter stalks his game, not speaking or giving any sound, but with teeth closed and determination in their hearts, they would not be driven back; thus they fought the "impi" under the brave Botaman and Kiva for long hours, each side determined to "do or die!" The action was one to test endurance, no man dare venture openly from cover, thirst seems to quicken as the fight goes on. Several were wounded of the Kaffrarians, water could not be easily obtained, the alert Galeka watching his opportunity, while surprised at the shooting of the white man, which was more deadly by far than had ever been experienced by Kaffirs on the warpath. Scores of shots told, and while "Our Boys" also had obtained good position, the Galekas began to feel insecurity, and making one final and concentrated supreme effort to demoralise their antagonists by a repetition of their first tactic of volley, "bunguza," and yells, they fell back, leaving "Our Boys" masters of the field. The repulsed Botaman and Kiva impi then moved towards the Cora River, and the Kaffrarians' ammunition expended, it was deemed expedient for "Our Boys" to return to camp to replenish bandoliers, and to have the wounded attended to.

When the orders reached me in Queenstown to hurry up

to the front with my troop, I had made a forced march to get to Ibeka, moving every hour and minute that it was possible to gain a mile. On arrival at Blythwood institution, we received orders to protect the refugees there, the very day that the battle of Ibeka was fought, that is to say, the day of the second demonstration against the Post.

I have mentioned that an advance to Kreli's Kraal was made on the date of the Battle of the Springs, which advance I consider was an actual military demonstration, in the sense of being short of much incident by war. With our advance it appeared that the Gálekas were merely pushed towards the coast and Kreli's Kraal destroyed during the hours of the fight at the Springs. On no account were the Galekas to be allowed to cross the Kei into the Colony. "Our Boys" had forced back Botaman and Kiva, we would sweep the Kei and press the Galekas across the Bashee; that was the military programme of "Faku." If the Springs battle had turned as Gwadana did, there would have been an up-set of Commandant Griffith's plans, to drive the Galekas as far as possible from the Kei River. Hence it was clear that until Commandant Griffith could control sufficient force to sweep the country, it was not desirable by hard pressing to incite Kreli to turn to the Colony to expect support from the Gaika tribe. Such a step, if Kreli had crossed over, would have been fraught with serious consequences.

On the 11th December, 1877, in the words of Colonel J. M. Grant in his "Historical Record of the C.M.R.":—"A few days afterwards the forces under Commandant Griffith, who had been given the rank of Colonel in the army after the fight at Ibeka, and Major Elliott, advanced simultaneously into the Galeka country. A portion of

Colonel Griffith's force was detached under Inspector Hook, F.A.M. Police, towards the Manubi Forest, and on the 21st of October the camp of this detached force at the Lusizi, was attacked by a very large number of Galekas. There was some severe fighting, and there were a number of casualties on either side; two European officers, named Goss, being killed in a gallant attempt to dislodge some Galekas who had taken refuge in a densely-wooded ravine. Eventually the Galekas were driven off."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Fingo-Galeka War, 1877-78—My Version.

ut before the Imperials got in, Griffith advanced his force towards the coast, in three divisions, the right commanded by himself, the third by Major Elliott, the central column under my command, consisting of a troop of F.A.M. Police, a half battery of Artillery with a nine-pounder field gun under Lieutenant Cochrane, the Cradock Burghers under Captain Gilfillan, and a large body of Fingoes officered by Europeans and Captain Veltman a native officer.

My orders were to march to the Manubi Forest, and there take up position to give the right column under Colonel Griffith time to swing round from the banks of the Kei, to *net* the Galekas, and prevent them passing into the Colony proper. No sooner had we occupied this position than the Galekas, under Kreli himself and his son Sigau, together attacked us, I extending the Fingoes against them, who were well armed with "Fagadolas" (Sniders) and a plentiful supply of ammunition, while the C.M.R. (F.A.M.P.) Artillery, with its nine-pounder gun, and the Cradock Burghers were held in reserve.

The position we were in was, the Manubi Forest in front, the deep wooded kloofs of the Cora on the left, wooded gorges right and rear, rendering it necessary to guard against attack from other sides. We had only been

assailed at front and left. The Kaffirs and Fingoes were engaged at such close quarters that it was unsafe to our allies to fire the cannon, as we were expecting every moment to see the right division come up. It was a real fight between natives, better than I had ever seen; they were extended from the centre, the Galekas in thousands with their backs to the forest, the Fingoes in thousands backed by our reserve, both advancing and retiring, firing and throwing their assagais. Now one side forced back, then the other; Fingo fire very hot indeed, the Galekas' fire poor, the Chiefs on both sides riding out in front of their men and urging them forward—rather a dangerous proceeding with such "sharp-shooting." I recognised the Chief Sigau and Captain Veltman. Suddenly the Galekas broke and fled into the Manubi Forest and the Cora bush, our Fingoes after them into the bush and forest on foot, where many of the enemy were disposed of. I was sorry that the enemy had disappeared in that way, for I wished them to remain fighting for a while longer.

Our loss in native forces was two officers and about forty Fingoes killed, apart from wounded, the two brothers Goss, whom I previously referred to, being slain; they died gallantly fighting—they were both Captains. I gave them deep graves and the Prayer Book service, poor fellows; that was the service that I had to do for them.

These two gallant young men were both of mixed English and Dutch descent, and hailed from Cradock, in the Cape Colony. They were splendid horsemen, and Michael Goss was a most capable man with what we in the Cape call the "fists." He told me that he had received lessons from a real prize-fighter, who had taught him all the science that he knew, so much that when Michael was

at what he thought perfection, he invited a serious bout with his tutor, just for fun! and landed him a knock on his nose, remarking smilingly, "You taught me that!" upon which he received a corresponding one on his nose—only harder—with a reply, "But I never taught you that!"

Colonel Griffith had heard the action and was hurrying up, but too late; the Galekas would not give them time. When he arrived he expressed satisfaction with my strategy, but was disappointed at the enemy not standing longer. I sent my Adjutant, Captain Lexi. Maclean, to make a list of casualties of both sides. He really found more slain Galekas than he found dead of our allies, accounted for by the superior weapon, the Snider. The Galekas fought with great bravery indeed considering their weapons, mostly the bare assagai. Ordinarily we might have reported 500 or a 1000 killed, but I hate that perjury. I remember a story of a subaltern who scrambled on to a wagon in action and reported his engagement with such military science that he received great kudos. "U-Chawles" told me that in the former Kaffir wars he kept a record of all the Gaikas reported killed, and the tribe had been slain on paper three times over, yet there were as many Gaikas at the end of the war as ever. An officer came up to me and said, "Hook, how are you going to report this action?" "Oh," I said, "I'll just tell Colonel Griffith what happened, and that is all." "Well," he replied, "if I were you I would write a good report; the fight all depends on the report!" I remember the report of the great Roman Julius Cæsar in his despatch, *Veni, vidi, vici* (I came, I saw, I conquered). That's what I admire, comparing small things with great.

Here we were beset, at the Lusizi camp, by a very heavy

downfall of rain, a torrential downpour indeed; tents seemed of little avail against the storm. Piquets were driven from their positions, the outlying drifting to the inlying, the latter to the camp guard, etc. Such a muddle, with false alarms in addition (as if an enemy could assail in such a night). I remember that I had been down to the headquarters tent, and returned to my tent soaked. Having a dry jacket only, I garbed myself in this, with blanket *à la Fingo*, as "Turn out!" was yelled all round.

I seized a rifle and stepped out, into an antbear hole near the door—down, down, almost to the neck!—Jack Maclean coming to the rescue; the hole was charged with flood. Two poor piquets (C.M.R.) just come on, perished—they'd fallen into river and had no shelter. Fortunately Jack and I had a bottle of French, and dosed the piquets—and myself—and Jack! It was an awful night, and very trying to discipline. The army of "The Springs" was with us—"Our Boys." Next morning Jack Maclean took me for a Galeka by the colour of my limbs, painted in the antbear hole, the soil being red. The various adventures related next day were amusing—the Galeka Resident, Colonel Eustace, in twelve inches of water, standing all night holding up the tent pole, etc.

However, "All's well that ends well," and we moved on the Galeka track, a big track through the veldt, and arrived at the Bashee River Ebb and Flow Drift, where the enemy had crossed in advance, in haste. We were just too late. I obtained permission from Colonel Griffith to construct a raft to begin to get the troops through, but after attempting while the tide was in, it was decided to cross by the higher drift. However, I had already crossed with a few men—about twenty—and we proceeded on the

Major J. K. Maclean, C.M.R.

Galeka track, finding ourselves in a warm corner soon after, for the Galeka army saw us, and it was only by strategy, I call it, that we avoided an unpleasant experience. We followed a bushy ridge extending up from the river and met our column at the drift mentioned. I never could understand why we did not follow up the Galekas, but I suppose it was because we had arrived in neutral territory —Bomvanaland (where the Galekas had formerly taken refuge and not been molested by our troops).

The campaign being apparently concluded by Kreli's expulsion from his land, the Volunteers desired to be relieved from further service and to return home. I remember the Queenstown Corps under Captain George Hay, with Lieutenants Arthur Webb, Frances T. Dormer (later Editor of the "Cape Argus"), and others. Also the Grahams Town Troop under Captain Tim Minto, with Troopers Cecil D'Arcy and Wilson Paley; the Cradock Corps, Captain Gilfillan in command, and Officers Fleming, Grey, and others.

However, after remaining in that country a time, several of the temporary Colonial Corps, namely, the Grahams Town Light Horse, Bowker's Rovers, Kaffrarian Volunteers, and the Cradock Troop, were permitted to return to their districts within the Colonial border. Our military object seemed to have been served, for the Galekas were driven out of the country and not allowed to enter the Colony. That was the policy of the Government. Then we retraced our steps to the country where we had been recently fighting. I was placed to hold a position at old Fort Bowker with a strong detachment of the corps, a point overlooking Bomvanaland, there to guard and remain, Sir Bartle Frere, the High Commissioner, sending

proclamations to be distributed among the Galekas if possible, providing for their surrender. I succeeded in getting a few among them. Then they came to camp, and inquired particulars, and I endeavoured to explain the terms. I thought they would surrender.

The accompanying is the Proclamation that I advanced and read to them near the Bongo Mountain, where we met by agreement, they appearing to desire to be informed of the terms of surrender. We went unarmed, but they came armed, being afraid to trust us. They appeared of the foremost warrior class by their alert bearing—dangerous-looking characters.

I, as an old frontier man, felt that through the Chief Hintsa's death in the manner recorded in history, that they would scarcely meet me unarmed. One other incident in former Kaffir wars—the Gaikas' idea that their Chief Zandilla was deprived of his liberty when he entered a British camp to *confer* with the British, when the British said that he had *surrendered unconditionally*. We went forward and met them in an open way to show by example that if they were this, that, and the other, that we were confiding. There were several meetings obtained by showing a white flag to the piquets. Our men at the camp were on the alert, watching for anything that might happen.

It appeared that when the Galekas were considering the terms of the Governor's Proclamation providing for their surrender, they were merely practising a ruse to mask their tactics, for at that very time they were moving in force back into the country from which they had just been expelled. They had left their families and movable property in Bomvanaland, protected, and had now come

PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency the Right Honourable Sir HENRY BARTLE EDWARD FRERE, Baronet,

A Member of her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Knight Grand Commander of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's Colony of the Cape of Good Hope in South Africa, and of the Territories and Dependencies thereof, and her Majesty's High Commissioner &c., &c., &c.

ON the 5th October it was notified for general information that Kreli, Chief of the Gcalekas, had assembled his forces; that they had plundered and murdered British subjects on British territory; that Kreli had not prevented them, and had professed his inability to prevent them from continuing to commit such violent and illegal acts.

Since then Kreli has not submitted to Government nor asked pardon for his offences. The forces he assembled continued in arms till broken up and dispersed by the advance of the Government forces. But Kreli has been driven across the Bashee and the Umtata. All his armed bands have been scattered, many killed, and great numbers of their Cattle seized.

This suffering has been entailed on them by obeying the orders of Kreli, and disobeying the orders of Government.

Nevertheless, Government, considering the Chiefs to be more in fault than the people, is willing to forgive all, who have not been leaders in acts of rebellion, who may now lay down their arms and submit.

But all who remain in arms will be followed up and punished; and whoever gives shelter to Kreli or to his armed followers will be called to account for an act of hostility to the Government.

It has been already declared that Kreli had by his acts of hostility to the Government forfeited the territory assigned to him, and all right to be recognised as a Chief.

The administration of Kreli's late territory is entrusted to Colonel Eustace, and all Gcalekas who wish to submit and return must apply to him and obey his orders.

As an act of free grace of the Government, Colonel Eustace will settle down all who give him satisfactory proof of their submission, and he will provide for their protection against Kreli and all others who may presume to interfere with them.

By order of the Governor and High Commissioner,

JOHN X. MERRIMAN,
for Colonial Secretary.

King Williamstown, November 21, 1877.

back to fight unencumbered, and had also opened communication with the Gaikas in the Kei, which would lead to an open combination of native forces. Our commanding officer, Colonel Griffith, little thought when he sanctioned the disbandment of the several Volunteer corps at the Umtento in Tembuland that he would so soon require all his force to deal with this return of the enemy. Galekaland was open, as the only Posts held were Ibeka (headquarters) and Fort Bowker; while we had only the F.A.M. Police. with several small detachments of Volunteers left. The suddenness of the Galeka movement was startling, and marvellously daring to boot; but only to those who had not the pleasure of seeing the big "impi" that I saw when I crossed the Bashee River at its mouth, the mass of men calling forth all my strategy, leading me to follow a bushy ridge of concealment to where the column was encamped near the Bomvana Chief's Kraal.

Colonel Griffith had sent a patrol from Ibeka, consisting of forty F.A.M. Police, under Inspector Bourne; about seventy-five D.E.O.V. Rifles, under Commandant Z. S. Bayly; seventy Port Elizabeth Volunteers, under Captain Jones; one six-pounder gun; fifteen men Grahams Town Horse Artillery, under Lieutenant Wells; and one seven-pounder gun with twenty-five men, under Captain Stigant, of the Cape Town Volunteer Artillery. The patrol, being under the command of Inspector Bourne, totalling 225 officers and men, which left Ibeka on the 1st December, 1877, at about three p.m., encamping for the night on the ridge between the Cora valley and the Galekaland Residency, opposite Kreli's Kraal; the object to patrol to the coast, as it was not apparent to the military eye then that more than a few straggling Galekas were roaming the

country, and the patrol was to deal with these if possible.

On the morning of the 2nd December, 1877, Inspector Bourne, impatient at being held slow by Infantry (Cape Town and Port Elizabeth Volunteers), advanced with the forty F.A.M. Police and the Grahams Town Gun Detachment ahead of the others to the bushy kloofs which fringe the Cora valley along a tract rough for Artillery. Not long afterwards, from a point of observation attained by Commandant Bayly, he deemed it necessary to hurry to the support of Inspector Bourne, who was seen to be retreating hastily, in irregular formation, hampered by an enemy in force following, and with a wounded man, as it was shown subsequently, on the gun-limber. So Commandant Bayly led out his gun, of the Cape Town Artillery, being the only mounted men at his service, to support, leaving instructions to the Infantry what to do. He then took up an elevated position near Hollands Shop and opened fire at the enemy, who were running along the heads of ravines to cut off our retreating force, sending a mounted Artillery man to request Inspector Bourne to retire *left* and to his (Commandant Bayly's) *right* to enable his gun to play more freely. Inspector Bourne did so; then another Artillery man was sent to hurry-up the Infantry to the point near Hollands Shop, Commandant Bayly's gun banging away all alone, while the F.A.M. Police and the Grahams Town gun performed their strategic movement and the Infantry "quick-marched!" Inspector Bourne had indeed met the Galeka army in earnest, and the "impi" was pushing on to make the most of the occasion. The three sections of the patrol then moved rapidly to a better position at the head of a small stream, named Umzitzani, and there formed "laager,"

while the enemy showed on the heights as apparently undecided what course to adopt, but only for a very short moment.

Then occurred one of those little incidents that so often happen in war. Inspector Bourne and Commandant Bayly were of equal rank; the one (the Inspector) brave and venturesome to rashness almost, and he had just been assisted out of a tight corner, and he issued, out of compliment no doubt, no orders to Commandant Bayly, but merely directed his own men to open fire, and the Grahams Town gun to do likewise, as Commandant Bayly formed his men into hollow square as the enemy advanced, and opening a sharp fire from the Cape Town gun and the rifles of the two Volunteer corps against the enemy's sharp-shooters, who came on from every point of vantage. It is well known that Commandant Bayly remained on foot giving orders and moving among the ranks from first to last; that is why his conduct was conspicuous. It was late in the afternoon when the Galekas made their big onset, which lasted until dark, after they had put their strength into one grand effort to rush the square by advancing up the Umzitzani ravine to within a few yards of the square, and there had been checked by the deadly fire of the defenders by rifle and the two well-served guns—the noted excellence of the C.M.R. rifle execution being remarkable for deadly aim as ever—leaving as they were repulsed many dead in the vicinity of the lines. There is no doubt that the Galekas showed great daring in this rush, and had it not been that the supply of ammunition enabled the defenders to maintain a hot fire, for a moment it seemed that the unfortified defence might have been rushed or the scene of a hand-to-hand encounter, the

Galekas were at such close quarters. Firing only ceased at 11 p.m., when Commandant Bayly, without objection, issued orders to *his* to give three hearty cheers, which resounded through the midnight air, to the Galeka ears. The horses of the F.A M. Police had been scattered by having been left outside the line; two of the patrol had been killed and several wounded; while it was impossible to reckon the number of the enemy slain by the cover and the belief that the Galekas carried off their dead which were out of range of the square's vicinity. It was estimated that at least 3000 Galekas were present in the fight, under Botaman (the great fighting Chief), who, when he a few days after surrendered, and on being asked why he did not renew the assault on the following day, replied that he had heard three cheers in the night, and knew thereby that the patrol had received reinforcements. It is true that there was very little ammunition left at 11 p.m., when the cheers were given; but no reinforcements had arrived.

I had been informed that it was Commandant Bayly's first fight, and for a first it was very good indeed; while Inspector Bourne, as senior officer, commanded a very smart little column, which had acquitted itself so creditably against such a strong force. All arms behaved most gallantly throughout. The retirement of the F.A.M. Police and the Grahams Town gun to the main party near Hollands Shop was unavoidable through the Galeka strength, and the skilful fight afterwards redeemed the little advantage that the Galekas considered they had obtained at their first touch with the Colonial Forces on their re-entry to their old land.

I, and my men, were immediately ordered in from Fort

Bowker to Ibeka; and I was then told of the Umzitzani affair. It must have been a real bit of picturesque battle, in such a clear field, with its open bush-dotted heights and valleys, meandering streams, scenery around of the Kei River and the Cora; charming indeed, not only in colour, tint and shade, but in depth and in elevation—precipitous declivity and tortuous winding. The brave and agile brown Galeka advancing by the verdant cover in all this variegated beauty to engage in mortal strife with the eager Colonial soldier in the midst of free field and fair play; fighting for home and country; fascinating and romantic indeed. Not alone to nature's warrior, but also to the well-accoutred civilized warrior, who risks his life to uphold the interests and honour of the British Empire. For it is the Briton who loves to fight it out in picturesque places; in the fresh air of heaven, by the limpid stream, hay-scented fields, with space to exercise strategy. Not in crowded alleys or dark cities, 'midst the plague of cholera or fever. The Galekas gave him that.

CHAPTER XXX.

Fingo-Galeka War, 1877-78—Imperial Troops Enter.

We were immediately withdrawn from Fort Bowker to Ibeka, when on the 11th December, 1877, Colonel Griffith ("Faku") was superseded by Brigadier-General Glynn, who was placed in command of combined forces (under Sir Arthur Cunnynghame, K.C.B.)

Immediately following (the Gaikas from the Colonial side having augmented the Galekas), they combined and attacked our troops at the Kentani—Major Upcher, of the 24th Regiment, was senior officer in charge—the attack being of a most determined character, the open union at last of these two famous warrior tribes being considered a harbinger of strength to make a good and worthy fight against the Queen's forces. But they misreckoned, for the combined forces of Imperial and Frontier Police repulsed them in every way, finally charging into them, the mounted men, led by officers of both services, consisting of the I.M. Infantry and Frontier Police, obtaining a complete victory. I was not present at these fights, but they are well known.

Colonel Griffith ("Faku") having been appointed Commandant-General of Colonial Forces, was placed in command of military operations on the Colonial side of the Kei until the arrival of General Thessiger (Lord Chelmsford), including the war with the Gaikas under Zandilla and the rebellion among the Tambookies headed by the Chief Gungubella.

It was a satisfaction to me to notice that both Houses of Parliament of the Colony extended to him (Colonel Griffith) an expression of thanks for his services.

It is well known how much friction there was at the time between the Colonial Ministry and Sir Bartle Frere over the dual control of troops. I will mention two small instances illustrative of the position.

(Extract from Minutes showing Captain Hook's position in Transkei, under General Sir A. T. Cunnynghame).

King Williamstown,
24th January, 1878.

A.M.S. to H.E. the Governor.

The General commanding wishes me to point out for the consideration of H.E. the Governor that he is of opinion that the position now held by Inspector Hook, as commanding the F.A.M. Police in the Transkei, entitles him to the pay and allowance of Commandant from the date of Commandant Griffith's departure, and H.E. accordingly begs to recommend that officer for the same.

By order,
(Sgd.) W. Bellairs,
D.A.G.

To Ministers; forwarded for their consideration :—

I would suggest that an allowance of "Command Pay" to Inspector Hook will meet this case, and by this action being taken, there would be no likelihood of any complication or question arising hereafter with reference to this officer's official rank.

(Sgd.) H. B. Frere,
Gov. and H.C.

Changes are pending in the constitution of this force, and I think, if this suggestion were carried out, it might complicate matters, and I would therefore not recommend that it be adopted.

(Sgd.) J. X. Merriman.

T.A.G. Headquarters.

I am directed to forward Minute No. 3 for your information.

(Sgd.) H. Hilton Parr,
C.N. Sec.

I *regret.*

(Sgd.) A. T. Cunnynghame,
General.

And so did I regret.—D. B. Hook.

His Excellency the Governor directs that the following Orders be published :—

1. The relative standing of the Troops in this Colony will be as follows :—

Her Majesty's Imperial Troops.
The Frontier Armed and Mounted Police.
The Volunteers and Burghers.
The Native Levies.

2. Majors and Captains of Her Majesty's Forces will command Lieut.-Colonels, Majors, and Captains of the Local Forces.

3. Lieutenants of Her Majesty's Forces will command Captains and Lieutenants of the Local Forces.

4. Sub-Lieutenants of Her Majesty's Forces will command Lieutenants and Sub-Lieutenants of the Local Forces.

5. Field Commandants of Burgher Corps will rank as Field Officers of the Local Forces.

6. Junior Officers of the Burgher and Volunteer Corps will rank according to the date of their commissions.

7. Inspectors of the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police will take rank as Field Officers of the Local Forces.

8. Sub-Inspectors will rank as Captains of the Local Forces.

By order,
John X. Merriman, *Commissioner,*
for Colonial Secretary.

King Williamstown, October 2nd, 1877.

By this Order, Lieutenants of the Imperial Forces commanded Captains of Colonial Forces; Inspectors of the F.A.M. Police were given rank of Field Officers.

Very soon after, though, an Order was published in regard to "local," "relative," and "army" rank that many of those most concerned could not understand, thus manifesting the great necessity of a system between the Home troops and the Colonial troops which should be given approval of in advance by both forces, and should not be left haphazard to the sweet will of any temporary commander in time of action. There should be absolute union of the two arms, regulated by conference between duly chosen representatives from the Imperial Army and the Colonial Forces of all the States and Dependencies of the Empire. The matter should be attended to at once; call it Unification of Forces, or Confederation, whichever seems most appropriate.

King Williamstown,
26th November, 1877.

No. 938.

MEMO.

Referring to the Gazette Extraordinary of October 2nd, 1877, relating to the standing of troops in this Colony, in paragraphs 7 and 8 it is laid down that Inspectors and Sub-Inspectors respectively of the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police will take rank as Field Officers and Captains of *Local Forces;* this, however, cannot be understood as affecting paragraph 3 as regards the relative rank of the officers of Her Majesty's Army.

Where Her Majesty's Troops are employed, the paragraph 3 must in every respect hold good.

By order,
(Sgd.) W. BELLAIRS,
D.A.G.

O. Commanding Troops,
Transkei.

Finally, under Colonel Glynn, the Galekas were again

expelled from the country, a line of posts being temporarily established along the Nxabara banks. It was there, while in charge of Bechamwood, that the Chief Kreli himself was reported to have established his secret headquarters in the Odwesa Forest. Under guidance of the source of the information, I made a *coup de main*, unsuccessfully, getting merely his camp equipage, official documents, and boots. The Chief escaped into Bomvanaland.

During the Imperial command in the Transkei, General Thesiger (afterwards Lord Chelmsford), who met with disaster at Insandwlana, and who smashed the Zulu army at Ulundi in Natal, arrived in company with Colonels Evelyn Wood and Buller and staff, on tour. I met the General at once, for a "round robin" in relation to medical affairs had by oversight from my corps been transmitted to the wrong destination. I had solemnly to meet the accusation. Then I found that the General was "the soul of wit" without the "brevity," and we held a grand review of troops in line, including marines and sailors. Then a march, not past, but on, to the Manubi Forest. I noticed how the General thought lightly of the foe, and galloped through the kloofs. At the incident of "Veltman's Band" of natives standing by the roadside playing rudimentary airs as welcome, no blessing was bestowed. Yet I admired Lord Chelmsford, as I always do men who make mistakes.

I consider that it is a reflection upon the administration that the F.A.M. Police had no duly commissioned Commanding Officer in this war. Commandant Bowker had been retired at the onset, and the Government Administrator—Colonel Griffith, of Basutuland—had been temporarily appointed to act in command of the corps. With his other responsible duty as Commandant General (acting) the corps suffered, being bandied about as orderlies to

officers, telegraph clerks, express riders, etc. A strange state of affairs was that no permanent officer of the corps was considered qualified to fill the vacancy. We were all in the field, the appointment being played polo with at headquarters. None of us there to defend ourselves. These critics got into touch with our Colonial ministers, so one fine day Major Moore, of the 88th Connaught Rangers, visited our camp mysteriously, shortly followed by his appointment to command us. That is the way it was done. The seniors always looked rebellious at this; it was such a slap for men like Inspector Grant (who later commanded the regiment) and Inspector Baillie, who had served so long. It was the "fashion" to *stamp* us then with ex-Imperial officers, regardless of our rights.

In 1878 the Government changed the name of the corps to Cape Mounted Rifles, and there was a partial discontent in the regiment about it, and several men were tried and convicted, while the remainder accepted the change with little demur.

The officers, from being Inspectors and Sub-Inspectors, became Captains and Lieutenants. From my knowledge, the change of the name was not so much the cause of grievance as the treatment the corps had received at the hands of those in authority, in all the rough work the men had to endure in that war, being the only permanent mounted troops in the field. In regard to the change, an officer of the 24th Regiment (Imperial) remarked to me one day in camp, "Well, Hook, you are responsible for the change, as Commandant George Grey informed me that the Premier said he had got the idea from Inspector Hook." It is correct that in spare moments at the northern border I drafted a scheme for improving the corps as a soldier police by calling it "Cape Mounted Rifles," with

a view to raise its grade somewhat, as it had always fulfilled double requirements as soldiers and police in South Africa. I had sent a copy of my suggestions to Sir Gordon Sprigg, who was then sitting on a Defence Commission as chairman with a Colonel De Montmorentcie, but the Commission had closed when the document reached him, which Sir Gordon regretted. When Colonel Jarvis became Commandant General (I was then holding the office of Magistrate of Herschel) I called his attention to the memorandum, and he said it was just the thing to increase the efficiency of the corps and raise its status as a military constabulary. Subsequently the regiment (with all the power of civil police) proved itself a gallant regiment indeed in the Morosi rebellion and the Basutu disarmament war, which, although I had left the corps, I was delighted to see. I am sure that the regiment could be as good at police work in time of peace, under proper management, as it is in time of war. It is, in my mind, one of the finest regiments in the world, and its organisation, as provided in the statute, just perfect.

At the termination of military labours on the eastern border, the Cape Government sent instructions that I was to hold myself in readiness to assume command of operations in a fresh disturbance at the northern border (previously lightly referred to in this account). I was at Fort Malan then, on the Nxbarana, and repaired to Ibeka in readiness, but the order was cancelled, through Captain Nesbitt's recovery from a wound that he had received in action there. The newly appointed Chief Magistrate of Transkei, Captain Blyth, then requested me to act Magistrate of the Willowvale district, which appointment was not yet filled. There I acted for a period in conjunction with military duty.

Our Regimental Adjutant, Captain Webb Goldsworthy, informed me about this time, when Major Moore, V.C., was appointed, that I was to be second in command of the regiment, with the best chance of eventually succeeding to the full command; that was his knowledge, and he was supposed to be behind the scenes.

It was hard to lose about a hundred pounds (£100) in a morning's gallop, but that was my experience before leaving Fort Malan. In the mist my three horses started from one end of the racecourse, while others started from the opposite end, meeting half-way suddenly. Imagine the result—my best charger had to be shot, a saddle smashed to pulp, and another horse badly injured. That charger had vanquished the Brigadier's charger in a match. I think that Captain Christopher Hatton, C.M.R., was present, who, when I went to inspect his detachment, in former days, invited me to ride his "skittish" trooper on parade, because he (Hatton) was rather nervous. I did so, forming my own opinion about riding lessons; when, at a meet at Ngax-a-xa camp, who should win a hurdle race, and come in flying, but my "nervous" friend Hatton, by whom I was beguiled.

While the Imperial troops were still in the Transkei a rifle contest was got up between the mixed forces—marines, naval brigade, and all—quite an "Aldershot." Colonel Carrington, of sporting fame, was selected by the Imperials to "beat anybody" at objects at *unmeasured distances.* The Colonials pushed me forward, as I had also a bit of modest fame through "Bowker." They put up targets in the veldt—it was blowing a strong cross wind. Then I discovered what the Artillery at Peddie could not do, viz., how to aim at one object and hit another, and gained the prize, as representing the Colonial "sporting,"

but only to be vanquished by a marine afterwards, who at fixed distances took first from everybody. But I have heard since that the marines on foot are excellent riflemen.

From about this time, through the example of the clergy and the Imperial troops with whom we had served, we in a great measure discarded beards. The flowing beards such as worn by Sir Walter Currie and "Faku" were not so much the fashion. I fell into the clergy-military manner and appeared in the latest fashion—no longer *à la Boer.* The majority of our men were formerly *à la Currie and Griffith.* I felt sorry to sever acquaintance with my old friend, but fashion is a power.

My former visit to Bloemfontein, where the photographer declared my right to comeliness, and the trooper's remark in regard to the place on my back, had made me rather modest. So, in sauntering into a "mansion" one day, along the hall there appeared at the opposite end a man of pleasing looks advancing from the mirror, in uniform. I wondered who he was, and felt embarrassed, returning the smile, which he outdid by broader grin. On drawing near I moved to let him pass, he moved also; then I dodged the other way, and found him there; I stood and bowed to apologise, he did the same, both of us at once. For a moment I felt nonplussed and staggered, and even slightly crimsoned. It was the Bloemfontein picture in the mirror in the hall—but not half so bad!

But I grew tired of the kind of encouragement that senior officers received in the regiment, and determined to apply for a transfer to the Civil Service, where things went more by system, I believed, rather than by caprice. I called upon the new Premier, Sir Gordon Sprigg, and was appointed to the magistracy of Herschel, in the Cape Colony.

I left the C.M.R. (the old F.A.M.P.) in January, 1879,

severing connection with the branch of the service that I had been with so long, since 1854 or 1855. I was sorry to leave the old corps after all those years' association with its ups and downs, but the die was thrown, there it was.

Shortly before leaving the Transkei on that occasion Captain Blyth, C.M.G., who had immediately before been appointed Chief Magistrate of Fingoland, the Idutywa Reserve, and Galekaland, requested me to act as Magistrate of the Willowvale district *pro tem.*, and I include here the Commission to show how practical was that distinguished officer in his new and very responsible position at the conclusion of the war.

(In the good old soldier's own handwriting, large and legible):—

Office, Chief Magistrate,
Transkei,
December 2nd, 1878.

Sir,—Until a Magistrate is appointed to the Malan Division, and pending further instructions from the Government, I have the honour to request that you will be good enough to act as Magistrate of the above District, and settle any cases of minor importance that may come to your notice. Any cases of grave importance you will be good enough to report to this office, and also forward a monthly return of the cases decided by you.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
MATT. BLYTH,
Chief Magistrate, Transkei.

Captain Hook, C.M. Rifles,
Commanding Fort Malan.

Although there are philosophers ready to aver that heaven is mainly inhabited by the plainer folk for obvious reasons, I have not met one to explain fully why the historian prefers to wait for a man's back to be turned to sound his virtues. What is the good of posthumous fame? and how does it point the moral or adorn the tale?

I am led to this train of thought by the repeated

resurrection of dead virtues. I prefer kindness from the living to the living.

That is what my old troop did for me by their kind address and the presentation of the beautiful set of silver as a parting gift. Their object was to mark their sense of appreciation of my efforts to do my utmost for them, which was so very little indeed in the war, handicapped as were the troop officers by the absence of a proper permanent Commanding Officer to take charge of the regiment. After thirty-seven years' campaigning—since 1850—the corps at last became a mere experimenting field for amateurs! whom providence for the nonce placed in a position to sow demoralisation—after all the work that the corps had done, and to be disparaged and depreciated—not by the foe—but by the brave arm of the service—the Imperial officers—for want of understanding between the Imperial Administration and the Cape Colony Administration. If there had been a permanent Commandant General, as there is now, the immediate merits of the F.A.M. Police could not have been explained away. If old Sir Walter Currie had been alive he would have regulated affairs by strong language! No one did so well in the Galeka war as the members of the old corps in conveying all despatches, doing all escort duty through dangerous country (often sent by mere nincompoops), and the scouting and videt duty for the regulars; apart from their regular share of campaigning—and as well most of the office clerical work, by their educational qualifications.

I ever feel the kindness of my old comrades in this handsome presentation, conveyed in such courtly terms. I deeply regret that the address being by accident lost, I am unable to publish the names of Officers, N.C. Officers, and troopers who signed it.

H. J. Halse, Esq., late R.M. Herschel.

CHAPTER XXXI.

R.M. Herschel and Morosi War, 1879.

In January, 1879, I assumed duty at Herschel as Resident Magistrate. On arrival at Herschel I found that reports had been circulated that a man had come with a sword—not of justice! About the first case that came before me, one of the litigants presumed to say that he would "appeal!" The way he left that court-house is still referred to as swift disposal of appeals.

Almost immediately the Baputi tribe of Basutus on the south of the Lesutu broke out in rebellion on the east boundary of Herschel. One of Morosi's sons, named Doda, had been convicted by Magistrate Austin for looting horses, and was sentenced to four years' hard labour. Morosi, the Chief, would not have it, and his people rushed the gaol and released the prisoner, possessing themselves of the court-house and office. Then they put up a dummy in the prisoner's box as Austin, and tried him, etc., and committed various other lawless acts as preludes to the war. The tribe was then in open rebellion.

Our newly organised Yeomanry of three regiments, composed of the *èlite* of the land, were called out, a very fine body of men indeed. The regiment under Colonel Southey arrived first, and engaged the rebels at the Tella

River, on the border, driving them back. That affair at the Tella was, if I remember well, the Yeomanry's first action, and promised favourably, both in regard to the commanding officer and the new organisation itself. Several skirmishes followed in the district of Quithing (Morosi's country), and finally the Baputis were driven to take shelter on Morosi's Mountain, where the rebels were besieged for some months, the position being a natural fortress with precipitous descent to the Orange River.

The Baputis were well armed, and practised shots through hunting large game on the Drakensberg mountains. They were at their best; they made sorties, and succeeded in some instances in getting through our lines, attacking the piquets. The weather was frightfully cold, and night duty was most severe. A man on duty would fee another to give up his tent shake-down on return from piquet, and tumble in to thaw himself.

Colonel Griffith, as principal Government official in Basutuland, assumed command, the war being in territory under his administration (although Morosi had claimed that he was independent). But before that we borrowed an old cannon from the Free State Government (a nine-pounder), and I had to go and fetch that from Dreefontein, above Aliwal. I brought it along, and we got it into action at the besieged mountain, where the breech machinery broke down, and it was useless.

The Honourable William Ayliff came up, as representing the Cape Government, and had a say in matters with Colonel Griffith. At that time the Paarl burghers were at Palmietfontein, and when the Secretary arrived, as I held a military appointment as commandant, I directed that two (one of C.M.R. and one of the burghers) were to

be attached to the hon. gentleman. Imagine my surprise when I found that a wretched "substitute" for a burgher, whose toes turned at right angles, was sent with a smart C.M.R. trooper. I stiffened up at that, while the C.M.R. trooper looked disdainful, and had it remedied, a smart burgher turning out. Then I found that the Secretary had breeched himself in "reach-me-downs," which reached anywhere but down, incessantly getting up, so much that with "riempy" (that the burgher supplied) and skill (that the C.M.R. brought into action) the Secretary's trousers had to be tied to his boots, if not the stirrups, as we scampered along the mountain footpaths. The two orderlies were much amused at the rough and ready minister.

Colonel Griffith ("Faku") very soon assaulted the mountain unsuccessfully, but with great bravery, the stormers being led by Captains Grant and James Surman, with C.M.R., Yeomanry, some of my native levies, and a few Volunteers as supports. Captain James Surman, C.M.R., and Lieutenant Reed, Yeomanry, fell, as well as several non-commissioned officers and troopers whose names I now forget. I buried Captain Surman at Palmietfontein. Sergeant Scott, who lost an arm, received the V.C. for his gallantry on that occasion.

A brave civil servant of the Staff, of liberal proportion physically, volunteered to convey messages from the Staff to the stormers, receiving volleys as he advanced, the dust flying about him. It got so hot that he had to take the nearest shelter, a small rock, where he sheltered his head only, leaving a fine target, which, however, escaped, because Sergeant Scott, of the C.M.R., was just then engaged in attempting to throw a live shell into the schanz as a hand grenade. He first threw a dead shell, which was instantly

returned. He ignited the fuse, and in taking a final glance to see if it was all right, the shell burst before it reached any distance from his hand, and laid him low, also another gallant fellow who was with him, and that effort was also fruitless. The idea of storming the mountain then was abandoned, but the whole storming party had to remain under cover until night, when they came down, bringing the killed and wounded with them.

I was in the attack in charge of a few volunteers and levies. When we were checked I remember observing a Yeomanry trooper behind a stone close by fall back as if he were hit, and then get up, the bullet having only grazed the top of the shelter, and not his head. I smiled with satisfaction, upon which the warrior glared at me, remarking, "Why, you are behind a stone yourself!" "Yes," I replied, as another bullet ricochets off the same stone. So this trooper and I joined under cover of my defence, where we now and again popped a shot into a certain loophole in the near schanz, peering over to watch the effect. That Yeoman never missed the porthole. We were very close to the schanz, blazing into the portholes as the several attempts to storm had been repulsed, and the Baputis were pouring down a continuous fire, with big stones and boulders, which created an awful row.

Then, inasmuch as Colonel Brabant's column, which was moving up, did not seem to come fast enough for those in action, the Hon. Secretary dispatched me to meet that column, wherever it was, and bring forward the battery of Artillery which accompanied it by a forced march. I met the column on the east side of Kraai River, near Barkly East, and delivered my authority, which, naturally, the column commander did not like, but the object was to

hurry the guns up and for the remainder of the column to pass over the Drakensberg at the sources of the Buffalo River. Colonel (now General) Brabant assented, and I received the guns with the Artillery.

On arriving at the Kraai River Drift we found it full, getting two spans of oxen to pull the guns through under water, and the ammunition also, covered in tarpaulin; that was how we passed, the Artillery officer commanding being mad at such an innovation and in despair. However, when we dried his guns and found his ammunition in order he was pleasant company again, and a jolly good fellow, Lieutenant Best. A night's incessant trekking in the mud through Karenmelk Spruit and *viâ* Lady Grey brought us to Herschel in time, where, after refreshment, we hurried on, taking no pause, through Palmietfontein and Tella, Pallade's Nek, and Quithing.

There we found a force awaiting our arrival, as protection, at a mountain pass which we had to get through in the night. Nothing daunted, we took the guns to pieces and carried them along that mountain side in the dark night, to where we put them together. I was knocked up and could not keep awake. I heard men calling out, "You'll have that sanguinary wheel in the Orange River if you don't mind!" the mountain side was so steep, or "Bill, where's that limber?" etc., and so it went on all night. Early next morning these guns were in action.

Colonel Brabant takes Command.

After Colonel Brabant's arrival o'er the Drakensberg he assumed command of the besieging force, Colonel Griffith returning to his civil appointment at Maseru.

The siege lasted a long time. I remember once, on my way up to the mountain from the Herschel magistracy, taking a lot of hard-boiled goose eggs and tobacco for those in need. *En route* I met a detachment of Yeomanry with (then) Captain Dalgety, Adjutant of one regiment, all on spare diet, off-saddled. To see those hungry warriors deal with the eggs was a pleasure, and to see Colonel (then Captain) Dalgety smile! Another smile (cheers) when my old troop, No. 1 C.M.R., at the "saddle-piquet," received the tobacco. The value of such trifles is doubly enhanced in a siege.

In returning o'er the mountains near Dulcie's Nek a native invited me to off-saddle at his kraal, and wait a bit, for refreshment. I did so, a very old native dame preparing refreshment. The day was warm, so I lay me down and took a "forty winks," being summoned in good English to partake of roasted chicken, tea, cookies, and even jam! Said I, "And where did you learn to cook so nicely, old missis?" "Oh," said she, "I was cook to the Somerset family in Grahams Town when I was young!" In her skins and steel armlets, and grey head, it made me think of *time*—whether Lord Charles Somerset, General Somerset, or Colonel Somerset—the smiling old creature asking many questions about names of people in the city. She looked about a hundred. The chicken was good.

A second assault was made under Colonel Brabant's direction. I was not present, but I heard of the gallant effort not far away. Three V.C. decorations were conferred for these two assaults, medical officers obtaining one out of the three for conspicuous intrepidity, namely, Doctor Hartley, while Private Peter Brown, C.M.R. (with Sergeant Scott), received the same for the first assault.

Herschel Magistracy in 1880. The Hook family and servants.

Not bad for a trumpery little Baputi like Morosi, who was of bushman extraction, and small and yellow like a Jap. I had often met him. Our troops had denuded the country of all stock and grain, and the invested stronghold had to live as best they could. They had a ghastly time huddled on that mountain top, short of food, living on burnt bullock hide ground on stone and cooked into porridge; but still they stood, defending as stoutly as the Russians at Port Arthur in the East. The Basutus were, in a half-hearted way, assisting us; they could not be sincere. They did admire the plucky little Chief.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Morosi War continued, 1879—Colonel Z. S. Bayly takes Command—Mountain Stormed.

At last, through length of siege, the Yeomanry gentlemen whose homes and personal affairs required attention—were withdrawn, and the C.M.R., with Wodehouse Border Rangers, and my Herschel native levy, assaulted the mountain under Colonel Bayly's command in November, 1879.

The garrison had then been emaciated by famine and a siege mortar, which had been playing on the summit, landing shells on the very crown. A reward was offered for Morosi's outlawed head; cattle were offered for distinguished prowess among the native levy; I offered a splendid riding horse, privately, to the first man up the mountain of the levy.

The gallant C.M.R. stormed on the Quithing side, Allen Maclean just beyond, with the Herschel levy, while—as the C.M.R. Artillery, where Colonel stood, bombarded the height—I attempted to advance the mixed levy of Basutus, Fingoes and Tambookies abreast of the Wodehouse force. But the Tambookies flinched, and refused to move. Then, under the guns, I countermarched them, disarmed them, and left them confined to camp under an officer, speedily rejoining before the appointed hour for the general assault. The C.M.R. with scaling ladders obtained a footing on

the top, Allen Maclean did likewise at a gap, as the Wodehouse Guard and my "mixed" natives on the Artillery side seized the first schanz under (I am happy to say *under*) the fire of the cannon.

A Volunteer, ex-Coldstream Guardsman, named Nevill, with a long rifle and bayonet, was by my side. Captain Mulenbeck (Border Guard) calmly invited me to hold his rifle while he scrambled up the cliff; I made him hold mine. Then we three climbed up, with others, and arrived at the inner side of the schanz, with men, just as the Baputis were vacating, a steady old yellow-skinned warrior as he stepped over the wall covering me with his gun just about my watch-chain, but his weapon missed fire. I held my breath, it was so close, and as he planted a stone on my weak knee I saw a brown patch on his bare breast from my Snider, as the ex-Guardsman leapt into the schanz, using his bayonet freely. Those bayonet stabs are ugly scars. Meanwhile the C.M.R. and Maclean's force had seized the top of the position, Maclean coming to the "crown" and shouting to me, "The horse is mine!"

The mountain was ours, the defenders scattered and slain, old Morosi himself having retired into a bushman cave near the top (I think I saw him enter at dawn). Morosi was shot in the dark in the cave, and (as Chief Commissioner) I paid him, Nevill, the reward from Government, £200; also I paid the several natives the reward of cattle promised for conspicuous daring in reaching the mountain top, and, of course, Allen Maclean was presented with the horse—a dark chestnut that was bred in the Barkly East district. We lost very few men on account of the *élan* displayed.

The natives believed that Morosi was a witch doctor,

and that the mountain was impregnable, absolutely—it was a surprise when the mountain fell, and staggered the believers in witchcraft, a very strong body in the native territory. Even the Basutus believed that, inasmuch as the stronghold of old Moshesh, Thaba-Bosigo, had never fallen, so likewise Morosi's mountain was "never to fall." The dash displayed on the occasion was mainly due to the gallant C.M.R., who inspired the utmost confidence, and whose gallantry can never be sufficiently extolled in the annals of war. Colonel Bayly conducted the plan of operations with consummate skill. That was the time to have enforced the Disarmament Act, but the happy moment was lost.

After the fall and when the guards had been placed Colonel Bayly and I dealt with the recalcitrant Tambookies, whose non-commissioned officers were all flogged and the privates' uniform degraded, and they were told to go home to their wives and tell the "news." Colonel Bayly left and the forces were withdrawn.

Thus fell a brave little hero, Morosi, whose heroic deed will never be sounded. Perhaps he will receive distinction in Hades! I shall never forget the day when he presented us starving Police on the spoor, at his Bandla, with the fat hippopotamus.

Mr. John Austin resumed his magistracy over some loyals and the scattered herd.

My Application for Rank as Major.

I am afraid that my interests have been under the control of individuals who neither loved nor misunderstood me, and by whom I would rather be injured than obliged.

It is honourable as a soldier to desire promotion when

a man feels that he has worked hard, as creditable as he may apply for a medal due to him. I had left the C.M.R. as senior officer but one in the Regiment. As matter of fact senior in years of service for rank to every member of the Corps. In rank, but not in years of service, my only senior being Inspector J. M. Grant (Colonel J. M. Grant). I had held the rank of Field Officer in command of mounted troops in the Transkei under General Sir Arthur Cunnynghame, K.C.B. Had, as Civil Officer, done special work in assisting Colonel Griffith, Colonel Brabant, and Colonel Bayly in operations against Morosi's Mountain, and I applied for the *humble* rank of Major, not for my own sake! An officer is not out of order in so doing, as I said before, although he is not justified in applying for a decoration, in the form of a V.C., or D.S.O., or anything of that class.

It had been my ambition to command such a fine regiment as the C.M.R. Especially as my ideas had been accepted for the re-organisation of the Corps.

Why, even the fag alone of transporting that old-fashioned heavy cannon that we borrowed from the Free State Government across the Orange River in a primitive way; and making a forced march with Brabant's guns from the Kraai River up the valley of the Orange River to Morosi's Mountain would have earned immediate promotion for a Volunteer Officer.

That is the reason I produce this letter from Commandant-General Jarvis, C.M.G., who had succeeded Colonel Griffith in command of the Colonial Forces:—

King Williamstown,

December 15th, 1879.

My dear Hook,—Your application for rank of Major has been refused by the Colonial Office at Cape Town.

Why, I don't know—I recommended it as strongly as possible. Maybe they will reward you in some other way. I regret that my influence with them is not greater, and it is discouraging to have any such refusals; but still I can only suppose that the Government has good reasons for decisions made contrary to the Commandant-General's recommendations.

I congratulate you in having taken a conspicuous part in the capture of the mountain. The plan of attack was capital, and when I read the account it struck me to be the very same plan you advised when we rode together from your place to Brabant's Camp.

The Colonial Secretary some time ago requested that the 12-pounder gun and the mortar should be left at Herschel, and I wired at once to the officer commanding to send those two pieces to you. But I believe he (Bayly) had left the mountain before my instructions arrived there. I have seen Lieutenant Best, Artillery Troop C.M.R., here this morning, and he tells me the mortar has been taken to Ibeka, and the 12-pounder left at the mountain with Cochrane, who is now on his way down with the remainder of the Artillery Troop. I hope the big gun will be left with you. If not, I cannot help it, and if you can manage to stop it and get it into your own charge for the present, you are at liberty to do so.

There was great rejoicing here upon the news of Morosi's Mountain having been captured and Morosi and sons killed. A big dinner to Bayly, etc.

(Sgd.) S. P. Jarvis.

I did not take the course that Captain Sir Stephen Lakeman did when the General Orders failed to recognise some specially good work that he did; while others who did minor services were published; he went straight to the Headquarters and insisted in seeing the General himself (Sir George Cathcart) and remonstrated, pointing out the facts, succeeded in obtaining redress for the omission (as written in his book) in the following terms:—

Headquarters,
Grahams Town,
October 7th, 1852.

Lakeman's Volunteer Corps, from their good conduct and the gallantry of their commander, not only in the recent clearing out of the Waterkloof, but also on many previous occasions, will be called, for the future, the Waterkloof Rangers.

(Sgd.) A. J. Cloete,
Quartermaster-General.

That is to say he got a General Order all to himself, through a personal, and forcible, interview. Consequently was recognised.

Shortly afterwards a Mr. Fliesher and I were sent as a Commission to report upon the country's adaptability for Colonial settlement, while the Basutus still claimed the land. That gentleman and I rode into the hills and valleys inspecting, and sent a report, the contents of which I will not state. However, the settlement of that district remained an open question until after the next war, which almost immediately succeeded, namely, the Basutu disarmament war—the toughest thing that the Colonial troops have ever yet done, unaided by Imperial troops.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Basutu Disarmament War, 1880-81.

HEN that war broke out in the following year I was summoned to Aliwal North to meet the Premier and the newly-appointed Commandant-General, Mansfield Clarke. At that moment the whole border was in uproar at the application of the Peace Preservation Act to Basutuland, rumours afloat that my district would rise as being in sympathy with the Basutus. I rode back and determined upon a novel course, namely, to summon the various tribes' representatives to a public gathering at the court-house, and put the question, whether they would be staunch or throw in their lot with the Basutus. The European traders present were amazed at the temerity, believing as they did and full of the worst of rumours. I was prepared in anticipation; I had a store full of arms and ammunition ready to arm at once those in favour of loyalty to the Government. The Fingoes replied at once, stating that although they sympathised with the Basutus greatly, and had received overtures from them, they would be staunch. That announcement relieved the strained feelings of the traders. Other tribes gave no certain sound. So I there and then armed the Fingoes and sent them to the front under Mr. Joseph Thomas, a plucky fellow; the speed of the enrolment being perhaps the quickest on record. They came to a "meeting," a few

words, armed, and posted on the border in a trice. While this was going on sections of tribes on the Basutu border were moving rapidly across the boundary to join the Basutus, and in so doing thought it prudent to send me word that they were "on the side of the Government, not to fear!" That was to get more time. The ball opened.

The disarmament idea was excellent theoretically, but bristling with risk. The Basutus loved their guns; to be armed was the badge of manhood. They had acquired the arms honestly; had been employed to use their own weapons against the rebellious Morosi, and were furious about it. The Morosi war left them unsettled in mind, and further, the Zulu campaign had stirred up the fighting sentiment.

The Premier of the Cape Colony had been to Basutuland in September, 1879, on the question, and a great Pitso was held in October at Maseru to inform the Basutus that the Act would be applied. The "brink of a volcano" fitted in very well.

Morosi's stronghold fell in November, 1879. The actual fighting in Basutuland among the Basutus themselves about disarmament arose in July, 1880. In September, 1880, a few hundred C.M.R. were moved up under Colonel Carrington to Mafeteng. On the 17th September his position was attacked by the Chief Lerothodi with several thousands of mounted men; a vigorous and open engagement in which occurred many brilliant feats of arms on both sides for dash and bravery. It was a kind of show attack and defence by both sides. The Basutus at their best and strongest and furious at the act of the Cape Government in desiring to deprive them of their treasured weapons. The C.M.R., after Morosi's affair, bristling with

military ardour and seizing every opportunity to make closer acquaintance with the enemy; disappointed when they would keep aloof. There was heavy loss to the Basutus on that day.

Many Basutus were loyally disposed to the Government. Jonathan Molappo, on the north, George Moshesh, and others. But the war fever was too strong in the country.

On the 8th of November Thlotse Heights in the Leribi district were attacked by Joel Molappo; a severe time for the small garrison. Later Major Lawrence with two or three hundred of the Kimberley Horse were sent from Maseru to reinforce that station, and there they did noble work indeed.

Mohalis Hoek was besieged until relieved, and there was some sharp skirmishing there.

The C.M.R. at Mafeteng were fairly hemmed in; sharp engagements occurring daily, until relieved by General Clarke.

The war spirit spread all over Kaffirland north and south of the Drakensberg Range.

In the war I remember sending Captain William Ayliff with a small force to assist the beleaguered garrison at Maclear.

Kalabani Fight.

There were many sharp engagements in Basutuland. For instance, at the relief of Mafeteng on the 19th of October, 1880, under Brigadier-General C. M. Clarke, Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial Forces, who crossed the border near Wepener with

C.M.R. ...	...	11 officers	179	other ranks.
1st C.M.Y.	...	22 ditto	296	ditto
2nd C.M Y.	...	15 ditto	154	ditto

3rd C.M.Y. ...	11	Officers	107	other ranks.
Kimberley Horse	13	ditto	187	ditto
P.A.V. Guard ...	7	ditto	165	ditto
D.E.O.V.R. ...	13	ditto	285	ditto
1st City V. ...	4	ditto	70	ditto
Hunt's Volunteers	1	ditto	15	ditto
Mohalis Hoek ...	3	ditto	7	ditto
		Total	1,562	

In an action at Kalabani the column suffered a loss of 31 killed and 10 wounded, mostly with the bare assagai The column was going in with a convoy of 40 wagons containing a month's supply of provisions, the 1st Yeomanry skirmishing in advance under Colonel Brabant; Major Grant with C.M.R. and two guns under Lieutenant Cochrane, who seized the high ground on the right of the column, driving the enemy eastward; the main body of the 1st Yeomanry moving to observe the action of the disappearing Basutus, when these latter (the Yeomanry) were suddenly beset by an overwhelming charge by the Basutus at full speed on their mountain ponies when a hand-to-hand encounter took place. A gallant rally was, however, made by Captains Nettelton and Dalgety, when a portion of Colonel Southey's regiment of 2nd Yeomanry came up to the support. Then both took up position and engaged a body of Basutus in a small village, killing forty of the enemy in a sharp conflict. The 3rd Yeomanry then came up, and the Colonials' losses were counted and gathered and removed. Meanwhile Colonel Brabant and Major Grant, with their respective divisions, sustained similar charges, but were able to repel them by skill and steadiness.

The officers mentioned in despatches were Major Cochrane, A.A.G., Captains Nettelton and Dalgety, Colonel Southey, Captain Leach, Surgeon-Major Hartley, P.M.O.; Lieutenant Stevens, in command of forty men, D.E.O.V.R.; and a Corporal, John Maclean, "G" Troop of 1st Yeomanry.

The killed were all interred at Mafeteng, the General drawing the Government's attention to the fact that many of the Basutus were armed with better arms than the Colonial troops, who had only Sniders and no swords; recommending that Martini rifles be issued.

Lerothodi's Village.

On the 22nd October, 1880, General Clarke, leaving Mafeteng guarded by the three regiments of Yeomanry and the Kimberley Horse, with the 1st City, with the remainder of the troops, moved against Lerothodi's village. The C.M.R. and the contingents of Surman and Barkly seized a rocky plateau supported by the D.E.O.V.R. and a seven-pounder with two 5 1/2 mortars. The position occupied by the enemy being too strong and concealed to be easily carried, the enemy holding a gorge of great strength, the Kimberley Horse were sent for to reinforce the division. The C.M.R., the D.E.O.V.R. and P.A.V. Guard, then led by Captain Shervinton, C.M.R., charged across the open and drove the enemy out of the gorge, who fled up the precipitous sides of the mountain. It was then determined to carry the village (the headquarters of Letsie's fighting General) by a frontal attack, which was done in gallant style and with great bravery. Thirty-one dead Basutus being found in one spot.

The officers mentioned in despatches were as follows:—

Colonel Carrington, Captain Shervinton, Captain Whindus, Major Deare, Major Lowe.

Maquaisberg

(So called, but which was a second fight at Lerothodi's village).

General Clarke, in command, left Mafeteng on the 2nd of October, 1880, with an advance portion of the force under Colonel Carrington, comprising

C.M.R.	270
Kimberley Horse	100
D.E.O.V.R.	300
Mafeteng Contingent ...	30
	700

With two guns.

Under Colonel Brabant—

1st C.M.Y.	280
2nd C.M.Y.	100
Kimberley Horse	60
Mafeking Horse	60
	500

Under Major Grant (to hold Lerothodi's village to left flank)—

C.M.R.	100
2nd C.M.Y.	50
1st City Volunteers	70
Mafeteng Contingent ...	30
	250

Total, 1,500 men.

A deep watercourse prevented the division arriving before daylight at the field chosen. Succeeding, however, at last before the Maquaisberg Mountain, thousands of

feet high, which was gallantly carried by a storming party of the C.M.R. against breast-works, supported by a party of the D.E.O.V.R. under Captain Whindus, and some Kimberley Horse under Major Lowe, but the mountain was not held in strength.

Meanwhile Major Grant had been attacked in force at Lerothodi's village, and had been obliged to evacuate, resulting in some of the 1st City being cut off by straggling beyond the position assigned them. The whole division then concentrated and confronted masses of the Basutus in the distance led by the Chiefs Mama, Berend, Sieso, N'Kwebe, Mojela, and Zeko, Letsie's sons; returning to camp at 6-30 p.m., as the Basutus would not then come to closer quarters.

Casualties: Killed 5; wounded 9. Total 14.

Major Grant's report annexed to explain the Lerothodi village fight:—

1. I occupied the village soon after dawn without having to fire a shot.

2.—Before reaching Lerothodi's village, I detached a company of the 1st City Volunteers to crown the kopje stormed by Colonel Carrington's Force, on the 22nd of October, and to occupy and hold the stone kraal on the plateau, between the kopje and Lerothodi's village.

3. Immediately on getting into the village, I requested Captain Sampson, commanding the 1st City Volunteers, to send twenty (20) men about half-way up the hill on the right, to take cover among the loose rocks on the shoulder of the hill, in a position from which the valley to the east and south-east could be watched.

4. I sent Captain Bradshaw with the Mafeteng Contingent to occupy the high kop on the left to watch the mountain range and the open country to the northward.

5. And I sent Captain D'Arcy, V.C., C.M.R., with his troop, to the brow of the ledge on the further side of the

neck on which the village stands, to watch the valley beyond.

6. The remainder of the force I placed in the village itself, with the horses in the stone kraals, sending out vedettes to the right and left, and right rear, the latter to watch the kloof running up towards Maquaisberg.

7. When we first occupied the village very few Basutus were visible. The first we saw were a body of some 150 men in the valley away to our left front, and with these Captain D'Arcy's men soon became engaged, but at rather long range.

8. About 8 a.m. Captain Bradshaw sent to report the advance of two large bodies of Basutus from the northward. I went up to the piquet post, and saw several large parties of the enemy advancing towards us over the open country from the direction of the Kolo, and assembling at the northern end of the short mountain range, on which Lerothodi's village stands, until there were, I think, between two and three thousand men collected there, while other bodies kept moving towards our left rear.

9. At length the large mass of men at the end of the mountain split into two bodies. One came for some distance straight towards us, skirting the mountain range, until they reached a kloof, up which they began to pour towards our left front. The other body disappeared round the end of the range, evidently with the intention of attacking us by way of the valley east of our position.

10. I immediately signalled the main column and Mafeteng garrison, asking for a reinforcement.

11. I had come to the conclusion that the intention of the enemy was to rush our position from the eastward with the large mass of horsemen who had assembled at the north end of the mountain; other bodies at the same time working round to our left rear to cut us off from Mafeteng.

12. Under these circumstances I thought it advisable at once to withdraw the Infantry piquet from the hill on the right, and to replace them by mounted men, and I sent

Captain Parker, with thirty Yeomanry, to relieve them, giving him a written order to the officer, Lieutenant Galpin, to fall back on the village forthwith.

13. Lieutenant Galpin obeyed this order, but does not appear to have sent it on to Captain Sampson, who, without my knowledge, had gone up the hill himself, instead of merely sending twenty men under a subaltern as I had requested, and had, with a few men, taken up a position some 200 yards in advance of the position occupied by the subaltern's party.

14. Hence the disaster to the 1st City Volunteers which shortly occurred.

15. About 9 a.m. Captain Bradshaw's piquet was driven in, and the enemy began to press Captain D'Arcy, V.C., very severely.

16. I sent Captain Bradshaw to reinforce the Infantry piquet in the stone kraal on the plateau, and then went on to Captain D'Arcy, who was warmly engaged, the enemy coming on up the valley in large numbers.

17. I gave Captain D'Arcy orders to hold his ground as long as he could, and sent an order to Captain Parker's piquet on the right to do the same, and to retire slowly on the village if they saw Captain D'Arcy retiring. At this time I had no idea that Captain Sampson, with his small party of the 1st City Volunteers, was still amongst the rocks on the hill-side on our right front.

18. Captains D'Arcy and Parker were soon obliged to retire, which they did slowly and in good order, contesting the ground, although the enemy's attack was so impetuous that one of Captain D'Arcy's men was assagaied in spite of every effort to prevent it.

19. Captain Sampson, seeing the mounted men retiring, began to retire too, but the enemy closed with him, and a hand to hand fight ensued, and although the Volunteers made a determined stand, and fought very bravely, the Basutus killed six of them and wounded Captain Sampson himself, who, however, succeeded in cutting his way through, and joined us at the first kraal with the remain-

der of his men, and these, with Lieutenant Galpin's party, I immediately ordered to join their comrades in the stone kraal on the plateau.

20. It was now evident that it would be impossible to hold the village in the face of the overwhelming numbers attacking us, as it was quite impossible to prevent them from occupying the hills on our right and left, and I resolved to fall back on the kopje in rear of the stone kraal on the plateau, and to hold that until reinforcements came to me.

21. Accordingly, after seeing the Infantry safely away, I sent the Yeomanry down to extend across the plateau and cover the descent of the Cape Mounted Rifles, and this Captain Parker did very efficiently and steadily. We then all retired slowly on the kopje, when I got the horses under cover, and where we kept the enemy at bay until reinforced, about noon, by the 2nd Regiment of Yeomanry, which had been detached to our support from the main column.

Our casualties before we were reinforced were:—

1 man (Corporal Sherrat), C.M.R., killed.
1 man (Private Bartlett), C.M.R., wounded.
1 man (Private Paton), C.M.R., wounded slightly.
4 men 1st City Volunteers killed.
2 men 1st City Volunteers missing.
1 officer 1st City Volunteers (Captain Sampson) wounded.
1 man 1st City Volunteers wounded.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your obedient servant,
J. M. Grant, *Major C.M.R.*

Attack on Maseru on the 10th October, 1880.

One of the most interesting affairs due to the defence being by a force comprising all sorts and conditions of men and so many points of attack and defence. The enemy advanced in great numbers just before dark, and continued the assault next day after harassing the

defenders throughout the night, a perfect blaze of fire sustained, in one instance a house set on fire to illuminate the scene.

The garrison at the Residency consisted of 137 men, namely: —

1 Colonel Schermbrucker in command.

12 Europeans, Messrs. Bell, Paisly, Martins (three), Baquez, Pritchard, Player, Dr. Dumas, Whitnick, Sidney Collier (acting bugler), and Quartermaster Henneford.

30 Basutu Police under Chief George Moshesh.

53 Refugée Basutus under Lewa.

42 Levies under N'Kau.

IRVINE'S STORE (in command Mr. Hobson), Mr. Deary, F. Collier, Book, Kaiser, Mahan, and Marah, with 18 levies.

TROWER'S STORE (Mr. Trower in command), Messrs. Harries, Sidwell, sen., Sidwell, jun., Bromwich, Webber, Clothier, Burrows, Marshall, Whitney, De Clerk, Ferreira, and Gerseand, with 22 levies, etc.

The enemy attacked and persisted, even building stone walls on three kopjes to fire from, in one instance a hand-to-hand encounter taking place over a wall at Trower's Shop. Irvine's Store well held under Mr. Hobson. The enemy finally driven off.

Casualties on Colonial side: Killed 2; wounded 4.

Including Mr. Trower severely wounded through neck, and Mr. Burrows slightly. The attacking force lost a fair number through advancing so close to the defenders.

MASERU.

Maseru was again attacked on the 28th of October, 1880. Suddenly the mounted enemy, two strong divisions, charged to the garrison grazing ground and carried off a

number of cattle and horses through Jackman's Drift into the Free State. While Basutus on foot took up positions in dongas and rocks near Maseru and poured in a heavy fire into the camp. Major C. C. Baillie, C.M.R., Staff-Officer to Colonel Bayly, with the C.M.R. and some Basutu levies under Captain Nettelton and Lieutenant Nelson, with Commissariat-Officers Clothier and Burrows, charged across 70 yards of open ground and dislodged the Basutus from their position, killing twenty-five of the enemy on the contested spot, with a loss to the garrison of three killed and nine wounded.

Plucky old Major Baillie.

Kolo Mountain.

Colonel Carrington in command, on the 10th November, 1880.

With C.M.R.; D.E.O.V.R.; P.A.V. Guard; 2nd and 3rd Yeomanry; three guns.

The 3rd Yeomanry, and the Native contingent skirmishing, and Captain Parker, with the 2nd Yeomanry. Three bodies of Basutus, 5,000 strong, charged mounted right up to the muzzles of the guns (within 20 yards) leaving twelve dead bodies on the spot, and as quickly retired.

Casualties: Killed, Trooper A. Collins, 3rd C.M.Y.; Lieutenant R. Cockin, Trooper A. Knox, Trooper G. Van Zyl, 2nd C.M.Y.; Wounded: J. S., D. Rietmuller, D.E.O.V.R. Knox missing.

Return of Casualties between the 1st and 31st October, 1880.

Rank and Name.	Force in which serving.	Nature of Casualty.	Date of Casualty.	Place of Casualty.
Private G. Cook	C.M.R.	Killed in action	Oct. 4	Mohalie's Hoek.
Trooper J. de Wet	2nd C.M. Yeom.	,, ,, ...	,,	,, ,,
Lieut. Hatton	C.M.R.	Severely wounded ..	,, 4	,, ,,
Private Nightingale	,, ...	,, ,, ...	,, 4	,, ,,
,, Kloke	,, ...	,, ,, ...	,, 4	,, ,,
Trooper J. McNeckie	2nd C.M. Yeom.	,, ,, ...	,, 4	,, ,,
Private Brackengie	C.M.R.	Slightly wounded ..	,, 4	,, ,,
,, Bricker	,, ...	,, ,, ...	,, 4	,, ,,
,, Caarten	,, ...	,, ,, ...	,, 4	,, ,,
,, Shaw	,, ...	,, ,, ...	,, 4	,, ,,
Trooper De Rusch	2nd C.M. Yeom.	,, ,, ...	,, 4	,, ,,
Bugler Hill	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,, 4	,, ,,
Trooper E. Engelbracht	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,, 4	,, ,,
Private F. Quade	R.W., C.M.R. ..	Gun shot wound of finger	,, 4	Diphering.
,, G. Dipson	L.W., C.M.R. ..	Gun shot wound of thumb	,, 4	,,
*a*Chief Const. Chichaba	Basutu Police ..	Gun shot wound through pelvis	,, 14	Mafeteng.
Trooper Wasserfall	1st C.M. Yeom.	Killed in action	,, 19	Kalabani.
,, Pocock	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,, 19	,,
,, Langley	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,, 19	,,
,, Nicolls	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,, 19	,,
,, Wessen	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,, 19	,,

a Since dead.

Bugler Praed	1st C.M. Yeom.	Killed in action	Oct.	19	Kalabani.
Trooper Oelssen	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
Sergt. Petersen	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
Trooper Foggin	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
,, Kerr	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
,, Martin	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
,, Roberts	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
,, McNamara	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
,, Randall	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
Sergt. Major Watson	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
Sergt. South	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
Trooper Bevidge	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
,, Murray	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
,, Bellinge	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
,, Holmes	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
,, Chinnar	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
,, Labye	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
,, Jennings	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
,, C. Maclean	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
,, F. C. Glass	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
,, Hoffmeister	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
,, E. James	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
,, J. Thorssen	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
b ,, Grissold	,, ,,	Dangerously wounded ..	,,	19	,,
b ,, Gravett	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,
b ,, Lewis	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	19	,,

b Since died in hospital.

RETURN OF CASUALTIES BETWEEN THE 1ST AND 31ST OCTOBER, 1880—*continued.*

Rank and Name.	Force in which serving.	Nature of Casualty.	Date of Casualty.	Place of Casualty.
Trooper Hepton	1st C.M. Yeom.	Dangerously wounded ..	Oct. 19	Kalabani.
,, H. Maclean	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,, 19	,,
,, Pitzner	,, ,,	Severely wounded ..	,, 19	,,
,, Ferriera	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,, 19	,,
,, Campbell	,, ,,	Slightly wounded ..	,, 19	,,
c ,, McNamee	,, ,,	Dangerously wounded ..	,, 19	,,
,, Vernon	,, ,,	Killed in action	,, 19	,,
,, Berg	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,, 19	,,
,, McNalty	Kimberley H. ..	,, ,, ...	,, 19	,,
Sergt. Fiveash	C.M.R.	Slightly wounded ..	,, 19	,,
Private Mabree	,, ...	,, ,, ...	,, 19	,,
Lieut. McMullen	,, ...	Severely wounded ..	,, 22	Lerothodi's Kl.
Private J. Wholley	,, ...	Slightly wounded ..	,, 22	,,
,, J. Gaimes	P.A.V. Guard ..	Severely wounded ..	,, 22	,,
,, J. Camp	,, ,, ..	,, ,, ...	,, 22	,,
a ,, C. Smith	,, ,, ..	Dangerously wounded ..	,, 22	,,
,, A. Spirrell	,, ,, ..	Severely wounded ..	,, 22	,,
,, E. Wells	D.E.O.V.R. ..	Slightly wounded ..	,, 22	,,
,, R. Wrankmore	,, ..	,, ,, ...	,, 22	,,
,, T. Takes	,, ..	Severely wounded ..	,, 22	,,
d ,, G. Nippers	,, ..	Dangerously wounded ..	,, 22	,,
,, Phraser	,, ..	Slightly wounded ..	,, 22	,,

a Since died. *c* Died in ambulance. *d* In lung.

Private J. Hurst	C.M.R.	Killed, shot through brain	Oct.	28	Maseru.
Corpl. Eaton	,, ...	Wound in little finger ..	,,	28	,,
Private A. Schnaper	,, ...	Assagai wound in back ..	,,	28	,,
Lieut. Nelson	Basutu Levies ..	Killed, shot through brain	,,	28	,,
Private Baas	Zulu Conting. ..	Wound in upper arm ..	,,	28	,,
e ,, ——	,, ..	Shot in face	,,	28	,,
f ,, ——	,, ..	Killed, shot through head	,,	28	,,
,, Melessani	Basutu Conting.	Flesh wound of thigh ..	,,	28	,,
,, W. Douglas	C.M.R.	Flesh wound	,,	28	,,
Corporal Sherrat	,, ...	Killed in action	,,	31	Lerothodi's Kl.
Private D. Bartlett	,, ...	Severely wounded ..	,,	31	,,
Sergeant Sharkey	,, ...	Slightly wounded ..	,,	31	,,
Private Cloete	,, ...	,, ,, ...	,,	31	,,
Corporal Hawkins	,, ...	Severely wounded ..	,,	31	,,
a Private C. Cole	D.E.O.V.R. ..	Dangerously wounded ..	,,	31	Maquaisberg.
,, H. Kemp	,, ..	Slightly wounded ..	,,	31	,,
Captain and Adjutant Cooper ..	2nd C.M. Yeom.	Severely wounded ..	,,	31	Lerothodi's Kl.
Captain Sampson	1st City Vols. ..	,, ,, ...	,,	31	,,
Corporal Carrell	,, ,,	Killed in action	,,	31	,,
Private A. Webb	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	31	,,
Sergeant Burns	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	31	,,
Private J. Milne	,, ,,	,, ,, ...	,,	31	,,
Col.-Sergt. W. S. Wood	,, ,,	Missing	,,	31	,,
Private Jacques	,, ,,	,, ...	,,	31	,,
,, F. Brooks	,, ,,	Severely wounded ..	,,	31	,,

a Since dead. *e* Loss of right eye; name not given. *f* Name not given.

CHAPTER XXXIIIa.

Basutu Disarmament War, 1880-81.

It will be remembered that ever since we took over the Basutus in 1868 they were under the Cape Government, so that in twelve years they had by prosperity advanced and learnt to value their fire-arms beyond all price. The war was mainly fought out within the Lesutu territory. I had military command of Herschel and Morosi's old district. We had many slight affairs with the border piquets, and in protecting the northern part of the Colony proper from raids.

The Free State became the basis of operations for wise reasons, and the southern border was left to me.

Naturally there was a deal of alarm at Barkly East and Aliwal North which was allayed by the action in my districts. The undeclared feeling of all the tribes but the Fingoes in Herschel was still a cause of uneasiness, and required watchful care. I recommended Allen Maclean for the post of Commandant of Native Levies, and he received the appointment.

In an affair near Morosi's Mountain between my forces and an "impi" of Griqualand East Basutus coming across the Kokstad Range, Magistrate Austin was killed, and the local troops stampeded with several casualties. My chief Civil Clerk, Mr. L. M. Harison, who held a temporary com-

Captain L. M. Harison.

mission as Captain, was slightly wounded in attempting to stem the tide.

There the matter was, General Clarke requesting me to repair to the spot myself and retrieve the reverse if possible. I marched up with sufficient force unmolested and recovered Austin's remains, having them interred at Palmietfontein. On this excursion a curious encounter happened. A Lieutenant in charge of scouts galloped into camp soon after we had bivouacked at Morosi's Mountain, reporting that an "impi" in force was approaching from the Adam Kok Range. Instantly we saddled up and rode to meet the foe, who opened sharp fire upon us at long distance. I noticed the uniform report of the firing, and doubted that it was an enemy's fire, sending Corporals Halifax and Hopkins to reconnoitre, who speedily returned stating that the supposed "impi" was a Griqualand East column *en route*, following the Basutus who had engaged Austin and Maclean. Firing ceased, my men behaving like the ancient Roman soldier for obedience when told not to fire. In the uproar of hurriedly saddling to meet this contingent a Captain of the Levy was missed, his orderly riding about with the saddled charger in search. He was soon after found following up the trail on foot, stating that he had been reclining on a rock near the camp viewing the beauties of Basutuland, and so enamoured that he heard no sound, although anybody would have thought it was the last day by the bugles blowing and the men receiving orders, etc. Then it transpired that the rank and file avoided that officer like holy water, on border piquet, because he was stone deaf!

The new arrivals were Baker's Horse and Willoughby's Horse, with Usher's Bacas (a native regiment). The Bacas

returned, and Commandant Usher was shot by the enemy in some caves later; the two regiments of irregulars joining my command for a time at Palmietfontein.

Commandant R. J. Dick, with 900 Kaffrarian native warriors, arrived as further reinforcement, as it was thought that the Basutu would make a dash to invade the Colony. Dick's Contingent was in fact 1,000 strong, armed with Snider, stabbing assagai, and "bunguza" (kerrie). Their officers were Adjutant Hastings, of the 25th Madras Infantry; Paymaster Warnford; Captain Albert Davies; Beattie; Rayner (the present Major of the C.M. Police); Lieutenant Jones.

These natives of Dick's Contingent were of the tribes that had formerly fought against us, and they had brought their assagais and they seemed a likely lot. But I fancy if the Basutu fell amongst them mounted with their battle axes, as they did the Yeomanry, then the axe would tell!

Unfortunately we lost a valuable officer's life just then, a Captain York, who on piquet duty at Pathala Drift rather more than exposed himself, falling a victim to the enemy's marksmen at the point. Just a life sacrificed—a splendid young English gentleman, fearless and much regretted. We buried him at Palmietfontein, in the little cemetery by the side of Surman and John Austin.

The Orange River was the line between the Basutu "impi"—the main Basutu "impi"—and my forces. At times the river flooded, which was our guard.

On the date when the force under Austin was routed a native—Corporal July—was captured by the enemy and carried into durance. One day, below the Quithing cutting on the opposite bank, a white flag was raised. I went to see what it was, and found it was a message from Corporal

Commandant R. I. Dick, commanding 1,000 Native Warriors armed with snider, stabbing assagai, and "bunguza."

July praying for release. I said, "How?" "By cattle," he replied. Ascertaining that the Basutus would accept ten cows—good ones—I sent them through and received the Corporal in return. So awfully grateful.

My son Godfrey, a little fellow of martial temperament, in whose residence I am writing this, came to Palmietfontein in rainy weather, and in the tent amused himself by marshalling on the floor three armies of sweets—black, white and red—in battle order. As one vanquished the other he ate the prisoners until all were finished. He is now applying for a decoration—a medal—on the grounds that in comparison with so many his claim seems quite strong.

Education requires a boy's mind to be exercised that he may be able to give the retort courteous when required. "Teasing," children call it. In driving to Aliwal North once, Godfrey repeatedly inquired what are those things over there; pointing to some donkeys in the veldt; my reply being that they were his little brothers! He kept silent. On our return journey the donkeys were still there; on which I asked him what they were? "Oh, they are your dear little children."

Snodgrass Shop, in Tembuland.

Fighting in Tembuland. On the 9th of November, 1880, Captain John Landry in command of Trans Tsomo Field Force had an action with some Tembus who raided Fingoland and threatened the camp of Mr. W. Brownlee. Captain Landry had his small force of thirty-four Landry's Light Horse and 180 Fingoes under Captain Blakeway and Lieutenant Pollock. The Tembus charged them as they were in skirmishing order and killed Captain

Blakeway, with a loss to themselves (the Tembus) of ten killed. The country lost a brave officer in Captain Blakeway, who had served with me in the Galeka war.

Tweefontein.

This Basutu war continued until the 17th April, 1881, the fighting brisk up to the last. The Cape Colony Burghers were called out, farmers mostly, to reinforce the troops, and in one action at Tweefontein Trading Station nine of the Burghers were killed in one engagement. A column under Colonel Carrington of 960 men (400 being Burghers) in the locality of Mafeteng were met by a force of 4,000 Basutus who made the usual rushing attack on the flanks of the column, and it was only by the steadiness of the troops, and their efficiency, arrived at after the constant and almost daily encounters in the open field with the dashing Basutus, that they succeeded in holding their ground. In this battle the 1st Yeomanry had so far advanced in drill that they were able to fire their rifles from their horses at close quarters instead of dismounting to do so, which was a great advantage, a surprise to the Basutus who were suddenly checked most effectively in a moment, as they bore down on the regiment that they had handled so severely at Kalabani. Captain Whindus, with the D.E.O.V.R., again charged the enemy and cleared them out of a strong position; the C.M.R., as usual, earning laurels. It was a brave fight and a busy time, the nature of the ground lending favour to strategy and manœuvring for both sides and hills, stone-kraal, dongas, valleys, plain and height. The Basutus lost heavily, scores of them lying dead, while the British suffered a total loss of forty killed and wounded (sixteen killed and twenty-four wounded).

Sergeant John Ross Blaine of the 1st Yeomanry severely wounded, who died from his wounds on the 16th January, 1881. Dr. McRea received the V.C. for his gallantry in attending the wounded, although himself wounded.

Sergeant John Ross Blaine was the son of the late Mr. George Blaine, M.L.A., and brother of the present Member for Cathcart, Cape Colony.

Towards the end of the campaign, an armistice being granted, the Basutu fighting General Lerothodi rode down to the Pathala Drift to interview me. I crossed the river and met him in the company of Commandant Dick and others, where I saw many of my old subjects under arms who had joined the Basutus, smiling and calling me "Inkosi" as usual. Those were men that I had told not to rebel. One in particular I remember asking him which side he would join, his diplomatic reply being, "My bullets are going over there" (pointing to Basutuland). Naturally I thought that he meant to *fire* them over! The courtesies of war not to be forgotten, I offered Lerothodi refreshment from my flask, he taking the whole lot, saying merely "Thank you, thank you, thank you," as he drew a long draught and pocketed the valuable and precious flask.

On the occasion of Her Majesty's birthday we had a grand review. The march past was in perfect order, consisting of all the troops off duty, including the Grahams Town Horse Artillery; quick and slow time, saluting at the post the Commanding Officer, then three cheers for Her Majesty in all the various languages, all from the heart, with only poor pronunciation; then a charge, but that was a bit of a jumble, as I heard a C.M.R. officer say!

It is here that I must refer to the excellent services of John William Parkie, a Barolong native, who accompanied

me all through these two wars as interpreter and orderly, speaking all the native dialects. He and Klas Nkunyasa —two finer natives never served. Brave and reliable, as much so as the gallant Funday!

While still in command I had to introduce Major Marshall Clarke to the post of Magistrate of the Quithing district, *vice* Austin, deceased. The war was then over, and Brigadier-General Clarke came along on his way to the Colony. From Palmietfontein we travelled up the Tella River in flood along a narrow valley, crossing the winding stream many times; in one instance several of the escort were washed off, arriving at an open valley, where an off-saddle was called, all divesting boots, etc., to dry, the native orderlies, cheery and bright, assisting the C.M.R. escort, the General remarking, "Well, there are some days in Africa worth living for!" That is the General who held the post of Quarter-Master-General in England in the late Boer war. I travelled with that distinguished officer to the pass called Moshesh's Pass, where we parted. He sent me complimentary letters for my humble services in that war.

One of these letters, dated King Williamstown, the 18th of April, 1882, in mentioning that he had resigned, and that the Government were getting General Gordon, he refers to the help that I tried to render to him in the war in the following terms:—

> "Among the pleasant recollections of the country will be the cordial assistance I always received from you."

About this time Major Shervinton, C.M.R., passed through, having the most beautiful pair of Leribi ponies (which he allowed me to have for £30), named "Tomtit" and "Tom Thumb." I let the Premier of the Cape Colony,

John William Parkie, Major Hook's Interpreter.

Sir Thomas Scanlan, have one, and the other was stolen by Tambookies at Umtata subsequently. The Leribi is the place in Basutuland where the most excellent ponies were obtained in those days, finely bred from Arab descent—the most dainty and beautiful of all.

Before departure from Herschel I had (in fulfilment of a warning given to the Tambookies that if they rebelled their land would be confiscated) settled Fingoes in that land as well, on the Tella River, bordering Basutuland.

The whole thing was just "post," rise up Jack, and let John sit down.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Basutuland—General Gordon, Mr. Sauer, and Mr. Orpen, 1882-3.

IMMEDIATELY after the conclusion of the war, Sir Thomas Scanlan, the new Premier of the Cape, with Mr. Sauer, the new Minister for Native Affairs, with General C. E. Gordon, arrived in Aliwal North. I was called in to see them.

Basutu Chiefs were there who had fought against us in the war. Evidently they had come to interview the Government on the settlement of their country. These Chiefs were handed into my charge to take charge of them, get them what was required—food, etc. I had advanced them individually as much as the limited amount of cash at my disposal permitted, and admonished the Chief Nehemiah against extravagance! They were closeted about an hour with the ministers, Nehemiah being the first to re-appear with tears in his eyes. Evidently the subject discussed had been national and patriotic, for, with his heart apparently full, he exclaimed, "Oh, my bleeding country; lend me half a crown, Captain!"

Then I accompanied Mr. Sauer to Basutuland with General Gordon. We travelled *viâ* Rouville, Mafeking, and Maseru. We delayed at Maseru a bit to communicate with Masupha, the Chief who refused to renew paying hut tax.

Mr. Orpen was with us—the Government Agent. That gentleman had a fine load of responsibility on his mind in regard to the Basutu rebel *versus* the Basutu loyal, as it is well known that the Chief George Moshesh and party with the Police generally remained steadfast; between these and David Masupha (old Moshesh's son) and Letsie—Lerothodi adherents—there was a hard nut to crack. That experienced, energetic, and conscientious officer, Mr. Orpen, was doing probably what I should have done in similar circumstances, namely, urging the late rebels to, by force of arms, compel the other rebels to submit—Masupha's lot—but I found it difficult to believe that such an armed attempt at suppression would be sincere. The Government representative believed it would be sincere, and he turned out an "impi" under Lerothodi, who lay encamped between Morijah and Thaba Bosigo, which "impi" was maintained at Government expense, discussing the pros and cons of the situation, while Masupha's heart hardened at the idea of compelling "one brother to kill another"—that was the way he put it.

At this juncture our party of Mr. Sauer and General Gordon proceeded to the north of Basutuland, and there met the late Honourable Cecil Rhodes, Abraham Auret, Colonel Griffith, Mr. Baillie, and others.

General Gordon was utterly opposed to Mr. Orpen's policy, and one day invited me aside, proposing that I should accept the appointment and Mr. Orpen retire, and that he (the General) would accept a post as Magistrate with Masupha, under me, saying that he knew that if I concurred the appointment would be offered to me. I emphatically declined, telling the General that, apart from the Orpen side of the question, to be associated with the

General in that way, I would be regarded as a mere cypher —a position that I did not care to hold. Further, I remarked that it was beyond my ambition to be "chief" to a man of the General's reputation. He seemed much chagrined. I felt a very humble person indeed, and could not see how I could agree to the proposal, not that I was nervous of responsibility in any native difficulty, but the Orpen-Gordon feature was the objection.

Consequently, when the Government asked me if I would accept the appointment if it were offered to me, I replied in the negative, and was then sent to act Chief Magistrate of the Transkeian territory in place of Captain Blyth, who succeeded Mr. Orpen as Governor's Agent in Basutuland.

But while we were still in Basutuland, at Maseru, I noticed the General starting to Thaba Bosigo. I said to Mr. Sauer, "Are you letting the General go?" He replied, "Yes, he wants to try, so I let him." At that moment the "impi" under Lerothodi was assembled as I have stated. I had been twice to visit Masupha from Mr. Sauer to persuade him to agree to the hut tax, his reply being, pointing to where the "impi" was, "What are you sending my brother to kill me for?"

In one of these visits I was on foot, walking from the French missionaries' station, where two full-grown ostriches were fenced by a low stone wall along my path. These birds charged me in view of the assembled Chief and numerous attendants, being only formally baulked by that insignificant low stone wall. Their rage and action to get at me, as they dogged my every step within the bounded track, was only equalled by conflicting dignity at low ebb, earnest desire to fly those jibing rebels' scrutiny upon the

incident. However, I arrived with a false smile, and was really complimented for my "pluck," as they stated; so many amusing episodes had occurred by that way, which they called the "guarded way," "Is there no way round?" being my unspoken thought!

We then proceeded to Morijah Mission Station, and Mr. Orpen being impatient, as the "impi" was clamouring for food, and the General seemed to delay, Mr. Sauer requested me to go to Masupha and invite the General to return, as he (Mr. Sauer) heard that the General had yielded on the hut tax point. I had just been to the French missionary (to obtain a horse), who said that the way might not be safe, when Mr. Sauer exclaimed, "Oh, it is all right. I have just heard from the General that he is leaving; you need not go." We understood that the General was returning to Maseru, and we travelled to Maseru to meet him, but when we arrived we discovered that he had gone by the route that we had just departed from.

That is my knowledge of the Gordon-Sauer episode where my name was in it.

I ever found the General eccentric and electrical in his moods. I had his company in my buggy, and listened to his accounts of the Soudan life and his China experience with marvelling. He was then in the position of Commandant-General to our Colonial Forces, and one day at Aliwal handed me a paper to write my views on many leading administrative measures—my refreshment, whisky and soda; for himself, lemonade. I ventured to suggest that I'd take the memoranda to my hotel, which scarcely obtained consent, as he wanted me to answer them at once. However, I did carry them off, and supplied him with

result, which set thinking "that there were some fools in Africa," no doubt; that was my deduction. On another occasion, at Maseru, he said, "Shall I disband the Cape Infantry? Yes or no?" I replied "No." "All right," he said. That ended it.

I felt just sorry for one thing—that the General had not been in command in a Kaffir war. That is where he would have earned marked distinction, if it is possible to add to the fame of the Empire's hero, Chinese Gordon.

The General afterwards admitted that he never meant to follow the wishes of the Cape Government in regard to Masupha, nor did he even weigh his words to suit the Government.

The Hon. J. W. Sauer, Secretary for Native Affairs, asked me if I would accept the post of Governor's Agent in Basutuland if it were offered to me. I replied in the negative, giving reasons which satisfied the Government, and I was then, in February, 1883, sent to act Chief Magistrate of the Transkeian territory in place of Captain Blyth, who succeeded Mr. Orpen as Acting Governor's Agent in Basutuland.

[Copy of Telegrams.]

Cape Town,
19th February, 1883.

Captain Blyth has been appointed A.G.A. in Basutuland. Beg to offer you appointment of A.C.M., Transkei, at salary and emoluments now drawn by Blyth. The appointment is "Acting," as should circumstances necessitate Blyth not being continued in Basutuland, he would return to the Transkei to resume his former duties.

J. W. Sauer,
Secretary for Native Affairs.

Captain Hook,
Herschel.

Cape Town,

20th February, 1883.

Not quite decided who will be appointed to act for you at Herschel. The appointment must, of course, be "Acting," for, as explained yesterday, Blyth's appointment in Basutuland is "Acting," as circumstances may necessitate his return to the Transkei. I hope, of course, that such will not be the case. When can you assume duty in the Transkei?

J. W. SAUER,

Secretary for Native Affairs.

Captain Hook,
Herschel.

[COPY OF ADDRESSES.]

Herschel,

May, 1883.

Captain Hook,
Acting Chief Magistrate,
Transkei.

Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the District of Herschel, beg you to accept a clock and two candelabra as a mark of our appreciation of the services rendered to this District by you as Resident Magistrate.

We beg to subscribe ourselves,

Yours very sincerely,

R. J. THOMAS, J.P.	W. C. ORSMOND.
M. LONGERMANN.	J. START.
G. E. WATERHOUSE.	H. STEVENS.
J. JENKINSON.	J. PEARMAIN.
T. HALSE.	C. E. CLOUGH.
H. BOOTHROYD.	W. SMITH.
J. C. E. RIEGER.	AR. J. T. PATTISSON.
GEO. JONES.	— WILD.
— HALIFAX.	J. M. BODKIN.
JOHN HOSKINS.	WM. PENNELS.
S. W. COX.	W. J. PRETORIUS.

Herschel,

February 24th, 1883.

Captain D. B. Hook.

Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned, inhabitants of Herschel, having heard that you have accepted the appointment of Acting Chief Magistrate of the Transkeian Territories, beg to tender you sincere congratulations on your well-merited promotion, and at the same time to convey to you our regret at the loss we as a community shall sustain by your removal.

Your energy, courage, and firmness gained for yourself our respect and confidence, and saved this district from strife and bloodshed. Happily for Herschel, at the time of the Tambookie rebellion, it possessed a cool and determined ruler, who, by his energy and strong will, prevented a panic which would have been ruinous to this district.

As a Magistrate and private gentleman, you have gained the esteem and friendship of the whole community.

In bidding you farewell, we wish you, Mrs. Hook, and your family every happiness and all prosperity in your future career.

We beg to subscribe ourselves,

Yours very sincerely,

R. J. Thomas, J.P. L. J. Newnham.
Geo. E. Waterhouse. James Pearmain.
Max Longermann. H. M. O. Gore Clough.
Fred W. Halse. W. Rose.

Thirty-four other Europeans and thirty-eight Headmen.

Office of the Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate,

Herschel,

23rd February, 1883.

Captain D. B. Hook.

Sir,—On the eve of your departure from this Division

to take up the position as Chief Magistrate of the Transkei, We, the undersigned, cannot allow this opportunity to pass without wishing you every success in your new field of labour, and although the loss will be very much felt by us, we congratulate you on having received one of the Chief Magistracies in the Colony.

During the time that we have had the pleasure of having you as the Head of this Department, you have always shown us great courtesy and kindness, which are highly appreciated. In bidding you farewell, allow us again to convey our feelings of regret at your departure from here, and express a hope that you and the members of your family may enjoy many years of happiness and prosperity.

We beg to subscribe ourselves,

S. Edward Shawe.	B. Myedi.
J. Meyer.	Assegai M'Bulie.
W. J. Pretorius.	John Bovy (his × mark).
John Wm. Parkie.	Vuso (his × mark).
H. Subke.	W. A. Foot (his × mark).

CHAPTER XXXV.

Acting Chief Magistrate, Transkei, 1883-84.

My administration of the Transkeian territory as Acting Chief Magistrate was only of one and a half year's duration, over a country that I had had so much to do with in former years, now called Fingoland and Galekaland, and governed under separate Cape Colony regulations by Government proclamations.

This was the land that I had helped to drive the Galekas from in 1858, had helped to bring them back to in 1865, took part in expelling them once more in 1877—all under my control—and it became my duty to bring them back to a reduced portion in 1883, having to divide the country between Galekas, Fingoes, and remnants of the Gaikas from Gaikaland, on the west bank of the great Kei River.

By the direction of the Scanlan Government advisors I located a belt of Fingoes along the Bashee River, a line of Galekas next, the famous Gaika, with the Zandilla family, along the lower Kei, and some Izela Fingoes on the Gcua River below Butterworth.

And by direction of the same Government I endeavoured to persuade the old Chief Kreli to re-occupy his kraal, but the many flights he'd undertaken had made his shy. He remained in Bomvanaland, and eventually died there—the greatest of all Chiefs in South Africa.

It also fell to my lot to proceed to the Tsitsa River beyond Umtata River and meet "Chawles," the Chief Magistrate of Griqualand East—Mr. Brownlee—and effect a further settlement of Izela Fingoes there.

A Fingo Militia which had remained under arms ever since the last war with the Galekas had to be disbanded, which was not at all a popular act with the very intelligent Transkeian traders. The Government required, and it had to be done.

Also I discovered that my advent into that close department of the Transkei raised the "green-eyed monster." A stock farming case, where the person was drawing pay from Government and was then suspended from duty in his office—the individual presumed to link his arm in public with the Secretary of Native Affairs under the Sprigg Government without rebuke.

But a firm supporter in my arduous labour, with many others, was that indefatigable official, a true official, Mr. C. G. H. Bell, whose love of sport would always make the outpost hum.

I remember once a visitor arriving to spend the time with a friend, where he moped and pined too sadly, sparkling into life again at the races with Bell at Idutywa (Nxaxa-nxa), where he cheered the company by his fun and humour, Bell's eye just marking time upon him, nothing more.

We dined together, those two excelling, for the pleasure of the company, who retired late, by ones and twos, while they (Bell and the visitor) remained light and full of joyous merriment. I lay on the sofa and slumbered to 3-59 a.m. Awaking, I saw him (the visitor) resting happily in the arms of *Morpheus* on the table, the ever-victorious

Bell interrogating him in sonorous tones as to "whether he knew anything about deep sea soundings!"

I met my old friend Captain Veldman there, and the Hlubi Chiefs, and as well the picturesque Chief Lindenxawa, the brother of Kreli and grandson of Hintsa—a finer looking native never was seen—whose daughter married the Hlubi Chief Jaji of Peddie.

The Transkei is a lovely part, then divided into six districts, viz., Butterworth, T'somo, Idutywa, Namaqua, Kentani and Willowvale, each presided over by a Magistrate with staff, native police and establishment.

Nthlambi was the Residency, a poor position for such an important office, but a very excellent farm. The dwelling was an up-to-date Public Works villa, a commodious dwelling indeed, but there were no streets, squares, or churches in the town, not even a market bell. By observing the Magistracy a long time one person might be seen, if longer another person; but not two at once, so sparse was the population of Nthlambi. It suited a pensive mind—a school inspector writing a report on education, or perhaps a man writing a book!

The country is well wooded and undulating, picturesque, and productive in stock and grain. Its streams and rivulets are the feature in its favour, flowing to the Indian Ocean. Its history full of romance with the early British settlers and the warlike Amaxosa. How changed the country seemed, so quiet and settled, from the former days. The Europeans in trade, etc., an excellent class of men.

Proposed Survey of Fingoland.

It became my duty while I was there to propose to the Transkei natives, by authority of Government, the Scanlan

Administration, a change in their land tenure system, which was done by communicating through the several Magistrates, requesting them to lay the measure before their people—to have their lots surveyed, and, by paying only survey charges, a title (opposed to communal tenure) would be issued; not an ordinary freehold title to enable holders to sell indiscriminately. But the proposal did not meet with that degree of unanimous encouragement which was expected to result from a step so advanced. I think want of clear understanding in regard to the scheme divided the people, and the matter was not pressed. Unfortunately the Magistrates were not unanimously in favour, which seemed a matter of regret. A change of Ministry occurred just about the time, when a great many natives desired that the proposal should be re-opened. Everybody knows what a change of ministry means in regard to doubtful policy.

Transkei Native Council.

The Transkei Native Council was in existence at the time, and was in full operation; the Fingoes paying an annual subscription towards up-keep of roads and bridges in their territory. Each Magistrate collected the rates in his own district, and remitted them to the Chief Magistrate's office, where they were joined in one fund, payments made only on authority of resolutions passed at a general meeting of the chosen representatives of the respective districts held at the Chief Magistrate's office.

Captain Blyth was the originator of this early training of the natives to a degree of local self-government in the native territory, about which there has been so much blowing of trumpets.

I often presided at the meetings, and heard debates and

arguments by Magistrates and councillors where the arena afforded all the equality and liberty of debate. Captain Blyth's memory is entitled to all the credit for being earliest in the field on this prominent question, whatever the Press may misconvey in reference to the "Glen Grey Act."

The Blythwood Training Institution at Namaqua, in Fingoland, is another monument to which the late Captain Blyth is entitled to a large share of credit for its inception, with the credit due to the Church and ministers of that Church who instituted that inestimable blessing to the well-disposed people. It was the custom of the Chief Magistrate to visit the place periodically in support of the Principal and staff. I did visit, and was impressed with the importance of the work, but my period of office did not admit of opportunity to do more than evince the deepest sympathy with the object.

When I state that Captain Blyth was the originator of the early training of the Fingoes to a degree of self-government, I may mention the first instance, when the Fingoes subscribed a large sum of money, at five shillings per head, to make a new road over the Kei, where the bridge now stands at the Kei River; the road was lower down the valley. And about that time also a hut tax commenced to be paid, of five shillings per hut, increased later to a higher sum.

When the Fingoes were first settled in the Transkei, no taxes were paid by them to Government; the Chiefs drew the licenses for their own benefit.

The Fingoes paid a large amount for the building of the Blythwood Seminary, determined to promote education, led by Captain Blyth; and they continue to support that institution freely; as also a Hospital for the Sick, through

the General Council, which grew out of these early steps.

I believe that it is the intention of these Fingo tribes to, at an early date if possible, celebrate their deliverance from bondage and their settlement under British rule, to evince their gratitude and thanksgiving to the Crown of England for all the benefits they have enjoyed and happiness since rescued from barbarism. If they do carry out this laudable intention with success, a public holiday should be granted for them, and they should be encouraged to mark the commemoration after their own idea. It is seventy-two years since the first relief by the British Government in an official way. Veltman's band, in uniform, should then lead the van. But that band couldn't be everywhere, as the tribes are spread over such a vast area now—the most remarkable increase of coloured races in South Africa.

On 20th September, 1883, the Secretary for Native Affairs wrote to me:—

> "I am very pleased with the manner in which you manage your District (Transkei), and will not fail to acquaint my colleagues of the opinion of the Native Affairs Department as to the way in which you discharge your duties."

On the 23rd of April, 1884, my commission as Acting Chief was renewed for a further period of six months while Captain Blyth went on leave of absence. I attach the letter to show the date at which the Imperial Government superseded the Colonial Government in Basutuland:—

> Office of the Secretary for Native Affairs,
> Cape Town,
> *23rd April, 1884.*
>
> No. a/57.
>
> Sir,—Adverting to a Colonial Office letter No. 7/324, of the 1st March, 1883, appointing you Acting Chief Magistrate of the Transkei during Captain Blyth's tenure

of office as Acting Governor's Agent, Basutuland, I am directed to inform you that Captain Blyth has been granted six months' leave of absence, and by Colonial Office letter No. 2/892, of the 18th instant, you are appointed to act as Chief Magistrate during that period.

I have, etc.,

(Signed) J. Rose Innes,
Under Secretary for Native Affairs.

To Captain D. B. Hook,
Acting Chief Magistrate, Transkei.

The power and jurisdiction of the post I held were not defined in full. All cases at the Magistrates' Courts in crimes and offences, where a punishment of not less than a month was imposed, were reviewed by me. Power of life and death rested in a combined court of two Magistrates and myself. In civil jurisdiction there was no limit as far as I could see. Law agents—approved practitioners—were allowed in courts (contrary to the rule in Basutuland).

Retrenchment was the order—treading on corns as lightly as I could, learning, bracing to the wind, "there all the honour lies."

My poor wife and son Paget died at Nthlambi. Paget Gordon Blair died 14th July, 1884, aged five years; Elizabeth Emma, *née* Hoole, died 15th July, 1884, aged 41, and were buried in one grave at Butterworth. The Cape Field Artillery (viz., the C.M.R., under Captain Hayman) conveyed the remains on their gun carriage in token, and reminding me that my early days were touch-by cannon. A sorrow great was mine.

The burden of care was great at that moment. The new Secretary for Native Affairs "knew not Joseph!" And it was hard to administer as *locum tenens* in the case of Captain Blyth, the most popular and famous for "firmness," and who was considered the ablest administrator in the native territory. Captain Blyth was a great Englishman.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Resumption of Duty by Captain Blyth, Transkei, 1884.

According to native custom the transfer of authority from one Chief to another should be eye-witnessed. A grievance is established where this form is not observed. Predecessor and successor alike should meet his people to announce the fact. Captain Blyth and I both were aware of this, and a meeting was convened of the heads of the clans and tribes to be present at Captain Blyth's return. I remember an instance in Griqualand East where an officer departed without the necessary formality being observed, and his successor even fell in for much of the obloquy at his own personal introduction by being asked "What has the other done?" What lent the meeting more importance the Hon. the Secretary of Natives was there in person as well; then Mr. Jacob de Wet (since Sir Jacob de Wet).

It is so long ago, 1884, and now on the revision of this little autobiography it is 1907 (twenty-three years ago) that it seems late to refer to the proceedings. But I must relate how Captain Blyth was welcomed by the public, and what was the order of the day.

I will first quote what the reporter of the "Kaffrarian Watchman" sent to his paper.

Butterworth, *September 12th, 1884.*

At 1-30 p.m., Captain Blyth arrived with an escort of fully 200 mounted natives, with many Europeans, traps, spiders, etc. He was met at the entrance to the town by Veltman's band and a very large gathering of people. The procession—for such it resolved itself into—halted in front of Corbett's Hotel, and Captain Blyth alighted from his trap, whilst the band played the National Anthem, and three ringing cheers were given. Then ensued a general shaking of hands, which must have tired the jovial old Chief.

At 2-30 p.m., the Court was again filled, and addresses of welcome were presented.

Headman Veltman, in a very good speech, said it was a good day for the Fingoes. They had the Government there, and their father (Blyth) had returned. He said he spoke on behalf of all the Fingoes. He had been selected spokesman, and he wished to thank Captain Hook—who had acted during Captain Blyth's absence—for his services, and spoke in very high terms of his administration of affairs. The Fingoes wished him every prosperity wherever he went. The Fingoes welcomed the Government with joy, and were glad that the Secretary for Native Affairs had come to see them that day. There were several matters which he wished to lay before the Government: First, with regard to headmen having the power to settle small cases. He said that they were headmen, but had not any power. He trusted the Government would allow them to go back to the old days when a headman was a Chief, and had power to exercise the functions appertaining to that position. Second, in *re* the payment of headmen, Veltman stated that there were many headmen in Fingoland, who were good and loyal servants

of the Government, who carried on satisfactorily all the duties entrusted to them, and yet they did not receive any payment. They had been deprived of the privileges they previously enjoyed when they received the amount of license paid by traders, and yet Government had not made them any return. This was a grievance they hoped Government would take up.

Then Veltman requested that the quarterly meetings held in the Chief Magistrate's office be continued, and that permission be given to all natives to bring forward and discuss all matters affecting their interests. Fourth, that some time ago Government offered Fingoes the privilege of having their lots surveyed; that many were in favour of having this done, and others were not. Hoped Government would again press the matter, and allow those who were in favour of the scheme to have properties surveyed and title deeds issued. Fifth, there was the important question that in past times the Government supported the schools, and education was making rapid strides; but now they seemed to be going backward. Many schools were closed on account of the Government grant being withdrawn. The people, too, did not support the schools properly. Many headmen tried to make their people send their children to school, and, failing, went to the Magistrate and complained to him. They were told by that official that he had no power to compel a man to send his children to school. The people took advantage of this, and defied the headmen. This was very sad, and it was found impossible to keep up the attendance, and schools were closed in consequence. The Fingoes did not wish to sit still at the foot of a mountain, and see everyone else climbing up and going over the top—they wished to climb also and go over. He hoped Government

would give the headman some power to compel every man in his location to send his children to school.

Veltman's remarks were endorsed by John Mazamisa and Nikatshane.

Captain Blyth, who was received with salutations, said he would not keep the meeting long. He proceeded to review briefly the past administration of affairs, and said that it had always been the aim of himself and all officials under him to work in harmony with the Fingoes, and to promote confidence on both sides. He approved of headmen settling petty cases, and said that it had worked well in old times, and they had made rapid strides in those old times. They had subscribed £4,500 towards building the institute; had opened the Kei Road, besides other good works. Good men predominated and kept down the bad, and if this was the case, he should be glad to see the old system brought into force again. He promised his aid and support in furthering their wishes in the matter of title deeds, quarterly meetings and schools, and said that all his energies would be devoted to the promotion of Christianity and civilization. He said he was glad to come back again to his old home. He had lived fifteen years with them now, and had watched their every struggle, and it was a pleasure to him to be once more among them. He thanked them for the very kind way in which they had welcomed him, and was very pleased to hear the way they spoke of Captain Hook's services. He knew what difficulties all Chief Magistrates had to contend with, and was glad Captain Hook was appreciated.

The meeting then closed with cheers for the Queen, Secretary for Native Affairs, Captain Blyth and Captain Hook.

"Cape Mercury," 2nd October, 1884.

Captain Blyth having returned to the Transkei, Captain

To Captain Hook. A.C.M. Transkei

Sir,

We, the undersigned, representing the Traders' Association and the Inhabitants of the Transkei, take this opportunity of bidding you farewell on the termination of your appointment here.

During the eighteen months which you have spent with us, there have been few who have not felt and appreciated your kindness and urbanity, and we feel sure that many will look back with pleasure upon your brief tenure of office here, and will always be pleased to hear of your happiness and prosperity.

We accord you our sincere sympathy in the domestic afflictions you have suffered in the Transkei, and we trust that when these sad recollections bring your memory back to the days you have spent among us, other and happier thoughts will lighten your grief, and enable you to look back upon your stay here with feelings tempered by the knowledge that you have behind you so many friends.

We are, Sir, With all good wishes,
Your faithful servants,

Butterworth.
September 12th 1884

Thomas Allen
J. Cockett
J. A. Williams
[illegible]
[illegible] Matz
[illegible]
[illegible] Dennison
[illegible]
A. E. Smith
E. Hamm
[illegible]
[illegible]
Chas. Boiler
E. Corbett
[illegible]
J. Brooks
Benj. Ware
W. Nelson
A. McGill
H. Venske

Chas. Cousins.
" John Lamsden
" William Fennell
" Wm. Stoyle
" H. Kumm
" J. W. Daly
" A. E. Smith
" J. Ryder
E. L. Cockes
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
W. G. Lockhart
John J. Chambers
[illegible]
J. Hodgett
C. H. Metcalf

Hook of necessity retires from the position and office of Acting Chief Magistrate of that territory. His residence there will of necessity be associated in his mind with bitter memories of irreparable loss—but it must be gratifying to have it made clear that his personal afflictions evoke wide-spread sympathy. Of his personal services, the general testimony is that he has ably filled a most difficult position in a trying period of history. Captain Hook retires with the best wishes of the community, and we hope the Government will be able to avail itself of his services in some other part of the territory.

"KAFFRARIAN WATCHMAN," October 1st, 1884.

Captain D. B. Hook having been relieved by Captain Blyth, who has returned to resume the duties of Chief Magistrate of Transkei, and to whom we desire to offer a very hearty welcome, the following Address was presented to the retiring Acting Chief Magistrate before leaving for the Colony, and we gladly give publicity to it, showing with what satisfaction to those chiefly concerned Captain Hook has discharged the responsible duties he was called upon to undertake:

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Tsolo Magistracy, Griqualand East, 1884-86. Liquor Traffic with Natives.

A PLACE called Tsolo, in Griqualand East, on the 25th September, 1884, found me next, to rusticate in verdure wild, and regenerate a Chief Umditywa, who would return from "Stellenbosch"—a famous Chief deported in the war.

I assumed that post, and noticed that there was no "lock-up," but just a hut to hold the desperate savages, the guards at night extending privileges to enable them to enjoy their peaceful slumbers, one savage complaining that the guards would not let him "come home to the tronk!"

I prosecuted the "Rhebok" on the hills, tramped, and read the Irish Home Rule question which was then occupying the minds of British Statesmen under the Gladstone administration, until mine eyes felt, well, like the veritable "two burnt holes in a blanket!" (apologising for the un-classical expression). The main solace being the astronomy of sun, moon and stars; with physical geography of doldrums and dumps! during two long years of lonely hours.

The kindness of my clerk, Mr. J. P. Cumming, a kind, sympathetic fellow, helped me to weather the strain of wounds received in the Transkei Magistracy (not from "frontal attack," but from "rear-flank!") the details of too "diplomatic" a character to be easily described.

I did my best in fulfilment of the obligations of duty; as testified by an intelligent correspondent to the "Cape Mercury," and which was copied into the "Cape Times," as follows:—

"CAPE MERCURY," October 21st, 1884.

CAPTAIN HOOK.

[*From a Correspondent.*]

For eighteen months Captain Hook has acted as Chief Magistrate of the Transkei, and from the day he came till he finally left us there has been no ill-will shown against him, and there has been no appeal to higher courts from his decisions. This of itself says a great deal for his administration. When a man holds office in an important province, even if the office be almost a sinecure, as it undoubtedly is, for a considerable period, and when that province is found to enjoy profound peace and moderate prosperity during that time, there is ample evidence that his rule was wise and just.

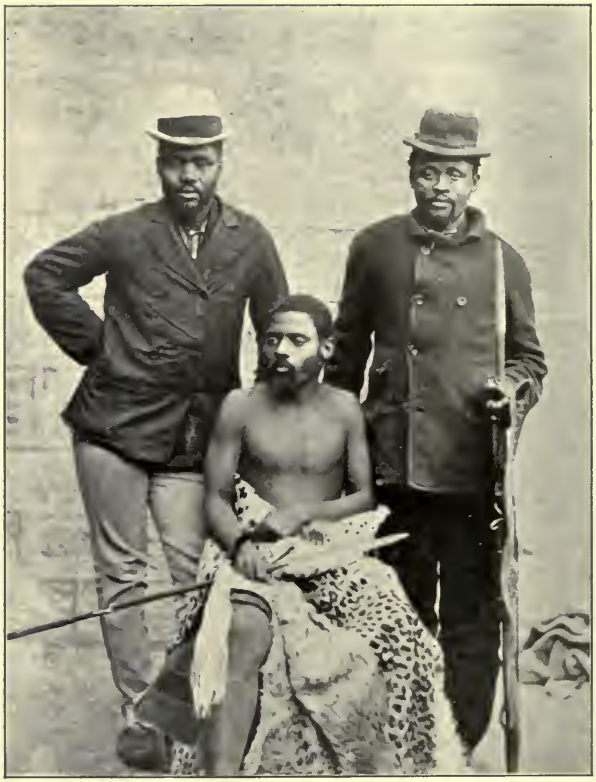
This has been the case in the Transkei during the past year and a half. One might go from the one end of the territory to the other without hearing a grumble. True, the period in question was not illuminated by that lurid light which comes of erratic and violent measures, when these are directed by such men as have once and again brought the country to the verge of war. We have had none of those disturbances which "would have ended in rebellion were it not for the prompt measures adopted by that popular officer ——." We have had no Chiefs sending half-begging, half-treasonable petitions to the Secretary for Native Affairs. In one word, we have had no "big thing," but we have enjoyed peace and a sense of profound rest. There has been no feeling as if one sat on a safety valve with the boiler in momentary danger of bursting; and this has been due beyond question to the just and humane rule of Captain Hook.

The fame of such men is seldom heard. They do their work successfully, and have little to say about it, and men

take it as a matter of course. There is a feeling that vast interests are safe in their hands, and men do not concern themselves either to praise or censure them; while on the other hand those whose actions are known to be erratic and uncertain are by turns lauded or abused.

The simple Address presented to our late Chief Magistrate expressed the universal feeling regarding him. A just judge, a kindly neighbour, a sincere friend, and, if occasion needed, a generous foe. He left us with the good will of an entire community, if I except one or two officials who were notoriously remiss in certain of their public duties. To them such a man as Captain Hook, doing his own work with scrupulous care and insisting on a measure of diligence and official correctness in others, was obnoxious in the highest degree. If he objected to manifestly unjust sentences on the one hand, and to prisoners being employed for private purposes on the other, he was no less the gentleman on that account. Nor was he less the friend of native progress and general business prosperity in the district. The highest credentials a public man can obtain is the good will of those under him, and a sense of loss when the connection between him and them is finally severed. This Captain Hook has; he is not the man to wish for more.

The Chief Umditywa arriving from Stellenbosch with a promise of a farm in his own country!—a "grant" from Government—he resented such a gift where he'd reigned supreme. As machine I called him to the spot. I said, "Chief, you see that spits-kop on the rand, you see?" He turned his eyes in the opposite direction and said, "I see." I continued, "Well, down that rand to the spruit, are you looking?" He turned his back and said, "I am!" He wouldn't look at anything, and that's the way he received a farm in his own territory. As machine I had taken care to include his kraal in the farm. An expert might have thought it smarter to have adopted the other plan.



The Chief Matanzima, cousin of Amakeya, who went to war because his father, Zandilla, told him to do so.

"Grahams Town Journal," 9th February, 1885.

"Tsolo Magistracy.—This magistracy is under the supervision of Captain D. B. Hook, an officer who has won the respect of all in the Transkei by his firm yet judicious management of the natives. He lately occupied a very important position as Chief Magistrate of the Transkei, and on his departure, we may remind our readers received an Address showing the regard he was held in by both Europeans and natives. We learn from a correspondent that he is managing affairs with success at Tsolo. The Pondomise Chief, Umditywa, has just returned from Cape Town, and was very much surprised to find that he is no longer Chief, etc."

Poor Umditywa was a Chief—he is the one that in early days we took the beautiful charger to as a present in 1861 from a Governor. He lived a Chief—excepting while at Robin Island—and died soon after the present of the farm, being buried native fashion—in a sitting position in a cavity at the bottom of the grave. He led a troubled life during his latter days through wars. He was born a Chief, died a Chief, and even the traders reported well of the Pondomise Chief Umditywa.

The dignity of Umditywa reminded of another Chief of the Gaika tribe, Matanzima, son of the Gaika Chief Zandilla, who went to war "because his father told him to do so" in 1878 (noble Chief) and was sentenced to fourteen years H.L.

I could even then have captured the other important Pondomise Chief, Umhlonhla, who occasionally visited secretly his district from Basutuland, where he had taken refuge since Hope's murder, but the new Ministry did not approve. But later, years later, in 1903, the arrest was allowed by the Administration under the same Premier who had disapproved in 1885.

It was there that a native dispenser of remedies exhibited a store of bulbs and roots with bark as cure for ills that flesh is heir to—this was cure for headache, that for snake bite, the other for gastric, and so forth. Having a fevered brow, I asked for treatment, quickly given in form of powdered bark. I snuffed—and even now I sneeze on thought of it—then while the rapid action ceased in showers of spray, the fever yielding to exhaustion, I faintly asked the price. £25! The District Surgeon would have given it—but I? No, never! Yet a cattle kraal was filled by that modest store in Basutuland. I saw the stock—worth £350.

The present Bishop (Gibson)—then missionary at Tsolo—was a walker, worker, missionary indeed. We'd planned a tour, which time would not permit us to carry out. We walked to Umcata. Afterwards, when the rev. gentleman was coming, I found some urgent labour.

A novel case of trespass one day occurred. A German saw a shop till. My chief constable passed him o'er the boundary. An attorney from Umtata challenged us, and summoned me for £20 damages to his client. A magistrate arrived to adjudicate in my own court. I didn't mind. Tsolo life was dull. A native law agent accepted my retainer, and with a barrow full of law books—bigger than my adversaries—behind a hill of volumes, the plaintiff was non-suited. The books did it, and the just and able gentleman, Mr. W. T. Brownlee, who tried the case.

My children would call at times from school. Blanche rode the pony almost to death and fell an awful cropper in the grass, while Godfrey pined for rougher game. "Father," he said one day, "do you play football?" "Well, a little." We strolled along to the veldt. "Stand there," he said. I

did, and saw a look of buffalo in his glance, as he tucked the ball under his arm. I said, cautiously, "What next?" "I'll run you through!" he said. "I'm hanged if you do!" I said, as I heard a sporting term expressed that rhymes with "buffer."

There is much beauty in the hills on the Buffalo River, with bush and cliffs, high mountains and ravines, where the only known bushmen in Kaffirland dwelt in the "krantz," living in their early primitive condition, practising as rain-makers to the tribes, revered and wooed as prophets. In a sauntering mood I met them on the height, and caused amazement by the beard I wore—mistaken for a Boer. They were a scrap of pigmy life, pure and simple rock men by their flinty form and manner—jabber, laugh, and capers.

"The bushman sleeps within his blackened den,
In the lone wilderness. Around him lie
His wife and little ones unfearingly—
For they are far from 'Christian Men.'
But he shall (sleep) no more! His secret lair,
Surrounded, echoes to the thundering gun.
And the wild shriek of anguish and despair!
He dies—yet ere life's ebbing sands are run,
Leaves to his sons a curse, should they be friends
With the proud 'Christian Man'—for they are fiends!"

—*Pringle.*

I told them that I had been Magistrate of Bushmanland, and that their race on the N.W. border was fatter than they were, because there were many springboks! and they were amused. These little manikins could speak the Kaffir language. The woman—little sharp-eyed *imps*—screamed with amusement at the beard!

Liquor Traffic with Natives.

During the Cape Colony Parliamentary Session of 1886 the Government contemplated legislation on the important question of liquor traffic among the natives, and issued a circular to the Magistrates requesting them to express their views on the subject. I hate that humbug and hypocrisy ("perjury") of which there is so much extant on the liquor question, and, not caring to see eye to eye with the others who hold stereotyped views, I wrote an independent report (as if I had succeeded in my late candidature for Parliamentary honours!), which views were taken over by the Press and given prominence under a heading "Civilisation and its Responsibilities," and designated a "thoughtful letter." The Hon. J. H. Hofmeyer in his speech in the House also referred in a complimentary manner to the report, and I include it here for what it may be worth to readers, as temporal politics and authority governs the State, and not spiritual politics. The Missionary desire for total prohibition I respect with all my heart, because it is genuine, and it is part of his Christian calling to promote temperance according to the law of his profession. But Christianity does not rule *commerce and trade;* nor *diet!* Temporal holds the flesh, not the spirit, and it is the flesh that deals with the juicy grape!

I did hear of a Missionary living in the country who sent to the nearest hotel for wine for Holy Communion, and as the hotel keeper had run out of wine he sent whisky, with a suggestion to dilute it. Later the same Missionary required more sacramental detail, and he sent to the same hotel which on the occasion was able to fulfil the order of "wine," which was promptly returned with a message that wine the same as the last was to be sent!

Each generation should reduce the importance of the liquor question. It is twenty odd years since the public mind was so much stirred. As individuals decide for themselves, so the body politic will decide this momentous question. Report as follows:—

"THE KAFFRARIAN WATCHMAN," Friday, June 4th, 1886.

(Also appeared in the "Cape Times.")

CIVILISATION AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES.

The following thoughtful letter is taken from the correspondence between the Government and Magistrates in the Transkei on the Liquor Proclamation, about which there was so much excitement in the latter part of last year:—

Office of the Resident Magistrate of Tsolo,
11th January, 1886.

The Chief Magistrate of Griqualand East.

Sir,—In reply to your circular of the 5th instant, marked urgent, drawing my attention to the provisions of Proclamation No. 154 of 1885, and to the recent amendment of the same, relative to the sale of liquor to natives in the territory, requesting my opinion as to whether the proclamation as now amended will meet the question as far as the natives are concerned, I have the honour to state in reply that the subject seems so important, owing to the interest shown by the public in the matter and the probable strong political views held, that it appears to me that any Magistrate should be careful what opinion he expresses, and from choice I, for one, would prefer to give no opinion which was why I abstained from reference to the matter in my Blue-book report in the past year. As it seems, however, a duty expected of me now to give an opinion, although I consider it a delicate political question, I will essay to give one.

The popular respectable moral side of the question has already been published in the public newspapers, and it might be fair to imagine the other side to arrive at a fair conclusion. The popular side is very strong, and it is a great risk to venture to oppose it.

Admitted that sale of liquor to natives is full of evil, is it so clear that said evil would be less than what might follow from keeping the native mind ignorant of the trials inevitably mixed with civilisation? Is artificial civilisation good, or should it be genuine and thorough, such as the great nations have passed through? Is it wise to attempt to regulate what natives are to swallow by legislation? Is not our best appeal to them to say, do what we do, for the wisdom in the precept as well as the seeming impracticability in enforcement of restrictive measures when the will of the people has not been enlisted against drink? Hypocrisy exists not only among higher races. It is respectable to declaim in public in presence of Government officials and missionaries against drink, whilst not convenient to express a taste for it. Has the true feeling of the mass been arrived at? Who goes to greater pains to brew his pot of beer than the native, loving his intoxicant or tonic, whichever it can be called, and longing for the white man's drink, the restricted, the mysterious drink?

If the restriction were removed, would the longing be so great? A native desires equality, and wonders why the white man swallows so much nice stuff, refusing it to his neighbour, or holding it back with the right hand temptingly whilst giving it with reserve with the left. Smuggling is plied with all the ingenuity and device of clever minds and love of adventure. The soldiers at Fort Fordyce in the wars would march at night through the enemy's lines to Fort Beaufort to obtain the coveted juice, and be back to roll call in the morning. In the district of Herschel liquor is not allowed to be sold, whilst canteens exist all along the border in the Free State and adjoining district. What has the native left of his old amusement, sport (hunting), bullock racing, &c.? The Pass Act fetters him, his beer drink is stopped—where is play for his energy in a life of comparative idleness at kraals?

Should it be in plotting to obtain the bottle or his neighbour's stock—the mysterious bottle, against the introduction of which there is no native opinion, but full tacit understanding to wink at and applaud all liquor ventures and successes, and encourage drinking. Would it be different if restriction were removed, and class legislation set aside in the matter? Could the energies of the native mind not be directed to assist to suppress the so-called wicked traffic? Equality it might be deemed would be appreciated, and natives have minds—who can deny it? Are natives naturally spendthrifts, or do they not know that money spent on liquor is waste comparatively? With adventure no longer an element in the liquor case, would the attraction be so great, would not the game be considered low and not good enough? Might not that be the season for missionaries and others to initiate temperance and total abstinence movements to exercise the minds of the elders and well disposed and draw in recruits with power to regulate liquor shops and keep down illicit traffic? Are natives to be civilised by legislation? Is it not better for them to embrace the ordeal at once and develop a strength of character while some of the wisdom of the ancient character is left and enthusiasm of the newly civilised is strong to practice a decided "nay" in person to liquor, than for the negative to be expected from the future mixed crowd of civilised and semi-civilised constrained to take a practical part in this important matter? The Hottentots have declined, but is it all due to liquor or want of vitality of race? The Bushmen have also disappeared, but what had liquor to do with that?

The intemperance of the Gaikas was prominent, but was not their decline due in some measure to the fortune of policy and war and semi-despair? How about Fingoes who for years had access to liquor in the colony? Did they not increase and multiply so that the Government had to provide for them in the Transkei and elsewhere? Have the tribes not increased wherever they are, whether liquor be sold or not, and have the Fingoes up to the present

not shown great vitality to bear the inroad of civilisation, and are they not good business people, having spent little in liquor and not likely to spend much?

Quantities of the intoxicating juice are prepared annually from vineyards and orchards, an approved industry. Is it fair to the inhabitants of one side of a boundary to tempt them greatly by cheap and abundant drink, whilst the other side is held as a great preserve or select nursery, no "survival of the fittest" principle to apply, but the unfit to be treasured and nursed equally by a paternal Government until swarms of unfit allow few of the worthy to emerge as examples to follow? Are all to be masters, or all to be servants, and no vineyards or orchards to grow? The value of liquor as medicine is known to the native to a large extent. Should natives have no festive gatherings; should it be all work and dulness, no glass of refreshing wine in the home of a respectable man, or social cup on meeting or for a tired traveller? Should all natives be considered children or fools in the matter of drink, because of certain hangers-on seen at canteens in public places, while little of the real home life of a native comes to public notice? The Basutus have not shown much weak-headedness, although much has been put down to drink to cover. The Pondos regulate their own affairs, and they have not fallen victims to intemperance yet, although they have canteens. Are natives not steadier now in rushing at the objectionable of civilisation to what they were years ago in the drinking days of the Gaikas, Hlamibes, and Hottentots, having had their eyes opened and learnt many lessons?

Viewing this other side of the question, it might be hard to form an opinion, but as the feeling is so strong against liquor to natives, and the natives have not asked for it to be sold to them, it would be wise to leave well alone.

I have looked through the proclamation to see if there exists anything to disturb the present quiet in liquor matters. I fail to see such. Licenses for accommodation houses can only be issued on authority of the Chief Magi-

strate, and too many are not likely to be issued. The Magistrates have the power to prevent too great a supply entering the districts. The only difficulty is in the word "Chief." Are headmen Chiefs (section 5, what constitutes a Chief?), or does it mean independent Chiefs? The permit (sec. 5) business would become a nuisance to officers granting them, as the Magistrate issuing one might have the receiver before him next morning on some charge. Up to the present, I have had but one application for a permit, and that was by the Chief Umditywa, which I refused, as I have never been in favour of permits, having found them a nuisance, and in the F.A.M. Police and C.M.R. that men who had full liberty without permits drank less than others who obtained by permit, so that the permit system in some districts will do very little harm, especially where few J.P.'s and no Field Cornets exist.

Trusting this report is not too lengthy or away from the subject,

I have, etc.,

(Signed) D. B. Hook, R.M.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

UMZIMKULU MAGISTRACY, 1886.

ROM Tsolo I passed on to Umzimkulu, in September, 1886, on the Natal border, to a more eastern field of labour, travelling over ground that I had seen before, in 1861, when we passed through to "Noman's Land" before it was called East Griqualand.

Since the Chief Umditywa had died, his son had been taken in hand by the then Tsolo Church of England Missionary, the present Right Rev. Bishop Gibson, of Cape Town, and was being led into the right way. I was pleased at this through my inner admiration for the late Chief's character.

But the calm of Tsolo—

> "Tyranny!—Yet crowds of votaries kneeling around
> Were worshipping him with a whispering sound;
> And, ever and anon, his priests on high
> Hymned forth his praises to the sky."
>
> —*Pringle.*

With this sentiment is mixed an experience at the Magistracy of Maclear, when for a moment there seemed a prospect that good smoking could be obtained in that village. A heavy thunderstorm; when a Scotchman of goodly proportion, the same who had so miraculously escaped the Baputi bullets at Morosi's stronghold—by taking shelter for part of his physique—and I, were competing for a goal, the village, which the storm won by a

length; when, as I emerged from mine inn in a change of suit, there was what seemed a cigar-divan down the street by the sign—a gigantic Highlander in full costume as a statue at the door. Thinking that it was the true sign, I directed my steps towards it, when it moved; showing that my travelling companion had also changed; into a costly costume that was valued at £69! Did ever a Highland costume cost that amount of money? And should a Highlander raise false expectations?

In travelling along the line of route we had taken in former years when the boundary dispute between Natal and the Cape connected with the advent of the Griquas into "Noman's Land" was dealt with by our parties, some far-back reminiscences were recalled to mind, the wagon-track in Kaffirland, and the "drifts" (fords) on the Tsitsa, Tena, and Umzimvubu Rivers, as they were designated, where pick-axe and spade were much in requisition ere we could pass. And the rudimentary trader, the pioneer roughing it 'midst aborigines, hearty genial fellows, who came to our tents, swapped views, and did us little courtesies. The chronic internecine disturbances a source of great anxiety to those who would fain settle in home-like fashion. All and every one of the tribes appeared to be at war with each other—the single way of settling disputes between them; that, the traders informed us, was the chronic condition among the Pondos (east and west), Tembus, Xesibis, and the Pondomise of Umditywa, and of Umhlonhla. One trader in particular, a sensible fellow, anticipated a further lighting of the war-flame when the Griquas arrived, with the Basutus who were expected to have a share of the vacant land south of the Drakensberg, where Bacas, Hlangweni, and other clans were settling.

On the whole a trader's life seemed a bit of a "home on the rolling deep!" And I felt pleased that I wasn't selling "tontle-doshes!" (tinder-boxes).

Now I found that most of those names were departed, excepting "Brooks Nek," named after one of the old traders whom I knew.

Looking back Tsolo did seem insignificant. I ventured to state to the Chief Magistrate of that territory that a small boy and Union Jack could rule that district, for so it was.

As I passed through Kokstad I saw the mountain where a young Natalite named Buchanan shot a zebra with a pea-rifle when we were hunting.

In that same village I was warned to ingratiate myself with the ex-Griqua Magistrate, who had also been a Justice under British rule, and who was also a native Chief in fact. I found that ex-Justice and Chief a charming Scotchman, full of fun and devilry. He could a tale unfold of border history if taken at the tide. He was a Chief in right by native installation, and could speak the languages. Since then he has become a legislator in the Upper House of the Cape Parliament. A curious thing that for that seat I had also been invited by a different party.

Umzimkulu had an Inland Custom House and a Bishop's manor house, besides a great Trappist institution, the silent sign. Farms a few, forests fine, and Zulu tribes so varied. The possessions of one man alone, "Jim Cole," quite a principality; milking sixty cows; thoroughbred horses, imported, mixed with Kaffir stock; miles and miles of farms along a shining river, etc.

Natal was at the river by the bridge. Who could long for fairer scene than picturesque Natal, its groves, plan-

Governor Sir H. B. Loch on tour at Ibesi, in Griqualand East, 1901.

tations, cities, towns, and ways. "Little Natal is a name to win esteem; "little," but so great in "pluck." Its schools and colleges are an institution. There in Maritzburg I saw a tree which had been planted by one of those brave burghers of early days—one *Marits*—whose name is borne by the city. The tree is opposite the Standard Bank.

His Excellency the Governor, Sir Henry Locke, on a visit to the tribes, invited them to meet him in amaze at Pondoland. They came from far and near to see him, handsome gentleman that he was. My daughter, Beatrice, and I stood aloof from the "madding crowd," obtaining all the honours—mistaken for the Queen's high representative and wife. Not until "Byat," "Byat," "Byat!" shook the breeze did we remove.

His Excellency travelled *via* Umzimkulu to Natal, and I obtained a photograph of the interesting group at the Ibesi Hotel on the border. Such names as Colonel Walter Stanford, C.M.G., Sir Peter Faurir, Mr. de Smidt, of the Native Department, the Governor's son, the "Argus" reporter, Donald Strachan,Esq., M.L.C., and others will be recognised,Captain Graham Bower, R.N., C.M.G., Mr. Louis Zitsman, M.L.A., Dr. Edington, the Cape's bacteriologist.

But the Prince of Denmark was "George" (G. C. Brisley), of tracts in red traced upon a map, who dwelt up at the Pines. In easy days he would engineer and make a road; a stone in the way, he would bury it in the track. Charming eloquence for ever as his friends passed by. At last the rock died, and disappeared from view, like padda under ground. The tongue of George no more waxed eloquent, even to his best of friends; the soul of conversation dead.

A dame, of sedentary life, from Europe, the respected

sister of "George" ("Prince of Denmark") desired a trophy of the land, a little skin. I promised her a baby python's skin.

The Customs Officer, Mr. "Harry" Marshal, now C.C. and R.M., as was his manner, hunted much and brought a reptile of monster length. I borrowed hide of this and took it to her boudoir, with leave to stretch it on the carpet. I called her to view the precious gift. She stood transfixed—could not exclaim, seemed to pale and ponder; I felt some doubt, and gently raised the treasure, backing from the scene. She never said a word, nor even breathed a sigh in love of baby pythons!

I built my dwelling there at Umzimkulu, the walls and roof and trellis, with these very hands; the treasury so low. Nine months were spent in this novel enterprise. While building my new quarters I maimed my arm. My favourite steed "Dynamite" fretting in the stall, I ventured to mount this red chestnut as distraction, having just dismissed my savage Pondo, a giant semi-lunatic, for holding rocks above my head, for fear of death. An awful thunderstorm was brewing in the west, to which the chestnut strode, straining at the curb in shadows dark and rumbles to a point where he formerly had shied at Kaffir urchins, under rustic bridge. He took a mighty leap across the bridge to flash and peal of thunder, my heel touching him where horse marine would do. First jump, on horse's neck; second, in rear of saddle; third, dead on the river bank, awaking in the Pondo giant's arms—in fact, he hugging me as rock to breathe. At last a gasp—I breathed and lived, with fractured rib. Frisky "Dynamite!" Good Pondo giant!

The late Queen's fifty years' reign Jubilee which was

celebrated in 1887 at Umzimkulu—when new coins were issued—evoked tremendous enthusiasm among the population of all colours, a grand muster, the mounted tribes manœuvring in military fashion led by their Chiefs, while the multitude were most interested in a very large coloured photograph of Her Majesty placed in a promiment position for their inspection; they did crowd around and point and gesticulate and make known to each other that was the great white Inkosikasi, their Queen! Then it devolved on me and one or two others to address the crowd, and explain that the great Queen had reigned successfully that long period. They cheered with all their hearts indeed, and so likewise did everybody present, time after time.

In token of what "oil on troubled waters" will effect I remember once the Baca tribe and the Hlangwane section mustered in a feud to slay each other, armed and assagaied to the teeth. The sight created quite a rupture on the border—people breathed with awe. At the zenith of the strain, ere blood did flow, I sent two office constables to wean them from the strife, who marched them off like lambs to peaceful kraals.

Nor does wealth and luxury serve the State more than poverty. A barren pair of many years' residence on the border in Natal adopted one and more children as their very own, ever exercising charity and benevolence. Another humble wife and husband had a blessing at that date near the brickfields; triplets made them glad, but in other ways quite poor. Dazed and yet so proud, they received a call from a lady, who came to me to approach the Queen for bounty grant in such a blessing. Responding as a duty, in course of time the bounty came from

England, and I sent it to her, for presentation to the bricklayer's wife—a ceremony she accomplished with much joy. Then the old couple, who had showered their benefits on so many *adopted* children, received ever so many letters of congratulation on "the birth of triplets in their old age," the true story having slightly gone astray.

That despot "education" required the sons and daughters to dwell in Maritzburg for a time. One little girl revelled in a dusky doll and sunned it in the open way—wandering far from home, until kindly found by municipal guard, who conducted her to sanctuary at the Police Station, where, with attention, petted innocently, she reconciled, growing quite accustomed. When discovered by the frantic parent—not at all unhappy—just a smile and extra fond embrace to doll. The other little girl, who stayed at home, called the station "tronk."

It was my pleasure to enter into friendly strife with the young rifle shots at Umzimkulu as a trooper in the Corps, commanded by Donald Strachan, Esq.; being an old hand at "light" and "shade" and "windage," the members delight was to see me defeated in turn, as it was mine to accept defeat. While there I noticed great improvement in the Corps, which was so well supported by its Commanding Officer, who took the greatest pleasure in forwarding the efficiency of his grateful men. At that time I thought that if any part of the frontier of the Cape Colony needed military precaution, it was Griqualand East, on the Natal border.

As it happened to be my experience to be present at the opening of the first bridge on the Orange River which connected the Free State with the Cape Colony, so likewise I was present at the opening of the first Natal-Cape Colony

bridge at Umzimkulu River, where the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, Sir Charles Mitchell, himself presided at the function, thus connecting the two Colonies by an excellent structure; the Natal Government being celebrated for its engineering work, under Colonel Hime, who was then Commissioner of Public Works in Natal.

The ordinary public may not think that census-taking requires strenuous exertion. With that devolving upon Magistrates who have their current duties to discharge, there lies a load of responsibilities in directing and instructing Supervisors and in preparing from their books the population statistics. The Census of 1891 was a severe task indeed to all Civil Commissioners and Magistrates. The appended testimony to the honest exertions of Supervisors must have been gratifying to those officers, received from that able and unequalled Director, Mr. Henry de Smidt, Under Colonial Secretary at the time.

CENSUS 1891.

Colonial Secretary's Office,
Cape of Good Hope,
Cape Town,
June, 1893.

To David Blair Hook, Esquire,
Late Supervisor of Census District No. 79.

Sir,—It is now a source of additional gratification to me to be in a position to inform you that, in acknowledging my Report, the Colonial Secretary, in the name of the Government, expressed himself in the following flattering terms:—

"The Government have noticed with the greatest pleasure the ability and zeal displayed by you (the Director) personally, as well as by the members of the staff associated with you in the undertaking, and I shall be glad if you will be good enough, on behalf of

the Government, to congratulate the Officers concerned on the extraordinary success that has crowned their efforts."

I feel that upon the Census Supervisors devolved a large share of the organizing duties, and by participating in the severe task of promptly preparing from the Enumerators' books the preliminary population statistics, you and your assistants were of material help in forwarding the work of the Head Office. I wish therefore to communicate to you this high testimony to the value of your labours, adding thereto my personal congratulations to each individual who took efficient part in that great undertaking, and trusting that this record of good work well done may be deemed worthy of preservation as a memento of pleasant associations.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

HENRY DE SMIDT,

Under Colonial Secretary and Director of the 1891 Census.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Magistrate of Kokstad, Griqualand East, 1892.

As a young beginner, having much to see, and to be moulded in the fit and proper form, the progressive town of Kokstad was my next sojourn.

But ere I speak of that another lady had shared my lot, Mary Isabel Vizard. Kokstad took me for its local chief in rifle corps. The congregation accepted me as a warden of the church. The English air of the citizens of that important settlement is visible to all who come. Its progress will be of the foremost rank. The manners of the pioneer are breezy, full of fun and joke. Kokstad! How it made me think! Its history! The Griqua Nation!

> "His father's once, where now the White Man builds
> His home, and issues his proud commands."

A prosperous town 4,212 feet above the sea. It was my duty to initiate the municipality of the town, and to prepare the way for the election of its Worshipful Mayor, Mr. Williams, and Councillors. Water there was plenty; led by a watercourse which had in former days been constructed by the Griquas.

The market was an institution of riches from the fertile lands which, no longer roamed by lion, hartebeest, zebra, and wildebeest, abounded in nectarines, apples, "church and State," horse racing and rifle matches.

Here is a report of one of the rifle meetings, to make good riflemen, to wit.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

A match came off on Wednesday last between teams of No. 7 Troop, E.G.M.R., and the Umzimkulu Rifle Association. The conditions were seven shots at 200, 500, and 600 yards, and the result was a win for the Kokstad team by 29 points. The day was fine and favourable for good shooting, although rather hot and steamy during the early part of the morning. A breakfast *al fresco* was enjoyed on the ground, kindly prepared by Mr. Cassell. A return match is likely to follow at some convenient date and place, when, no doubt, Umzimkulu will make good the slight reverse sustained. It is to be hoped that this will be the beginning of a series of matches between the different troops. The following are the scores :—

KOKSTAD.

	200.	500.	600.	Total.
H. E. Reed	28	25	25	78
H. Nourse	30	24	23	77
Captain Hook... ...	32	30	29	91
W. S. Robinson ...	31	30	17	78
W. Raw	26	33	29	88
J. Kyd	29	24	22	75
J. A. G. Webster ...	30	25	23	78
J. Davie	30	32	18	80
J. Adams	30	19	20	69
R. Drunsfield	28	27	26	81
				795

UMZIMKULU.

	200.	500.	600.	Total.
J. A. Webster... ...	30	32	20	82
A. F. James	29	26	17	72
D. Johnston	29	28	26	83
G. Mann	29	19	21	69
J. Bothrell	31	17	16	64
Liversage	30	22	26	78
Hobday	28	28	25	81
M. Harley	23	29	29	81
Harrison	32	25	21	78
Todd	30	21	27	78
				766

No. 7 TROOP, E.G.M.R.

The annual meeting of the above troop for the election of officers for the current year, and for ordinary prize shooting, took place on the Kokstad Range on the 3rd inst. The day was most unpropitious for good shooting, being wet and foggy in the extreme, but, nothing daunted, about 26 members mustered and fulfilled the programme of the day. The first function was a pleasing little ceremony in honour of Trooper Drunsfield, in the presentation of the silver cup won by him last year. A cup is given annually by the commandant to the best individual score among all the troops. Drunsfield's score was not high, only eighty, and the low scoring for the event throughout the troops is accounted for by the high winds prevailing at the time. The winner had a previous record, however, having won a valuable cup in Scotland prior to settling in this Colony. Mrs. Stanford, true to her engagement, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, appeared on the ground at the appointed hour, and in the presence of the troop graciously handed the trophy, with a few complimentary expressions, to the gallant Scotsman, who bowed his acknowledgment dutifully to the accompaniment of three hearty cheers from all present. After this Mr. Stanford addressed a few words of encouragement, to good shootists in particular, and trusted that as Kokstad had taken the cup on this occasion, it would incite other troops to a high standard to gain it next time. Three cheers were then given for Mr. and Mrs. Stanford. The fall of rain at the time rather curtailed the proceedings.

Then followed the election of officers. Captain D. B. Hook was re-elected Captain, Messrs. Webster and Nourse were chosen as Lieutenants, H. E. Reed as Sergeant-Major, and J. Demmer as Secretary—the above officers and Mr. J. A. Webster, Acting Adjutant, to form the Committee of Management. Mr. Reed's services as Sergeant-Major were duly acknowledged by a vote of confidence for the interest he had taken in the preparation

of the targets and other gratuitous labour performed generally, while Mr. Demmer secured a similar vote with an honorarium in respect to the sound financial condition of the troop, the credit for which being greatly due to his energy.

Some good scores were then made notwithstanding the moisture, and distinguished among others was Mr. J. Kyd's score of 92, quite worthy of his high reputation as a marksman. This keen shot having joined the troop and strengthened the "Highland Brigade" section thereof, laurels promise to be in jeopardy in neighbouring associations should any care to measure strength and be caught napping.

SCORES.

Seven Shots at 200, 500, and 600 Yards.

1st Class.

J. Kyd	...	92	...	1st prize.
J. Davie	...	84	...	2nd ,,
Captain Hook	...	81	...	3rd ,,

2nd Class.

J. F. Pringle	...	74	...	1st prize.
R. B. Robinson	...	66	...	2nd ,,
I. Balcomb ...	...	60	...	3rd ,,
O. Balcomb ...	...	56	...	4th ,,

3rd Class.

W. H. Usher...	...	54	...	1st prize.
F. B. Pringle...	...	53	...	2nd ,,
J. F. Zietsman	...	50	...	3rd ,,

This ended the proceedings, after a team of eight of the highest average of the past year had been chosen as follows to represent the troop on the following day in an inter-troop competition for the Government prizes. The team met at 9 a.m. on Thursday. The weather was fine, with only a slight shifty breeze, and fair scores were made. Mr. Kyd again led the van with a score of 91.

SCORES.

	Last year's Average.	Score.
Captain Hook	85 ...	... 79
J. A. Webster	78 ...	... 68
W. S. Robinson	79⅓ ...	... 85
J. Adams	73½ ...	... 75
J. Kyd	75 ...	... 91
J. Davie	73½ ...	... 74
R. Drunsfield	79⅔ ...	... 89
J. A. G. Webster ...	75 ...	... 88
Total		649

The shooting was in any position at 200, 500, and 600 yards, seven shots at each range. Lieutenant Straw, C.M.R., kindly acted as umpire, and members of the C.M.R. kindly scored and marked. The troop may now be expected to practice for the half-yearly shooting in June, and for any friendly challenges which neighbours may extend. In Africa the use of the rifle cannot be too highly encouraged for sport and war purposes.

But it was not all sport. The farmers command their rights, and the delicacy of administering a district of mixed population nowhere more manifest than in Griqualand East, where litigation over land interests occupied much time of the Court, which possessed at the time unlimited jurisdiction. There was no limit as far as I could see to the jurisdiction of a Griqualand East Court of first instance. Addison's "Law of Contracts," and "Torts," and Vander Linden's Roman-Dutch Law were my greatest and safest guide, as of yore, in the Transkei, as I ever found these carried me through; notwithstanding two appeals these authorities were not upset in my decisions.

A leading enterprising farmer had crossed swords in correspondence with my office; necessitated my sending

him a "stinger." I saw it. Duty called me to his residence—kindly entertained, so polite. He asked me to a shooting of wild geese, and armed me with a double. Off we strode. Seeing bridge suspended in form of narrow plank at highest bank of river, with slippery boots and leather leggings tight, I asked the way to drop of 60 feet. Determinedly he led the way right to that slanting dipping plank with one galvanized iron strand for rail. "Come on!" he said. "Go on!" I said, his humour of the best. He just "Blondined" o'er and glanced at me to see me safely cross. I live to-day, proof that I got over. I told my friends, who said *that no one ever stopped that way to shoot the goose!*

I must indulge in one election anecdote. When the Hon. James Siveright and Mr. Louis Zietsman were contesting, two gentlemen on opposite sides were kindly anxious to extend hospitality to their respective supporters, and in the evening, in the dark, as all could not enter the hotel, wore great coats with inside and outside pockets filled; they were turning a corner in opposite directions when a collision happened as if two deep-sea divers had collided. They were both of fair conception, but the quickest witted promptly disarmed the other, granting amnesty on binding terms, then seized the lot and took both cargoes to his friends!

A report of the Mount Currie Turf Club Meeting on the 28th of June, 1893, will remind Mount Currie people of names of people, some of whom have departed this life:—

MOUNT CURRIE TURF CLUB AUTUMN MEETING.

To be held at Kokstad, on June 28th, 1893, under the Rules of Racing and Regulations and Conditions of the Jockey Club of South Africa.

President, Captain Hook; Stewards, Mr. W. E. Stanford, Captain Dalgety, Dr. Guild, Messrs. A. S. Barton, E. Stiles, L. F. Zietsman, S. J. Nunan, M. P. Leroux, Mark Blow, T. R. Beattie, W. E. Webster, C. P. Triegaardt, P. De Lange, J. Woods, A. F. Payn, W. Raw, G. W. Payn, E. A. Adlam, and W. Austridge; Judge, Mr. W. E. Stanford; Starter, Mr. B. Uys; Handicapper, Mr. J. Woods; Clerks of the Scales, Mr. E. A. Adlam and Mr. R. Milton; Clerks of the Course, Mr. S. J. Hayman, Mr. H. C. Damant, Mr. J. A. Webster, and Mr. Hayman; Course Committee, Messrs. Austridge, Collins, Uys, Austridge, and J. A. Webster.

PROGRAMME.

I.—MAIDEN STAKES. Value about £20. Entrance £2 2s.; weight for age raised 10lbs.; distance 6 furlongs.

II.—SELLING GALLOWAY RACE. Value about £15. Entrance £2 2s.; for Galloways 14 hands 2 inches and under. Winner to be sold by auction; if entered for £40, to carry welter weight for age; 7lbs. allowed for every £5 decrease in entered value down to £20; and 5lbs. allowed for every inch under 14·2 hands. Distance 6 furlongs.

III.—MOUNT CURRIE HANDICAP. Value £100; second horse to receive £10 out of stakes. Nominations £4 4s., to close to the Hon. Secretary not later than 8 p.m. on Wednesday, 14th June. Acceptances £2 2s., due by 2 p.m. on June 26th. Weights to be published by Wednesday, 21st June. Distance 1¼ mile.

Interval for Lunch.

IV.—FLYING STAKES HANDICAP. Value about £30. Nominations £2 2s., to close to the Hon. Secretary not later than 8 p.m. on Wednesday, 14th June. Acceptances £1 1s., due by 2 p.m. on Monday, June 26th. Weights to be published by Wednesday, 21st June. Distance 5 furlongs.

V.—HURDLE RACE. Value about £25. Entrance £3 3s. Catch weights over 11 stones. Eight hurdles 3 feet 6 inches. Distance 2 miles.

VI.—Ladies' Purse—With about £12 12s. added. Entrance £2 2s. Winner to be sold by auction; if entered to be sold for £40, to carry welter weight for age; 7lbs. allowed for every £5 decrease down to £20. Distance 1 mile.

VII.—Forced Handicap. Value £——. Entrance £2 2s. Compulsory on all winners, with the exception of the Hurdle Race; optional to losers at £1 1s. Distance 7 furlongs.

Conditions.

1. These races to be run under the rules and weights of the Jockey Club of South Africa.

2. Nominations for the Mount Currie Handicap and Flying Stakes Handicap to close in writing to the Hon. Secretary, at Kokstad, not later than 8 p.m. on Wednesday, June 14th. Weights to be posted on Wednesday, June 21st, and any nominations left in after 2 p.m. on June 26th will be considered as having accepted. All other races to close to the Hon. Secretary, at Kokstad, at noon on June 27th.

3. First race to start at 10 a.m. sharp. Any horse not in the starter's hands half an hour after the bell rings will be left at the post.

4. Weighing fee 2/6—winners 2/6 extra.

5. A commission of 10 per cent. will be deducted from all prizes to defray expenses.

6. No one will be allowed to run a horse at this meeting unless he be a subscriber of at least £2 2s. to the race fund.

7. In all selling races, horses will be sold with their engagements.

8. All dogs found on the course will be destroyed.

9. Should fewer than five horses accept in any of the Handicaps the stakes may be reduced.

10. In the event of fewer than five horses entering for any event the stakes may be reduced.

11. Anyone lodging an objection must do so in writing to the Clerk of the Scales within a quarter of an hour after

At Kokstad, 1904. A lunch party at the Royal Hotel, consisting of the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, the Acting Chief Magistrate, the Mayor of Kokstad, R. M., and others.

the race is run, and must deposit £2 2s., which will be returned if the objection be sustained.

12. Scratchings to be made to the Clerk of the Scales a quarter of an hour before the race is run.

13. Entrance money and subscriptions to accompany entries and nominations.

14. All jockeys must be clad in approved racing costume.

A. S. Barton,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

A strange little incident occurred at Kokstad when the Premier of the Colony, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, arrived *en tour* in 1894. We, the Acting C.M., Mayor, and myself, met him at "Brooks Nek," where we invited him to lunch on the following day; photograph of the party is given. Before lunch I was on the Bench in the Court House, hearing a hotly contested case between a Dutch plaintiff and a Native defendant, in regard to land rights, when the multitude of town and country people arrived at the Court to hold a meeting on general affairs with the Premier. Being in the midst of the case a few moments of grace had to be allowed ere the two attorneys could consent to an adjournment, which was arranged gracefully, and with due deference to the law. But the lamentable point in the affair, I received from an acquaintance congratulation on my "independence" in "pocketing the key when Rhodes wanted the office!"

Being moulded now, and fit to labour, the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Premier, arriving, I applied for transfer to the Colony! Frequently I'd acted Chief of Magistrates, and laboured hard in public interest, observing how the strings were pulled, a term well understood in duty. Finally I passed away to ancient scenes.

Address from Citizens of Kokstad.

Kokstad,
East Griqualand,
30th May, 1894.

To Captain D. B. Hook,
Resident Magistrate.

Dear Sir,—While heartily congratulating you upon receiving the appointment of Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate of Peddie, in the Cape Colony, we at the same time express our sincere regret at your departure.

We feel that we are losing a good citizen, one who has always come forward cheerfully to assist in the carrying out of any object that was regarded as useful or beneficial to the public. In all matters of recreation or sport, you have taken a very keen interest, and your readiness to join all outdoor games has, we feel sure, given encouragement to the younger members of the community.

We take this opportunity of asking you to accept, as a token of our esteem for you, not only as citizen, but in your official capacity as well, a Gold Watch, which, we trust, you will long be spared to look upon as a memento from your Kokstad friends.

We wish yourself and family a pleasant and safe journey to your new home.

We are, dear Sir,
Yours sincerely,

W. Bellairs (Asst. R.M.).
Alfred S. Leary (Accountant).
Louis Zietsman (Attorney).
Edward F. Jones (Attorney).
T. A. Beattie (Editor).
W. Mathieson Gibb (Dist. Surveyor).
Arthur H. Williams (Mayor).
A. S. Barton (Auctioneer).
Mark Blow (Hotel).
A. F. Fleming.

Ernest Stiles (Hotel).
Ernest Utermark (Soda Water Manufactory).
— Leroux (Attorney).
M. M. Wedderburn (Postmaster).
Edward Dower (C.M. Office).
J. C. Hargreaves (Civil Service).
Fred H. Vice (Bank).
A. F. Payn (Farmer).
W. Symons (Public Works).
H. Leslie Middleton.
W. J. Smuts (Sheep Inspector).
M. S. Hall (Store Keeper).
F. H. Fowle (Accountant).
Thomas Crouch (Store Keeper).
S. Bydell (Store Keeper).
F. T. Adkins (Rector, Church of England).
N. Porter (Principal of Public School).
C. D. Bands (Gaoler).
W. Austridge (Public Works).

Address from No. 7 Troop East Griqualand M. Rifles.

Kokstad,
East Griqualand,
30th May, 1894.

Captain D. B. Hook,
Late Commanding No. 7 Troop
East Griqualand Mounted Rifles, Kokstad.

Sir,—We, the undersigned members of the above Troop, while congratulating you upon your appointment as Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate of Peddie, Cape Colony, also desire to express our regret at your severing your connection with the Troop.

During your command you have taken the greatest interest in the affairs of the Troop, and have given complete satisfaction to all members. You have been most energetic in encouraging the younger members, more especially by the example set them by your excellent shooting, and your always being ready to enter into anything that would advance the welfare of the Troop.

And, as a small token of our regard for your services, we beg your acceptance of the gift of a Gold Chain and Locket.

We wish you and your family a safe journey to your new home, and to yourself every success in your new sphere of duties.

We are, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

H. Webster (Captain and Adjutant).
A. Garnet Webster (Lieutenant).
Jos. Demmer (Secretary).

A. E. Barker.	A. Salzer.
W. Bellairs.	W. Wodroof.
Frederick Hagelthorn.	H. Nourse (Lieutenant).
L. J. Nunan.	W. Raw.
J. W. Wolley.	J. Thompson.
E. A. Adlum.	A. Gunther.
J. F. Ogle.	R. Blakeway.
E. Wirth.	J. Kennedy.
F. W. Ware.	J. A. G. Webster.
R. Dunsfield.	R. Webster.
J. Danic.	P. Milton.
J. Adams.	S. Barnes.
J. Kyd.	F. Kumm.
E. Arthur.	J. Usher.
J. Foster.	J. Nesher.
H. E. Reid.	E. R. Luston.

On the evening preceding my departure I was honoured with a banquet! (I call it) from the Local Attorneys, when in reply to the toast to my health I hoped to make appropriate remarks. The essay was not lost to one at the festive board, who rose and requested me to "take on" his speech, which reminded me of an interruption that occurred at a meeting at the stronghold of the famous David Masupha, in Basutuland, after the Disarmament war, when

I was delegated by the Hon. J. W. Sauer, Secretary for Native Affairs; I was endeavouring to extenuate the disarmament consequences, to persuade the Chief to pay hut-tax, when a Basutu, in "mufti," yelled out from the rocks, "Speak for yourself, David!" That is the reply that I should have given my admirer at the "banquet"!

I will just try to remember the impressions that two real banquets left on my mind at Kokstad; one to His Excellency the Governor, Sir Henry Loch, and the other to the late Hon. Cecil Rhodes, as Premier. In the former, in the Court House, Sir Henry, on the right of the Chairman, delivered the most charming speech in response to the toast in his honour, and referred to his journey *via* the frontier; and especially the great native demonstrations that had saluted him as the Queen's representative, and quite moved the hearts of Her Majesty's loyal subjects. The Kokstad citizens, knowing that an effort would have to be made to do honour in befitting language to His Excellency, had secured Mr. Thomas Coulter (of Irish eloquence, the most good-natured of mankind) to make the speech of the hour. Right ably did he acquit himself of the task by delivering one of the most dignified addresses appropriate to the occasion—notwithstanding obstructions from his light-hearted associates, sustaining the address to a finish with a peroration that drew forth applause echoing to the very roof. Inasmuch as the successful speaker was my co-churchwarden I had to approach him and say, "Well done the Church!"

The other event was held at the Hotel of Mr. Stiles, when owing to the romance that I had put the key of the Court House into my pocket against the public and Mr. Rhodes, I attended as a listener more than orator; and I

was much entertained with the knowledge displayed by the Right Hon. speaker, Mr. Rhodes, of Customs and Rates, Duty and Rebates; all very well in their place in the Legislature, or in administration, but at the festive board, after dinner, the value and importance of the matter was too exhausting and elevating for many; and after a little Mr. Donald Strachan obtained a hearing; and then the audience rose to a sense of keen enjoyment at the originality of his address which teemed with reminiscences and points of border life, interlarded with humour and "digs," most acceptable even to Rhodes himself, who expressed his appreciation in the most unceremonious approval of Strachan's endeavour to keep up the reputation of Griqualand East for entertainment and joviality. Everybody then forgot about Customs and Rates and Rebates and dived into matters to extract the greater amount of pleasure out of the few moments available on the auspicious occasion; and even some of the modest ones expressed themselves on matters in general, not the least over-awed by the august presence of the Premier of the Colony—proving there by how well does a sumptuous board qualify to fulfil social obligations that by chance get thrust upon men. In the accompanying photograph will be found the names of several who addressed the company:—The Mayor (Arthur H. Williams), Lieutenant H. Nourse, Sir William Milton (then Private Secretary to the Premier), and Captain Whindus, R.M., with others. I mean in addition to the two leading speakers of the evening. I noticed the editor of the local paper there, but he delivered his address next morning!

Whether in reference to having as Magistrate on instructions from the Chief Magistrate (the Commandant of the

Corps) inspected the Troop of E.G.M. Rifles at Umzimkulu (in which Troop I held the position of *full trooper*), about this time the Colonial Military Department, Cape Town, published in the Government Gazette that I retired from the C.M.R., my old regiment, with the full rank of Captain; and with the right to wear the uniform of the regiment. This covered a little point, for the border duty—during my experience—ever was two-fold; hence the title to this book, "With Sword and Statute."

Colonial Secretary's Office,
Cape Town,
Cape of Good Hope,
15th January, 1894.

C.M.R. Captain D. Hook to retain rank, etc.

Sir,—In reply to your No. 11/64 of the 3rd instant, I am directed to inform you that the Colonial Secretary has been pleased to approve of your request that Captain David Blair Hook, late of the "Cape Mounted Riflemen," be permitted to retain his rank and wear the uniform of that Regiment.

I have the honour to be, etc.,
(Signed) HENRY DE SMIDT,
Under Colonial Secretary.

The Colonial Military Secretary,
Cape Town.

CHAPTER XL.

Magistracy of Peddie, 1894-1899. Increase of Native Population.

ld Fort Peddie! How it made me think. I'd come to fill the post of Civil Commissioner and Resident where we'd fired the gun so many years ago. The able, poetic gentleman in office, W. C. Scully, Esq., who had written a book of poems and added several interesting books to literature, made the way. Routine life at Peddie needs no history. Seaside visits, and a smaller Union Jack and boy would do!

Ghosts of the past originated many a tale at Peddie. "The Peddie Ghost" was quite the fashion, manifested by curious lights, and startling phenomena. An electric sun at midnight in the barrack gate, rising into space, then passing o'er the hamlet, melting from the vision. I watched for signs, and found that when my daughter, in returning back from travel in a cart drawn by four, in terror hurried down the hill in dark in view of supernatural light, that the luminosity was a burning Kaffir hut! True that a doctor on a visit to the place, in companionship with me "to see me home" to the lonely quarters, passing down a shaded avenue, black as pitch, remarked "it felt haunted." The next day a neighbour stated that he fled for cover to her dwelling, confirming the legend that an electric light of mighty power appeared from earth under his feet, light-

ing up the universe! Then at an evening party the ladies were startled by an apparition on the threshold of the door. I glanced, and saw a figure, dark and tall, nine feet high, swaying in the veldt with burning orbs. I charged it neck or nothing, clasped it round its ethereal form, and there it melted into concrete substance of lady fair, discovered in the act of haunting Peddie, with a broomstick, sable mantle, and a calabash for mask! These ended my investigation. But that doctor never explained the lighting of the universe!

The poultry yard was haunted, whether by a cat or monster snake was not discovered. One morning, in the grass and sun, an agile ringals serpent was noticed towering as if at prey. I seized the gun and stole along to harm that reptile, when lo! a lively cat sprang forth from cover—the ringals was its tail! That feline expert got away, to die another day. I found him in the act of sucking eggs on the sideboard in the night. He vanished with a howl. I sawed an entrance for him at the bottom of the door, and early in the small hours stealthily from outside closed it; then by another entrance viewed the sideboard. There he was. He flew to pass to safety by the way he'd come, but he found it barred; then he howled to the kitchen and seemed to vanish as a spirit. With a boy, a double-barrelled gun, and pistol, we searched the chamber even to the rafters, but no cat. At last there he lay in silence, crouched in hiding on the stove, behind the kettle. In strategy I concealed the aim, and fired the pistol with a "blow-up," a wounded savage flying near my head. The boy yelled, the pots and kettles danced, as a load of soot rattled down the chimney. In the end we got that cat. A monster "domestic" it was, returned to pristine ways.

The Residency in the old Cavalry barracks of 1846, from which emerged the 7th Dragoon Guards to the celebrated charge of Gwanga—the bedrooms where the iron-shod war-horses once tramped—ghosts to haunt our slumbers. The Court House in the Infantry barracks where the 91st Regiment of Infantry protruded their "fire-locks" through the port-holes, and delivered the old-fashioned ounce of lead at the daring foe. The old military hospital, the Parsonage, prayers and groans combined. The Star Fort, the church, where the magazine and warlike stores once were, suggesting food for soul and body.

And now during my sojourn we placed a porch at that sacred edifice, and adorned its walls with a memorial brass tablet (a beautiful emblem of departed heroes of days gone by). The Seaforth Highlanders, in Europe, had responded to our request for funds to aid in the expense. Visitors to Peddie should inspect the same and view the mound (ex-magazine).

A curious document was the authority from the Dean of Grahams Town to erect the memorial, called a Faculty, as under:—

Faculty for the erection of a Porch at the Church of St. Simon and St. Jude, Peddie, and also to place two small lancet windows at the West End of the said Church.

We, John Ganaway Holmes, Clerk, Master of Arts, Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Michael and St. George, Grahams Town, Archdeacon of Grahams Town, and Vicar General of the Diocese of Grahams Town, duly and lawfully commissioned and appointed under the hand and seal of the Most Reverend William West, by Divine permission Archbishop of Cape Town and Metropolitan, to exercise all ordinary jurisdiction pertaining to the Episcopal office, during the vacancy of the See of Grahams Town, do hereby by these presents give and grant unto

the Rector and Churchwardens of St. Simon and St. Jude's Church, Peddie, our license and faculty to erect a Porch to the said Church, and also to place two small lancet windows at the West End of the said Church. We do further grant our license and faculty to place a brass tablet in the said Porch as a Memorial of men who fell in the Kaffir wars of 1846 and 1852.

Given under our hand and seal this twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

J. G. Holmes, M.A.

And also note the site (the present Cape Police camp) where His Excellency, the then Governor of the Cape, Sir Henry Pottenger, pitched his camp. Peddie farmers, descendants of the good old pioneering stock, the 1820 settlers; the men who had made the frontier, and held the savage foe to civilising obligations. The villages of Hamburg, Bell, and Bodiam dotted by descendants of the famous German Legion as general all-round plodders in every class and line of industry likely to reward labour; good men indeed.

Wesleyville (the name itself implies) of historical interest to the members of that church which has impressed its influence so deeply upon the inhabitants of South Africa, of all colours, and associated with the adventures of one of the grandest old missionaries in the name of Brownlee, Rev. John Brownlee, who in 1835 war found refuge there when disturbed from his station at the present site of King Williamstown, the Rev. Mr. Dugmore being then in occupation of Wesleyville; where I, in my official capacity, more than once was welcomed by the adherents of that congregation. Peddie was the early home of the Shepstones and the Taintons.

Now the fair downs of Peddie were productive of

bananas, and oranges, ostrich feathers, and pork, and other agricultural products annually exhibited at the show, where the folks mustered and exchanged ideas beneficial to posterity.

The new generations of Fingoes humanely advanced not in the quality termed civilisation to its uttermost, but at the ratio that the Mimosa trees are increasing on the farms; while the soil in the locations seemed to be deteriorating by wear and tear, resulting in a condition of stagnation excepting in respect to allotments held on the individual-title principle, on the Ibegha River, which are not so liable, for the reason that the owners possess some understanding by having passed through the civilising mill, and by also being able as a consequence to practise prohibition in fact instead of theory uninfluenced by legislation ("Class legislation!").

The Fingoes who migrated from Zululand are re-migrating back, as experience seems to denote. Already they have their scouts spread among the Kaffirs, with an advance guard at Qumbu, and at Tṣolo, with the main army in the Transkei; while supporting divisions occupy positions at Herschel, Oxkraal, Kieskama Forests, and the Chumie, and Peddié. Will they succeed, or be lost like the twelve tribes? Their diplomacy continues of the best, to secure invariably both tracts of land when they undertake to move from one to another, as they did in their transfer from Peddie, the Izela, to the Transkei.

In our wars with the natives we are so prone to make big estimates of killed and wounded that any ordinary observer might imagine that the actual slain in war was numerically—together with the mild epidemics that seldom pass o'er the land—of considerable importance. As a

matter of fact such losses are scarcely felt by the tribes The cattle killing at the date referred to was the one great reduction of numbers that the natives speak of. Therefore reduction is very little, but the constant increase goes on with leaps and bounds compared to the white population. Is it therefore a question of monogamy *v.* polygamy?

In a book entitled "The Revolt of Man" which I once read, England was imagined to be under the rule of the ideal Perfect Woman as sovereign. The elderly dames appropriated the young men, and left the elderly men for the young women. No old men had their portraits taken, looking wise and learned, as of yore, but photographs of ladies in mature age, represented with all the emblems of authority—tables, thrones, papers, deeds and pens, were galore. A man, for swearing at his wife, was sentenced to twenty years H.L.! The first to give signs of dissatisfaction were the young maidens. The next in open revolt were the young men. Finally the old men joined in the rebellion, but only for want of office, and matters were restored.

The native women have never revolted against any law on marriage. By native custom the father (or guardian) bestows the bride on payment of cattle. The demand for wives exceeds the supply. There are no old maids among the natives. Polygamy is with the majority of the men as popular as ever, and the payment of dowry—the majority of the native women love it. And where the old men can get wives among the young women—(a thing that the maidens rebelled at!)—I mean in the book—there will be no revolt among the dusky maidens.

With such marriage laws and customs, and where the demand for wives exceeds the supply, can anything check the increase of a people where there are no old maids?

While at Peddie my eldest son, Godfrey Blair, called from Rhodesia to visit his fiancée (Miss Annye de Smidt), who was our honoured guest at the time.

In the Matabele War in Rhodesia, while serving as a Lieutenant in a mounted corps, he (Godfrey) was badly wounded, horse shot dead under him, and at the mercy of the foe, who were closing round him with their assagais and axes, when a comrade, Lieutenant Crewe, hurried to his rescue, giving up his own horse to bear the fallen man and confronting the enemy face to face to save his friend.

The following is a cutting from a Rhodesian newspaper of that date, 1896:—

HEROES OF RHODESIA.

Already Rhodesia is adding to its roll of heroes. Major Wilson is not forgotten, nor Trooper Baxter. Another gallant Anglo-Saxon is Mr. Frederick Harding Crewe, who was eulogised before the paraded troops at Buluwayo for his heroism in the fighting on the Umgaza River. He is a son of the late Mr. S. Crewe, who settled in Natal in 1867. He is about 28 years of age, and is a lieutenant in the Buluwayo Field Force. Although himself slightly injured in action, he gave up his horse to Lieutenant Hook, who was severely wounded. Both men were able to escape, but it was only with great difficulty that Mr. Crewe succeeded in avoiding the fate that befell Trooper Baxter, who was assagaied by the Matabele after giving up his horse to a wounded comrade. Mr. Crewe went to Mashonaland in 1882, and was engaged in mining in that country until the outbreak of the Matabele War. He served with the Salisbury Horse throughout the campaign of 1893, and was severely wounded in the leg at the Battle of Bembezi. This wound has never quite healed, and Mr. Crewe is still lame, a fact which intensifies his self-sacrifice in giving up his horse to his wounded comrade when he himself was both wounded and lame.

CAPT. GODFREY B. HOOK,
D.S.O.

A picture of that incident was presented to the Durban Town Hall by the late Hon. Cecil Rhodes, and the original sent to me by the same eminent gentleman, a fact which I have only just now learnt from Godfrey's statement. A kind and courteous act, through which the memory of that great man receives my humble tribute of gratitude. I had never known that he could have been so kind to me!

Later that hero, Lieutenant Fred. Crewe, again distinguished himself in a similar manner by rescuing a soldier, and died himself from wounds received at the operations near Mafeking in the late Boer war, unrewarded by the Crown for his gallant deeds.

To my mind that omission to honour the name of Crewe is a grave neglect of heroism by the State. From far and wide in Rhodesia the name of Fred. Crewe is regarded with respect, honour and esteem for his brave and valiant deeds.

There were two sketches of the rescue incident, one by Frank Dad and the other by Samuel Turner. The picture in the Town Hall at Durban (presented by Mr. Rhodes) is by Frank Dad, and appears in the frontispiece of this volume, the other, by Samuel Turner, is here given. The hunter Selous, and George Grey are in the distance, firing to cover the rescuer and rescued, the dead troop horse of my son on the field with his rifle which fell from his grasp.

CHAPTER XLI.

Boer War—Aliwal North—Stock Tyali—Mocheka (Morosi's Son), 1899.

I do not prefer to produce echoes of the story of the great Boer war, which has been so often told, and which has been impressed in letters of blood on our hearts; but it seems incumbent upon me to refer to some events, as this is a story of my rude experiences.

The Boer war opened on the 11th of October, 1889, and concluded in June, 1902. The Boer ultimatum which demanded that the British troops on the border should be withdrawn, and that the reinforcements should be sent back, was met by a firm refusal from the British Government to even consider such a proposal. What led up to this strained condition of affairs is well known and chronicled in many books. The ultimatum reached London on the 9th October, 1899, and on the 10th, the following day, the reply was sent to South Africa.

In common with others within the Empire—

"For since these arms . . . had seven years pith
. . . . . they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak
More than pertains to . . . most disastrous chances
Of moving accidents by flood and field
Of being taken by the insolent foe." (!).

The Hon. W. P. Schreiner, Premier Cape Colony when the Boer War commenced.

When just at the moment, on the 4th of October, arrived from the Government a telegram as follows:—

> "Government wishes you to go to Herschel on account of your knowledge of the people and influence . . . "

This special mandate caused quite a flutter in mine heart, while the steeds were overhauled which were champing in the old 7th Dragoon stabling at Peddie. Finally leaving the drudgery of transferring my family to Grahams Town to other hands, the 18th saw me winding along the unstraight way to the nearest railway at King Williamstown, where I met hundreds of others entraining for the front.

I had received instructions from Headquarters to take cart and horses to be prepared for any difficulty that might arise in getting through. In fulfilment of this preparation my old periodical court coach and pair came in.

Enthusiasm is a commendable quality, and I met a Major of the Imperial army in the train full of confidence in the plan of campaign, which we studied together, as he had been over the Transvaal, and held the most optimistic views of the Lyddite shell and the balloon for ending deadly strife.

On arrival at Molteno I found the station crowded with refugees and some troops, and I heard that the last train, the very last that would be able to travel with any safety, had arrived—and that now the line was closed. This contingency had been provided for by having the cart, but while preparing to make an independent detour in the direction of Barkly East, as I was acquainted with the country, suddenly another train was starting to Aliwal, and I jumped into that. As we steamed along I noticed the British soldier (Mounted Infantry I think they were)

on piquet duty on the heights, posted exactly as laid down in the Field Drill Book, and as portrayed in books on war, in great coats, for it was very cold, and with bayonets fixed, as the sentinels stood alert watching the scene of war. Then I realised that it was indeed war.

There was no interruption *en route*, but at Aliwal North some Free State warriors were pointed out to me at the opposite side of the Orange River, near the bridge. Then it recurred to me that the last time that I had had the honour of officiating at the bridge was at the opening function, when smiling officials and citizens, wearing button-holes, from both States, joined shoulder to shoulder in procession with the Queen Victoria's portrait painted on canvas on one side and President Brand on the other to admire, as in ceremony champagne was distributed with popping of corks, and now it was to be bandoliers, not button-holes, and another sort of popping! I have ever found great comfort from leaving painful emotions unexpressed. I remained silent.

> "'English are you? or Dutch?'
> 'Both; neither.' 'How?'
> 'The land I dwell in, Dutch and English plough;
> Together have they been in weal and woe,
> Together have they stood to breast the foe.'"
>
> —*E. B. Watermeyer.*

There was some unavoidable delay by the number of days that passed since the receipt of the first telegram from the Government, as I did not arrive at Aliwal until the 22nd of October, 1899. Mr. Hugo was Civil Commissioner of Aliwal town; with Mr. Olivier, clerk, who had been my assistant at Peddie.

What impressed me was the paucity of military force there at Aliwal at the moment, merely a few Cape Police

as "look-outs," or scouts, who seemed very much instructed to make retrogade movements! The experience of "tented field" whispered that there was a screw loose somewhere; but I was not commissioned to Aliwal, and that evening saw me breaking the journey to "Lamoonfontein."

On my arrival at Herschel I found that the officer whom I had come to relieve of his duties was very much exercised at having to move bag-and-baggage through Aliwal, with the Boer piquet on guard near the bridge, and the Cape Police practising retrogade field-exercises, while the train was so unpunctual! However, he pluckily faced the situation, and vacated office and Residency forthwith. Office found me its full occupant on the 24th October, 1899. Evidently my predecessor had many friends, as shewn by the impromptu address which was presented to him on departure.

Inasumch as "single misfortunes never come alone"—a saying that the Scot puts down to the Irish!—a Tembu Chief (Stock Tyali) had seized the moment of the war to cross with a number of followers from the Quithing district to the Tella and Blikana Valley in Herschel district, with a view of re-asserting his claim to the land from which I had expelled him and followers, for taking part against the Government in the Morosi war in 1879. I had distinct recollection of the circumstances. This matter had to be treated promptly to avoid disturbance at that particular moment; so with approval of the Government, and the readiness of the Inspector of the Tella and Blikana locations to act swiftly as a hawk, I commissioned that officer to rouse Stock Tyali and followers to emulate that bird of prey, the hawk, by quick transit back to the Basutuland side of the border, which was effected without a hitch; the

suddenness of the flight in the eyes of the intelligent native reducing the famous borderer to a somewhat shrunken condition; and that was the end of the first native attempt then to raise questions to embarrass the Crown in that hour. To have allowed Stock Tyali to appear as a refugee from Basutuland taking a position within the Colonial territory proper without reference to the Basutu or to the Cape Government would have been fraught with consequences not only detrimental to the immediate calm on the border, but it might also have created a question between the Basutus and the Cape Government. There was an unusual degree of stir in the district through this event.

Necessary as it was to keep the natives out of the war, and at the same time stiffen native sentiment in the right direction, I immediately rode round the district, holding meetings to impress various points upon the natives. Herschel should be regarded as a thorn in the side of any enemy to the Crown, even without actual resort to arms—by staunch sympathy with the British Government and acting in a manner to manifest no leaning to enemies. Also to be prepared to defend their own border should necessity arise, and to be calm and reliant on the Government; while by obedience to the laws of the land, they would occupy the position of semi-neutrality in the war that the British assigned to them.

Some of these demonstrations were witnessed by the enemy on the north side of the Orange River, and were interpreted into hostile intent; and, in fact, many of the local residents failed to comprehend a line of action other than inaction, which latter in my thought might bring us to the verge of Noman's Land plight—a neutral dumping ground for anybody—which would certainly have given

rise to more dangerous questions than openly pronouncing on the true side.

Aliwal North in its distress relied greatly on the character of Herschel for loyalty, and when its Mayor heard of the Herschel note of loyalty he sent me the following telegram:—

7th November, 1899.

Hook, Herschel.

Residents here greatly pleased to hear of your demonstrations, and heartily congratulate you upon defence of your district.

ALGER.

SECOND ATTEMPT TO EMBROIL THE BORDER IN A NATIVE DISTURBANCE.

A second attempt to embroil the border in a native disturbance was forthcoming immediately, by the grandson of the late Baphuti Chief Morosi (Morosi who had defended Morosi's Mountain so stoutly against British arms in 1879), Mocheka by name.

The N.E. portion of the Herschel district was in former days the land of the Baphuti, and Morosi himself lived there at Khiba, as also did his son, Letuka, the father of Mocheka, at the Katberg (a mountain with a hole through the top) on the highway from Palmietfontein to Aliwal North. Hence Mocheka always felt aggrieved at the subordinate position assigned to him in Basutuland by the Basutu paramount Chief (to a man the direct descendant of a Chief so famous as his grandfather Morosi, who had made the Colonial army "sit-up" before the disarmament war)—placed since the disarmament war absolutely under the Basutu Chiefs—when prior to both wars the Baphuti held the Quithing district in a state of independence from the paramountcy (which same Quithing district had—

at the conclusion of the disarmament war—become an integral portion of Basutuland). He was now prepared to assert his claim at what he considered an opportune moment, and to contest it by every means at his command, by force of arms or otherwise, according to the measure of support which he might receive from the Baphuti tribe in not only Basutuland, but in the Herschel district; which latter he considered was a very strong power in his favour. His aim was to break away from allegiance to the Basutu power, and to re-establish the Baphuti ascendancy apart, as it was formerly. This programme was bold, and a daring venture; arriving in the Herschel district with a good number of followers, armed and mounted, he took up his quarters at his father's old residency, "Letuka's Kraal" (the Letuka who was killed at the storming of Morosi's Mountain when Morosi himself was killed). It was not difficult to perceive that Mocheka had inspired much sympathy by the tale that he had related of his wrongs, and in regard to the arbitrary treatment that he complained of having received from the Basutu Chiefs, the Basutus who were to adhere to the common attitude of loyal neutrality in the war. Meanwhile the Basutus were observing Mocheka's action, and would-be defiance; they waited on the decision of the Cape Government in the matter, which slowly was arrived at, while the arms were seized by the Herschel officials, and carefully stored at Sterk Spruit, Mocheka agitating to resist any influence that might favour deportment back to the clutches of the Basutu officials and the paramount Chief. The mind of the Basutu was keen on the question whether the Cape Government would accept a refugee Chief of the rank of Morosi's grandson, who was defying Lerothodi under such circum-

stances. There was much excitement on the border at the time, especially on account of the outbreak of the war, and if any false step had been made it might have lit the torch of a native flare-up in an instant, moved as were the natives by what was to them a very important incident. But the Government (the Schreiner Ministry) acted with great wisdom by commissioning me to advise the Basutu Government to send an official to take back Mocheka to Basutuland, to send an authorised officer, and I would hand him over to him in a formal way with the followers and arms and horses. That was a tremendous blow to Mocheka's dream! I was sorry for him, on account of his heart-felt pleading to me personally; he reminding me that I knew both his father and his grandfather, and that he trusted me on that account. We delivered him over, poor little devil, to keep the peace; more than once he had tears in his eyes. The number of men armed 114, and 124 horses; retaining the arms until such time as they could conveniently be sent on to the Basutu British Resident. The border restlessness was much allayed by that event on the 11th November, 1899.

CHAPTER XLII.

REMOVAL OF LADY GREY AMMUNITION—DIPLOMACY—BOER WAR—NATIVE POLICE—OCTOBER TO DECEMBER, 1899.

AN awkward incident occurred almost simultaneously, by the Lady Grey authorities consigning their merchant magazine arms and ammunition to me for care-taking. We had already resisted two "dumps," and now Lady Grey had thought fit to compromise matters (our semi-neutrality) as two Dutch residents of Lady Grey followed up the consignment, to inquire whether, as they had heard, I meant to arm the natives against them with their own village supply of sporting matter. I was able easily to answer them at once on that point, for the store of stuff was of the obsolete quality, and only fit to shoot cats and sparrows! compared to the Mauser rifle and the Lee-Metford, or Enfield, which were in use in the war, and I would be glad to be relieved of it. I therefore had no difficulty in satisfying them, and off they started back to Lady Grey to their friends to assure them on the very important point, most of whom later joined their friends in the rebellion, as also did one of the deputation himself! Shortly afterwards the Civil Commissioner of Aliwal North, as the real official custodian on behalf of the Government, requested me, by wire, to forward the obsolete supply (that carried so much importance!) to Jamestown

to the special Justice of the Peace at that station, he (the Civil Commissioner) sending two Dutchmen to take it over in a wagon, who received it from my office on the morning of the day that the Free State Commandant-General (Olivier) invaded the Cape Colony at Aliwal North, without the news of the invasion having reached Herschel.

I felt a good deal of anxiety about this removal at the moment—not for the value of the consignment as Ordnance stores—munition of war—but for the fictitious value that might be attached to it sentimentally. However, it was delivered safely by those two trusted Dutchmen in accordance with their undertaking, one of whom was the well-known Mr. Franz de Wet, of Aliwal North district, who subsequently also rebelled, and who accepted office as an Acting Landdrost at Lady Grey under the Free State Government—after the annexation of Aliwal North, Barkly East, and Wodehouse districts to the Free State.

A copy of the receipt for the ammunition and arms from the Resident J.P. at Jamestown, Mr. Kidwell, is attached as follows:—

COPY.

No. 34. Jamestown,
Dist. Aliwal North,
17th November, 1899.

Received in good order and condition this day, from A. J. Kidwell, Jamestown, the undermentioned Goods or Produce:—

Forty-five cases and one bag Ammunition.

NOTE.—Of the above, 35 cases and one bag of ammunition were those sent from Herschel and delivered to the S. J. P. at Jamestown. The ammunition duly reached Dordrech and was immediately sent on to Queenstown.

A. J. Kidwell, S.J.P. in 1899.

And which I engage to deliver in like good order and condition, within a reasonable time, at the Magistrate's Office in Dordrech, carriage payable at the rate of 80/- per 100 lbs. Carriage to be paid here.

As Witness:

(Signed) A. J. Kidwell, S.J.P. *(Signed)* T. Muller.

Immediately on the annexation of the districts mentioned, it was widely circulated that the Free State also meant to annex Herschel. "Dump" four threatened and other rumours of the stiffest character were abroad, and that the keys of the office would be demanded at any moment. Aliwal North Office had delivered its keys, and also the other border towns annexed had done likewise. For my part being "taken by the insolent foe" was policy opposed to the line I had marked out, while the Herschel "impi" was unconquered! An urgent meeting of Europeans and the natives was called at the Court House, and it was decided after much debate among the excited inhabitants—some of whom wanted bloody war without arms, and others of the wiser sort, the olive branch—that a deputation of three citizens should approach the Free State Commandant-General, who was then in Lady Grey (eight miles off) to gauge the situation; and the Rev. George Weaver, Wesleyan Minister at Wittebergen, R. J. Thomas, Esq., J.P., of "The Gums," and my Dutch clerk, Mr. A. J. Vanderbyl, should form the party. It is borne in mind that the Dutch had sent us a deputation about the ammunition, and that therefore our deputation was not without precedent.

EXTRACT FROM HERSCHEL DIARY.

"*Monday, 20th November, 1899.* A great collection of Europeans and natives at the office owing to these

alarming reports of Boer invasion held a meeting, at which great loyalty was expressed, and also a determination to oppose the enemy if they came; the natives unanimous; the Europeans divided as regards fighting. I told them that we would fight if sufficient people mustered on the spot to do so, and that they could all come that evening, and I would see the quality and strength.

"*Tuesday, 21st November, 1899.* During night a number of natives, in straggling order, collected about the Court House, with antiquated weapons of defence of the most promiscuous description, which, if they could only have been collected, would have formed a decent acquisition to a museum; but it showed that the spirit was willing even if the flesh was weak, while detachments of the same willing spirits took up positions around on the ridges, dongas, and kopjes.

"Meanwhile the deputation had gone to Lady Grey. Mares and foals separated, disturbing the midnight air, warriors seeking ammunition and arms, and calling to each other; such a to-do.

"At break of day, light enabled me to gauge the quality of the fighting force, and judging it to be of too poor calibre to contest with the modern rifle, I directed the poor willing devils to return to their kraals, while thanking them for their readiness to 'rally round the flag.'"

After a night of anxiety, especially to the wives and families of *two* of the deputation, our citizens returned with satisfactory replies, in a way; having distinguished themselves by their ready response to the call for diplomacy, and by the adventure of confronting the flushed invaders in their march of conquest. The substance of the reply from the enemy was that so long as we conformed to the enemy's idea of non-interference in the war—that our district would not be invaded. The general idea in the district was that of "no surrender" even if the Boers did invade.

"Dump" number five; stealing and robbery of stock by the natives had now commenced in right-down earnest. In no time the whole of the stock of the neighbouring districts would have been *dumped* in Herschel district; establishing a certain *casus-belli* to upset the policy of the Imperial Government, if it were not promptly checked. The wire was cut, and we were isolated from the Eastern Districts Court, which was the Review and Appeal Chamber for the Eastern districts. Postal communication was also intercepted; and as desperate cases need severe remedies, I took upon my shoulders, which the term "necessity" under martial law would extenuate, the jurisdiction of the superior Court for the nonce, and I dealt with those "spoilers of the Egyptians" in a summary manner, who had thought that as the Free Staters had annexed the Queen's country, they might have the cattle, and horses, and the sheep, at least—but not for the Queen! Later, when communication was restored, the whole of the records of the cases were submitted to the Eastern Court, with explanation, and I am happy to say they were not upset, but were treated with indemnity!

In view that Basutuland was also cut off from communication with the Cape through the cutting of the wire, the Resident Commissioner of Basutuland and I joined in a despatch service through the Tella; and subsequently over the Drakensberg range, to establish communication with Government Headquarters. This was an important undertaking in fixing reliable runners along the route, on account of rations and supervision, in the excitement of the country. A reliable officer of the Cape Police was placed in charge, Sub-Inspector Harvey, until retirement of the invaders enabled Basutuland and myself to maintain touch with the

Government and the High Commissioner, the respective Administrations sharing the expense.

When General Gatacre's disaster occurred on the 10th of December, 1899, at the Stormberg, where he was forced to retire with the loss of 600 prisoners alone, the bad news, with the affair at Magersfontein on the 11th of December, and the bloody battle on the Tugela, in Natal, on the 15th of the same month, all within five days, excitement ran high, and the natives appeared to be getting out-of-hand as the news spread; liquor was supplied to them from Lady Grey; while the enemy were intriguing and endeavouring to draw them under their influence. At that time, on the 12th of December, 1899, at a special meeting of the natives at Jozane's Hoek, not far from Bensonvale; holding the necessary authority in advance (which had cost some effort to obtain) from General Gatacre; I there and then enrolled special Native Police under European officers; only a small force; the feeling of the best of the natives coinciding with my judgment in the matter of restoring confidence if possible, and of stamping down depredations which had again increased. Inspector Dovey enrolled sixty men for the Eastern part, as 140 were distributed over another portion of the district, all armed native fashion, in the most picturesque manner, and clothed at ease; but their ponies; don't mention it, the riders were up the hills and lofty peaks peering across the boundary in no time, which startled the Boer piquets, as the Boers would as soon meet the devil as these marauding (reputedly blood-thirsting) "demons"! One of the effects at once, by the commotion among the enemy along our border, they stiffened their piquets, and anticipated the worst. At the same time I enrolled the refugee English farmers, who had crossed

into the district from Barkly East, as a mounted troop of Volunteers, and borrowed twenty-five rifles from the Resident Commissioner of Basutuland; placing Charles Penny, Esq., as Captain in command of the Herschel Volunteers.

The result was most favourable by the reduction of stock theft; Boer intrigue was weakened, a little make-up was provided for loss of employment in the small pay the men would receive, apart from the pride of serving in defence of the district; instead of relegation to the status of "women!" in a war; when, as British subjects, they had (quite a novel and wonderful experience to a native) been set aside as "women"!

Of course there was the usual wise and reflective element to condemn my actions and to augur disaster to the peaceful inhabitants from a step so calculated to involve the district in the war. But from my humble standpoint, however, a civil population at the desk raising its eyes between apprehension and ledger is just as liable to err as anybody else.

On the 18th December, 1899, I received the following letter from Lady Grey:—

Resident J.P.'s Office,
Lady Grey,
18th December, 1899.

To Captain Hook.

The Landdrost of Dordrecht wrote to me a letter on the 15th inst. that there are many complaints of theft on the borders of Barkly East by the inhabitants of Herschel, and requested me to write a letter to the Magistrate about it.

Our thoughts and ideas are, however, that we have nothing to do with Captain Hook, as he is placed under orders.

But that we should go direct to the Fingoes and give them the assurance that we are not fighting against natives, but against the British troops.

And as long as they do not steal our goods or loot our stock within our boundary, we leave them free and undisturbed, and will see that they get their lawful wages which they have earned.

(Signed) H. F. De Wet.

SITUATION IN CAPE COLONY.

(Reuter's Special Service.)

Herschel,

January 6th.

Excellent work is being done by Captain Hook's special police corps in repressing looting.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Meeting with General Olivier—Surrender at Lady Grey, 1900.

On the 19th January, 1900, the Boer official sent me another missive on the same subject, viz.:—

Lady Grey,
9th January, 1900.

D. B. Hook, Esq.

Sir,—In the name of the Chief Commandant I have the honour to make known to you that when the Chief Commandant was in Lady Grey you requested him not to cross over to Herschel district, as it would cause unrest among the natives, and you have promised to keep the natives quiet there. Now the Chief Commandant has been informed that you have a police force of some hundreds at Herschel and on the borders of Lundines Nek which is the cause of uneasiness amongst the people residing on the borders.

The Chief Commandant requests you to put an end to this as soon as possible.

I have, etc.,
(Signed) J. M. Steyn,
R. & R.

On the 26th January, 1900, the following letter arrived from the Chief Commandant himself—Commandant-General Olivier—of the Free State forces:—

Lady Grey,
26th January, 1900.

D. B. Hook, Esq.,
R.M., Herschel.

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you herewith that I have just arrived here. My object, Sir, is to meet

yourself and some others on the boundary, say five or six men, on the border at the toll on the way from Lady Grey to Herschel.

Sir, you may come to the border as above requested, for which I guarantee your safety (*i.e.*, for which I stand bail). Sir, I request you to kindly come over to-day, if possible.

Kindly favour me with a reply by bearer of this letter.

I have, etc.,

(Signed) J. H. Olivier,
Hoofd Kommandant.

As Hoofd Kommandant-General Olivier had invited me to meet him on the border, there seemed no obstacle to my doing so, but I could not meet him on that date. I, however, rode to the border of Lady Grey, about forty minutes' ride, on the 27th of January, 1900, and met him, keeping the interview as secret as possible to avoid excitement in the district. Mr. Arthur Gladwin and Mr. A. J. Vanderbyl, clerks in my office, accompanied me, with two or three orderlies, all unarmed, of course, passing over a little Nek on the way. When we arrived at a "spruit" I noticed that the native women were on the alert, and that the cattle were being driven in from the veldt and men appearing with assagais as the piquets of the newly organised picturesque Police were standing to their horses, and a force of Boers came in sight near the toll-gate. I sent a message to the Police to keep quiet, and we rode on, the piquets remaining stationary, but the assagaied natives, women, and cattle disappeared, and reported the approach of the enemy, Boer, adding that the Magistrate and his staff had gone over to the enemy! We galloped up to the toll-bar, and there met three armed Boers, who challenged us, and asked if I were Captain Hook. I replied "Yah!" and an

elderly Burgher responded "Good-day!" stating that he would call the Kommandant, who then advanced with what appeared to be his body-guard, all armed, and leaving the remainder of his force at about 100 yards distance.

We were then introduced, and the General said that he had come to see me because of the uneasiness on the border in *re* the cattle stealing, and at the reading over a list of losses, not very many, I replied, "Yes, we know of some, and that all stolen animals were registered in my office, and held, and that the matter would receive attention at the conclusion of hostilities." He then said that the Republicans were not making war on the inhabitants of the Colony, nor on the natives, that they were only fighting the *British*, and that he guaranteed not to molest Native territory; and asked me not to allow natives to attack them. He offered his hand, and took mine in putting the question. I replied that the policy of the British was to keep the natives quiet, and that I would act in obedience to that policy to the utmost so long as it continued, and so long as the enemy respected the spirit of the cause. He then spoke of my camp at Lundines Nek, on the Barkly border, which, he said, caused a lot of uneasiness among the isolated farmers' families; and requested me to withdraw them back a bit to allay that uneasiness. I replied that the men were there by right, it was their own Police camp, and that it was a good place to intercept stolen stock. He reiterated that the people were greatly alarmed—especially the wives and the children of the Dutch; and added that he could turn them out of Lundines Nek if necessary, but he did not like to do so. I replied, yes, I had heard that he meant to turn them out, but there were several thousand natives ready at the back of the Nek!

At which he laughed, and so did I! Then he said that there were thousands of farmers' sheep of the British roaming over the country unherded, about New England and Barkly, and he proposed that the English farmers should return and occupy their farms, and merely take an oath not to interfere or take part in the war, and that they would not be molested. I said, "But you might commandeer these men?" He replied, "No, they would be left alone." I said, "But here is Vanderbyl, would you commandeer him?" He said "Yes," he would, "because he was a Dutchman!" Adding that "Englishmen would not be commandeered."

The Kommandant then spoke of native labour, and wished me to allow the natives to go out among the Dutch farmers to cultivate, and to herd the stock. I replied that it would be a breach of the Governor's Proclamation to do so, and I could not do it. After some war courtesy in the form of whisky and cigars had been distributed the meeting terminated. Of course the English farmers would not accept the offer of returning to their farms on the terms proposed.

(Reuter.)

Cape Town,

February 2nd.

Sterkspruit, 29th January.—At the request of the Free State Commandant, Captain Hook, the R.M. of Herschel, met him at Briggs' Toll, on the road to Lady Grey, on Saturday, the 27th inst.

Commandant Olivier came with an escort of 96 armed men, and Captain Hook with a suite of three Government officials.

Commandant Olivier wanted to obtain a guarantee from Captain Hook to the effect that he would not make an attack on Lady Grey or Barkly East, and when no guarantee

was forthcoming, that in the event of an attack from the Herschel district, the Boer women and children in Lady Grey and the Barkly East district would not be molested.

Captain Hook informed the Commandant that he could give him no guarantee whatever, but that he would not invade those districts without orders from headquarters, and, in the event of his doing so, white troops and not natives would be employed.

At the end of the interview Captain Hook returned to Herschel and Commandant Olivier to Lady Grey, where he is trying to obtain all the available men he can take to the Stormberg.

Boer War, 1900.

The following telegram from Lord Kitchener was the first intimation conveyed to me of my promotion to the rank of Major. (Which title has attached to my name ever since).

[Telegram.]

From Lord Kitchener, Chief of Staff, Cape Town. To Major Hook, Herschel.

February 4th, F.22.—Am glad to inform you that your promotion to Major notified to-day in orders. Stop.

[Copy of Diary, 1900.]

Herschel.

27th February, 1900. Herschel.—Two Aliwal North farmers of Dutch descent arrived *to avoid being pressed into the service of the enemy.* One, Moolman, also arrived for the same purpose. *Majuba Day.*

28th February, 1900.—News from Intelligence confirms report of General Cronje's surrender on the 27th.

1st March, 1900.—Details of Cronje's surrender arrived.

2nd March, 1900.—News of relief of Ladysmith. Boers in full retreat. Colsberg occupied by the British.

3rd March, 1900.—A Mr. G. Joubert, Aliwal farmer,

arrived to inquire terms of surrender for rebels. Gave him copy of General Brabant's terms (viz., give up arms and pay fine to compensate). Joubert stated that the Free State terms to their own neutrals was a fine of £500 if the British were beaten. After Joubert left, was informed by General Brabant that the Governor's terms of surrender were now unconditional. I snt a messenger to Joubert acquainting him of that.

4th March, 1900.—Received a telegram from the High Commissioner showing disposition to be lenient with rebels, as it is highly necessary to get districts settled.

Surrender of Arms at Lady Grey.

On the evening of the 7th of March, 1900, a cyclist, named Usher, arrived from Lady Grey reporting that there had been a partial surrender of arms by the Boers at Lady Grey, and carrying a request from the Field Cornet, Mr. Sterley, to go to his aid to support his action, as he was dealing with it to the best of his ability, but he did not know what might transpire, as the loyals were numerically very weak. Being without a properly constituted force for such duty, I nevertheless considered it obligatory to forward surrenders of arms, and repaired at once with my civil staff, constables, a few of the Cape Police, and some unarmed civilians, and we arrived at Lady Grey at midnight in the extreme darkness. On the way an inebriated rebel rode into our ranks by accident (who was so jolly and human!) On nearing the village we were challenged by two of the loyals posted at the outskirts some distance from the town. At the village we found that the loyalists were under arms and acting as the new garrison, Field Cornet Sterley in command, an extemporised field force. We were invited to the residency of the capable Field Cornet and witnessed his collection of arms that had been handed

in by certain rebels; especially the town rebels, who had grown weary! My unarmed contingent immediately became equipped with what an hour or two before had formed the armament of the enemy; and with the strengthened garrison all round we remained under arms until break of day, with Sub-Inspector Hutcheons, of the Cape Police, in command of troops. In the forenoon I complimented the loyal inhabitants for having brought about the surrender; and especially Mr. Sterley, and leaving whatever arms they carried in their possession, and taking further steps to restore British administration by appointing Mr. Court to act as Magistrate, mending the telegraph wire, finding a skilful man on the spot, and setting the mail service on its four legs once more! An immediate extensive surrender of arms followed from all round, even from so far as Aliwal North, which lasted for several days, and kept Magistrate's staff and the Police officer very busy indeed, and all other officials on the spot, including the postal and telegraph department officers from Herschel, and also the Lady Grey postmistress (who had pulled down the Boer Proclamation) and who was at once reinstated. By these means once more telegraphic communication was restored with the Cape, and with Basutuland, and the British flag floating in the breeze! The Free State officials having suddenly disappeared with their flag!

(Reuter.)

Piet Van Heerden, a refugee from Aliwal, who has just surrendered, states that several Boers were met by him, fleeing from Lady Grey. They reported that Major Hook was in the town with an enormous army of Basutus, that he was slaughtering right and left.

Restoration of Queen's rule at Lady Grey, in Boer War, 1900. Plucky Post-mistress who pulled down Boer proclamation in 1899.

Reports from Lady Grey state that the surrender of the rebels there was obtained by a ruse. When they heard that the Free State Landdrost Steyn had left, a few Loyalists requested the gaoler to don a uniform and send notice to the rebels that Major Hook ordered them to surrender by five o'clock. They weakly complied.

A messenger was sent to Herschel to inform Major Hook. Meanwhile the British Flag was hoisted, and all the rebels and natives were instructed to shout hurrah as they passed the flag.

Many prominent rebels attempted to prevent the surrender, but without success. Loyalists went on piquet duty, knowing that they would be shot if the ruse were discovered.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Surrender at Barkly East in Boer War, 1900.

BARKLY EAST RE-OCCUPIED.

(Reuter.)

Cape Town,

March 13th.

It is officially announced that Barkly East was formally re-occupied last night by Major Hook, and that Mr. A. Vanderbyl was installed as Acting Resident Magistrate.

Before the issue of the above telegram there had been no surrender at Barkly East, on Herschel border, which held the greatest number of rebels under arms against the State; so on certain valuable information received from Mr. George Stephenson, and being satisfied that the rebels were wavering, I decided to proceed at once to endeavour to restore the Queen's rule in that district if possible, and started on the 11th of March, 1900, four days after the surrender of Lady Grey.

The following telegram, which was sent to the Press by some person unknown to me, best reports what really happened, and I will leave it to speak:—

HOW BARKLY EAST WAS OCCUPIED.

Affecting Scenes.

Barkly East,

March 12th, 1900.

(By Express to Dordrecht.)

Major Hook, accompanied by Mr. Vanderbyl and a telegraphist, with an escort of seven mounted police, took possession of Barkly East on Sunday evening unopposed. He met with a most enthusiastic reception from the

Loyalists and would-be Loyalists. Large numbers of ladies went out to meet the force.

The British flag was hoisted and saluted with hearty cheers, and then the ladies placed rosettes on the officers' breasts.

So great was the relief of these long-suffering subjects of the Queen that scarcely an eye was dry. Strong men wept like children.

The National Anthem was sung in the churches during the evening service.

The Free State Landdrost received information of the approach of British officers, and found it convenient to visit a farmer five miles away, taking the Free State flag with him. Major Hook summoned him back, and he subsequently returned.

On the invitation of Major Hook the whole population of the town and district turned out to meet him the following morning outside the public buildings. The demeanour of the people was most enthusiastic.

Major Hook made a most conciliatory speech, and introduced Mr. Vanderbyl, who, he said, would supersede the Free State Landdrost. The appointment gives general satisfaction. Mr. Rivers, representing the Telegraph Department, was also introduced.

The Free State officers then handed over the keys amid a great outburst of cheering.

Upon the first arrival of the small party of British officers, the Free State sentry at the Court House threw away his rifle and bolted down the street, tearing off his Republican badges and scarves as he ran.

One of the Free Staters remarked that it was a piece of impudence for three officials, supported by only seven men, to march into the town and take possession of it, as there were hundreds of armed rebels within a few miles.

A Loyalist remarked that only Britishers would have done such a thing, and they would do it again. All speak in gratified terms of the many courtesies extended to them by the British officials.—Reuter's Special Service.

Over a thousand stand of first-class arms were surrendered at Barkly East, while my Herschel forces arrived from Lundines Nek in a few days' time under command of Inspector Wooler, consisting of the detachment of Cape Police, and the Herschel Volunteers (the Barkly English farmers) to strengthen the garrison.

It was a repetition of the Lady Grey effort to restore British departments—which were all placed in working order before very long, and the Queen's flag flying once more.

Two telegrams following will speak for themselves:—

[TELEGRAM.]

From High Commissioner, Cape Town. To Resident Magistrate, Lady Grey.

13th March, 1900.—Congratulate you on success of your operations in Lady Grey and Barkly East. Stop. Hope you keep in close touch with General Gatacre, who is in supreme military command of all the eastern districts.

Attorney-General, Cape. To Major Hook, Elliott.

To be forwarded if necessary.

March 14th, 1900.

1340. March.—Your telegram of 10th from Lady Grey and 12th from Elliott both received. Government approve of action reported by you in regard to Barkly East. Appreciate your conduct and congratulate you on success attending it.

[TELEGRAM FROM MACLEAR.]

From Warren, Benson, Hully, Templar, Bremnar, Newman, Bremmer, Long, Bremmer, McIntyre, Stewart, Stephenson, Douglas, Stephenson, Francis, Hack, Glass, Francis, Fowler, Pote, Glass.

Herschel Volunteers at Barkly East, 1900.

To Major Hook,
Herschel.

Accept our congratulations on re-occupation Barkly East. God Save the Queen. Luck to the British flag. You're a true Briton. Stephenson holds Union Jack over members of above who are present.

14th March, 1900.

Now there was triple work in administering Herschel, Lady Grey, and Barkly East, which was fixed on me by the military under martial law, until finally I returned to Herschel as matters seemed to fall into shape.

[Copy of Diary, March, 1900.]
(Particulars of Lady Grey already given.)

Herschel.

8th.—Five young rebel Boers came in and delivered their arms. I sent them to Aliwal North, with a copy of Lord Roberts' terms. I sent Lieutenant Alfred Brigg to Lady Grey to bring away the surrendered arms to Herschel.

Lady Grey.

9th.—I sent Mr. George Stephenson to Barkly East to exhibit General Gatacre's terms of surrender, and to find out condition of affairs there. At 1 p.m. a deputation of Dutch from Aliwal, from the Dutch Commandants Van Ardt, Schumann, and Abram Cronje, arrived in *re* terms, the deputation consisting of Messrs. (Attorney) Smuts, Venter, Niekerk, and Piet ("Swart-bard") de Wet. Acquainted them. They were in love with General Brabant's terms in preference to all the others.

10th.—J. N. P. Botha, M.L.A., and the Hon. N. J. E. De Wet, M.L.C., Dutch gentlemen, came in for protection, and I supplied them with papers to do so.

(Have already given particulars of Barkly East surrender.)

13th.—Returned to Lady Grey from Barkly East. Heard *en route* that Aliwal North had been occupied by

our troops under General Brabant on the 11th inst. On my way to Barkly East I had heard that General Brabant was at Jamestown, and was returning to Dordrecht.

14th and 15th.—At Herschel attending affairs.

BARKLY EAST.

16th.—With Lieutenant Hutcheons to Barkly East, and found all right. Received telegram from the Secretary of the Law Department approving all that I had done, which was very good news indeed. Heard of occupation of Bloemfontein by Lord Roberts.

17th.—Mr. C. W. Chabaud arrived from Elliott to act R.M.

18th.—Arranged for the removal of the Dutch Landdrost (Mr. Zylstra) and his clerk (the Landdrost's son), with the Free State postmaster (Mr. Hope), who were on parole, to Aliwal North, as General Brabant requested. Captain Wooler escorted them.

19th.—Mr. Chabaud took over as A.R.M., and I held a conference with him; he to have civil charge of district, Captain Wooler in command of the Police and the Herschel Volunteers, while I would exercise light control in general.

LADY GREY.

20th.—Arrived at Lady Grey. Very busy. Presented with flag by Lady Grey ladies.

LOYAL LADIES.

Herschel,

March 24th.

(Reuter's Special Service.)

On Wednesday last the ladies of Lady Grey convened a meeting in the Court House, which was suitably decorated, for the purpose of presenting an Address and flags made by themselves to Major Hook and Sub-Inspector Hutcheons for the Cape Police. The Address was read by Mrs. Stevenson, who also presented the flags, which were about 15 feet long, to the recipients. The Address thanked Major Hook and the people of Herschel for responding so quickly to the call for assist-

Group of British Military and Civil Officers at Barkly East in Boer War, after re-establishment of Queen's rule in 1900.

ance from Lady Grey. Major Hook responded, thanking the ladies, on behalf of himself, the defence forces, and the civilians of Herschel. He stated that he had felt sorry for the inhabitants of Lady Grey, and regretted being unable to help them by force of arms earlier, and paid a high compliment to the loyal ladies of Lady Grey. Mr. Bethold replied on behalf of the ladies. "God Save the Queen" was then sung, and three cheers given for the ladies of Lady Grey and Major Hook. The proceedings terminated with a dance.

23rd.—Major Crewe arrived with 100 Border Horse to take away leading rebels.

Eastern Districts.

23rd.—The Assistant Inspector-General, Queenstown, exercising authority. General Gatacre wires me that am in command of Barkly East, Lady Grey, and Herschel.

His Excellency the Governor (Lord Milner) wired me to meet him at Aliwal on the 25th inst.

24th.—Left for Aliwal. Met Governor.

25th.—Received instructions from the Governor.

26th.—Lunched with Governor.

Barkly East, April, 1900.

1st.—Two troops of the C.M.R., from Mount Fletcher, arrived under the command of Major Blaine.

2nd.—Held council with Mr. Chabaud, Captain Wooler, Major Blaine, and Captain Vizard in *re* selection of two officers to receive affidavits against leading rebels. Two officers who held commissions as Justices of the Peace approved, viz., Captain Wooler, of the Cape Police, and Lieutenant Purcell, of the C.M.R. I drafted regulations to be put in force under martial law, and applied them to meet the necessity of the case in view of the whole situation.

Orders arrived that I was to communicate with the General Officer commanding in Cape Town.

6th.—Received request from General Gatacre to assist General Brabant at Aliwal, who had only 500 men, where he held the bridge, and would be attacked.

7th.—Sent 100 C.M.R. to General Brabant.

11th.—Investigation into the cases of fourteen leading rebels conducted by Mr. Chabaud, R.M., as follows, viz. :—

1. Matthys Gerhardus Potgieter.
2. Hermanus Jacobus Potgieter.
3. Carl Johannus Van Pletsen.
4. Lewis Johannus Legrange.
5. Jan Jacobus Van Pletsen.
6. Conrad Dormehl.
7. Jacobus Andries Vorster.
8. Johannes Francois De Wet.
9. John Frederick Venter.
10. William Sauer.
11. Johannes Hendrik Cloete.
12. Jan Hendrik Stafelberg.
13. Chris. Stefan. Van Niekerk.
14. Johannes D. Naude.

14th.—Lieutenant Lindsay (a Johannesburg Attorney) arrived as a martial law assistant.

16th.—Moved my Military Office to the Town Hall.

But this is enough of Diary.

This address from Dutch ladies at Barkly East. Thus you will see that I have never forgotten the Litany prayer "for all sick persons and young children; *and to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives.*"

ADDRESS FROM DUTCH LADIES AT BARKLY EAST.

Major D. B. Hook,

Commandant, Barkly East.

Sir,—We, the wives and near relatives of the prisoners charged with high treason, have learned with deep regret that you are about to leave Barkly East.

Before your departure we desire to express our appreciation of the courtesy and consideration which you have

shown towards us during the time you have acted as Commandant here.

Martial law is a hard law, and has had its terrors for us too, but we recognise that you have tried, as far as it lay in your power, to soften its rigours for the prisoners and us, their relatives.

Especially do we wish to thank you for the improved accommodation provided for the prisoners and for the facilities granted to us for visiting them.

We have the honour to be,

Yours obediently,

F. Van Pletsen.	L. Hechter.
F. Sauer.	M. Hechter.
L. Hugo.	E. Van Zigl.
M. Legrange.	A. Visser.
G. Dormehl.	C. Van Zeil.
A. Pansegouw.	M. Worster.
A. Smit.	L. Naude.
E. Buytenclog.	V. H. Van Niekerk.
J. M. Potgieter.	D. N. Coetzee.
M. C. F. Vorster.	A. A. Kotze.
H. M. Lubbe.	C. J. Stone.
G. Malherbe.	J. H. Van Zijl.
N. Vorster.	A. Naude, jun.
D. de Wet.	A. Naude.

No kinder or more graceful compliment could have reached me than the following, from, I believe, the oldest resident of Barkly East, Mr. Boardman:—

Barkly East,

July 31st, 1900.

Dear Major Hook,—As one who was privileged to welcome you on the entry of yourself and brave little band of followers, on to me the ever-memorable 11th March, 1900, to restore the authority of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, I cannot allow you to depart from our midst without expressing my satisfaction at the methods adopted by yourself and staff for the pacification of the town and

district, and the success attending the same, though mild and conciliatory, was firm and just, and, in my opinion, without any unnecessary harshness, in the prosecution of what, I am fully sure, was to you an unpleasant duty. I have also to express my gratitude for the many little acts of kindness I have personally experienced at your hands, and in bidding you farewell, may be allowed to express a hope that you may long be spared to a further career of usefulness.

Believe me, dear Major Hook,

Ever faithfully yours,

J. W. Boardman.

Major Hook,
Commandant,
Barkly East.

Telegram from the ex-Northern Border Magistrate, who was once sole Administrator at the Diamond Fields, Mr. Maximilian James Jackson, at the time Civil Commissioner of Simons Town, very much appreciated by me:—

Office of the Resident Magistrate,

26th June, 1900.

My Dear Hook,—Let me congratulate you on having done so well during this war and on your promotion.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

M. J. Jackson.

Address from Natives.

Bensonvale, Herschel,

May 29th, 1900.

Dear Sir,—At a large and influential meeting of natives, representing every part of Herschel district, held at Sterkspruit on Saturday, the 19th inst., it was unanimously resolved to send you the heartiest thanks of the district for the very able and considerate manner in which you have conserved its interests during the exceptional and trying circumstances of the past seven months, and to

assure you that your present and former administration of this district will be ever held in grateful remembrance.

The meeting also expressed its sincere appreciation of the services of those who have served under you in guarding this district during the war.

We are, Sir,

Your obedient Servants,

(Signed) WILLIAM BAKER, *Chairman.*

(Signed) J. N. J. TULWANA, *Secretary.*

To Major Hook,

Herschel.

COMMUNICATED TO SECRETARY OF STATE.

27th June, 1900.

Sir,—I am desired by the High Commissioner to acknowledge the receipt of your minute of the 8th inst., and to request that you will inform the chairman of the public meeting of native residents of the Herschel district that the resolutions passed at that meeting have been communicated by His Excellency to the Secretary of State.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) A. BROWN,

For Imperial Secretary.

Major D. B. Hook,

Commandant, Barkly East.

On my departure from Barkly East I issued the following Order, which is inserted in this volume to emphasise that sentiment of Lord Roberts that "*harsh and thoughtless treatment of the inhabitants will assuredly retard pacification of the country.*"

DISTRICT ORDER 89.

Barkly East,

31st July, 1900.

Major Hook, in leaving for Herschel, bears in mind that recent events have necessitated some stern action on the part of the Troops, Police, and Civil Servants, who

have been serving in his command. He thinks that protection and consideration has been extended to the civil inhabitants as much as possible. All have been engaged in the pacification of the district. He is pleased to think that the view of that high authority, Lord Roberts, has been acted up to, viz. :—that "*harsh and thoughtless treatment of the inhabitants will assuredly retard pacification of the country.*" He further desires to record his appreciation of the good conduct of the troops and Cape Police, and thanks the Magistrate and Civil Servants for their cordial support, and especially his staff. He believes that the Barkly East Town Guard, and Troop I., New England Mounted Rifles, may become valuable corps, and trusts they may have a successful career, and be much augmented, and while so saying, adds "Good-bye."

By order,

W. Rolfe, Lieut. C.M.R.,

Garrison Adjutant.

CHAPTER XLV.

Boer War, August, 1900, to June, 1902.

In this chapter will be recorded only passing events, while mentioning that fighting in the form of surprise and attack was going on all along our line during the whole of the military operations. Wounded and prisoners passing through; refugees rushing in, not alone of English, but in some cases of Dutch. The boom of the cannon a daily accompaniment to the sough of the breeze. Columns moving around our boundary, and the Commandos skirting the line in close contiguity. Even a night attack on the camp of the late Colonel Murray was recognised by our piquets by the blue spark-like twinkle of the rifle shots in the dark, when Commandant Kritzinger overcame the small patrol which had bivouacked, and which resulted in the death of so many good men. The horses of the patrol being found along the Orange River bank next morning by Captain Hall, of the H.N. Police.

Herschel was a regular *omnium gatherum* for all sorts and conditions of men and property, and for some pathetic cases as well. The dust flew with the tread and turmoil, and the roads, veldt, and by-ways were tramped by traffic, as never happened before. Consternation prevailed many times as reports came in painting in vivid colours the encounters between the contending forces, who marshalled

and counter-marched along our line, as though they could not avoid bringing the district into the field of active strife.

The district was used for British convoys, and for troops passing; and I always believed that the enemy one day would pass over the boundary, which one day happened as Boer General Smuts, with a commando of about 400 Transvaalers, succeeded in crossing the Orange River during the rush of the enemy to enter the Colony, in the night, at a moment when our block-house piquets were being redistributed; but not without encountering two or three companies of the Herschel Native Police in the early morn, who intercepted them near the Witteberg Mission Station, and opened fire on them at 400 or 500 yards from a ridge of rocks with Martini rifles, on which the Transvaalers, who really did not want to fight the natives, and only wanted to get through, retreated across the Aliwal line out of the Herschel district in a most hurried manner, bending down on their saddles to escape the volleys of shots sent after them by companies, leaving several dead and wounded, and many horses, and some arms. As I was present, I must confess that the Boers had executed a very clever crossing of the Orange River in the dark at the cattle-ford of big stones and a wide sheet of water with precipitous hills on either side, and it was a marvel to me how they succeeded in taking us by surprise; but I found that they had by strategy captured our two sentinels, and terrorised these into guides to a certain point. The embarrassment of the surprise in addition was that the guard on the Orange River at other points rushed in stating that two more commandos were coming through at two other drifts of the river, which intelligence arriving, when, as I said before, our redistribution of piquets was *en passant*,

leaving the Herschel Residency neighbourhood short of men, created a momentary halting in decision what to do, until I saw the Boers flying in a direction right into, as I thought, the jaws of a British column which was believed to be encamped at Tibbet's farm with cannon and mounted men, when lo! the column had vanished, by having re-crossed the Orange River the previous evening; which could be perceived by the Boers mustering out of range of our rifles on top of a rise near the farm unmolested; I for some time waiting expecting to have a deal with the increase of Boers which had been reported by the piquets.

When the two other commandos did not arrive, we repaired to the Residency and replenished ammunition, as the first commando disappeared from view, and then, by inspection of the river and by interrogating the piquets, found that the report of the two others was a mistake. Whether the Boers skilfully spread the report of the two other commandos to deceive us, I am unable to state, but if they did (if General Smuts did) it was smart. By questioning the three Boer prisoners who had fallen into our hands (two of whom were Germans and the other an Irishman named Patrick Malony!) we found that they had kept their movements secret until the moment to act when they had pushed hard from Zastron that day, and arrived at the Orange River in the dark with a Colonial guide to the spot; and without hesitation entered the stream to cross the N.W. angle of the district, taking the risk, believing that the natives would not fire upon them.

We were bound to keep our border and public institutions safe, counting Lady Grey within our scope for communication, since the Free State had abandoned it, and for the value that the village was as a supply depôt, etc.

We therefore defended it—as the business of the place and Herschel were so connected—and many times we rode to its rescue when Cape Colony rebels threatened it. Rebels were apart from the Republican forces, and they were not entitled to commit acts of aggression at the threshold of the district's own supplies, and friends.

For we were protecting the property of the Boers (rebels) from waste. As instance the indemnity from the Eastern Court to cover my struggle to check stock stealing—already referred to—but it was rather weakening when I returned from Barkly East command to find that a speculating individual, assuming military rank and title, had dumped down a whole drove of cattle in retail to the inhabitants of Herschel without a *licence* to trade, and had imposed on the credulity of more than one worthy citizen; the proceeds being—whether for a day, or for ever unknown—appropriated by the said enterprising speculator, who found that the rough-and-ready martial code administered by military experts enabled him to evade the trammels of the law. I was not present at the court martial. No wonder that the natives were hard to control.

Readers will remember that some years ago an influential Hlubi Chief, named Langalebale, in a fit of spleen, with his followers, left Natal after an affair with the Natal Carbineers, where several of the Carbineers were slain. That Chief, after pursuit by Natal troops, assisted by the F.A.M. Police under (Colonel) J. M. Grant, and Mr. J. M. Orpen, I think, eventually surrendering to the Governor's Agent, Colonel Griffith, in Basutuland. Well, in the Herschel district, a few years ago, lived a cousin of his, named Mehlomakula, of the same Hlubi tribe, whose son, named Ngesman (meaning *Englishman*) persistently during the

Boer war agitated to get himself raised to the head of the Hlubi tribe, who during the war pressed his claim to such a degree that if it had not been for, what shall I call it, patience of the officials, he should have been treated as an undesirable for wasting valuable time; but the Native Affairs Department of the Cape Colony is so motherly in its administration, that if I had done what should have been done an amount of correspondence might have been entailed to add to the many anxious and worrying duties that already devolved upon me.

Just one instance: A Dutch farmer in the Free State who had, as a Burgher, been in the war, at one of the surrenders had been allowed to re-occupy his farm under British rule, on condition of good behaviour, and if he fulfilled that obligation British protection to himself and property would be extended. While thus residing under the protection of the British, over a dozen of his cattle were stolen by some person or persons unknown, and brought into Herschel for concealment, implicating one of the Colonial forces, which cattle were immediately seized by the Herschel authorities and held in custody. Several attempts were made to dispossess the authorities of these stock, but the attempts were unsuccessful, as the authorities were supreme and held the British flag aloft. Until at last, I ordered them to be sold and the proceeds lodged in the Bank to the credit of the Imperial fund for and on account of whom it may concern. On the very day of sale by public auction, the Dutch farmer arrived claiming these stock, producing an official authority from the British Magistrate of his district, Rouxville, in the Orange River Colony, requesting me to hand them over to him, a few minutes before the auctioneer would have offered them to

the hammer. But now it was a question of handing the stock or the proceeds. On the Assistant R.M. at Herschel certifying that the claim and the cattle were identical, I ordered the delivery of the stock on the warrant of the British Magistrate of Rouxville, to the evident disappointment of purchasers. It transpired afterwards that the Boer had been coerced into joining the commando afresh, after he had accepted British protection, and his cattle were stolen, and it was decided by the British Magistrate that inasmuch as the cattle were taken while he was under protection, and as he was *coerced* into taking service under the Boers afresh, that his claim to his property was not nullified.

It so happened that Mr. Arnold Forster, from England, as Chairman of the Land Settlement Commission (who subsequently became Minister for War in the Conservative Administration) came along with his staff, and on having the representation of the case put to him by one of the public, *who had attended the sale*, I emphasise the term "put to him," he, the honourable gentleman, declared the whole thing *ultra vires*, and, immediately, my action was challenged from Headquarters, Cape Town. "Feeding the enemy!" was the verdict bestowed upon the incident by the future Minister of War!

As if either I or the British Magistrate at Rouxville would feed the King's enemies!

And that very matter of accounting for the proceeds of unclaimed or derelict stock was one of the most delicate nature. From previous experience in former wars I had learnt that carelessness should be avoided, and "put not your trust in Princes," so to avoid consequences that might arise after the war, and acting under wise Imperial regula-

tions to supply a register of the names and address of absentee owners, with the respective amounts and particulars placed opposite names—I was careful to not pay into the Imperial Chest otherwise than by Standard Bank draft, whereby all transactions were traceable to the fullest extent. I found the safety of this by a query on the Stock accounts after the war was over, and, in fact, after I had retired from the Government service, by referring the department which had sent the query to the Standard Bank for the information required. And there was no more said about it.

Purchasing remounts for the troops carried certain heavy responsibilities in the matter of employment of agents to commandeer the picked horses and ponies of the district at a fair and reasonable remuneration that would impose the less hardship. My officers who were selected for the duty commandeered the horses, handing to the owners an order drawn on me for the amount of each purchase, describing the horse, which document, when it was presented at my office, was duly paid out of an amount lodged to my credit in the Standard Bank under the heading of Remount Fund in my name personally; carefully registered in columns drawn in my book with columns ruled to admit of every detail being entered to admit of the whole of the transaction of each horse being traced. By this careful means at the conclusion of the service after a good many thousands of British money had been expended, and the district cleared of all its best horses, and after so many agents had been engaged in it, there were no complaints from the public, and the accounts were approved by the Chief Remount Officer, Major Gould, who examined the books, which balanced to a fraction.

But an irregular and extraordinary mode of obtaining horses was in vogue later of trafficking captured cattle gathered up from the enemy with the public for remounts. This necessitated a system that provided a very great temptation to agents to depart from red-tape—a haphazard kind of dealing that books, registers, and even Standard Bank would sneer at. However my agents so managed that scarcely a query arose of any great importance, and the trafficking resulted in some good horses being forthcoming, while the droves spread lung-sickness all over the country, made worse by the inspanning of captured cattle into the teams of commandeered wagons.

Lung-sick was then rampant, inducing the Cape Government to apply its Cattle Contagious Diseases Acts to meet the case, in the midst of martial law. What a strange combination—Statute Law and Martial Law together! Such a complication! The veterinary and the military department both of the arbitrary class. Poor cattle! Poor owner! The only gentle person, the Magistrate, who had been accustomed to mete out justice. What the native was to the alarmed Dutch family, was the veterinary surgeon to the owner of stock—the devil!

The measures that were enforced in the efforts to stamp out lung-sickness in the war when the troops could not be moved about without transport, and the inhabitants of the district, including Basutuland, were dependent upon transport for their supplies, was an episode in the war that few people would realise. I never felt proud of the administration of the lung-sick repressive measures. The only thing was that the Powers *were endeavouring to cope with it!* The owners of stock were nearly driven mad!

CHAPTER XLVI.

HERSCHEL TRADERS—BAD STATE OF DISTRICT—END OF WAR—SNOW—THANKSGIVING—KING'S CORONATION—DISBANDMENT OF TROOPS, 1900-1902.

A FEATURE of Herschel is the placid content of the European traders in time of peace. The natives have some useful proverbs. One is that "To-morrow is also a day," another that "A Chief never gets cross." Isolated as the traders are among these mountain men, calm steals into the character. The natives regard them as the sign of progress; the outward sign of standing. Without a trader in the locality the place is of mean import; he is the adviser and referee in many cases as much as the missionary. But the missionary, if he is good, like the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, of Pondoland, is the greater referee.

But in time of war there are ripples in the stream of trading life. It might not be uninteresting to describe the mode of regulating the number of transport wagons that a trader was entitled to employ to enable him to carry on his trade during the war. In the matter of horses for the use of the traders I (as Commandant) had granted each one sufficient to meet his requirements. But in regard to wagons and oxen the law of commandeering was so peremptory that no man of business was protected, but he might be made a great victim by "necessity" under martial law; that term "necessity" which is safe enough in wise hands!

In order therefore to guard against the mercantile class being arbitrarily dealt with, it was decided to allow each trader sufficient transport exempted from the commandeering law to enable him to keep up his supply of goods and to forward his produce to market, as the Magistrate of the district recommended. If the trader had not his own wagons then he could engage wagons from those owners who would carry for him. This entailed an extraordinary amount of particulars, some traders applying for more than their business seemed to justify, which, if granted, would seem to be depriving the military of the service that they relied on to bring the war to an early conclusion.

There were great heartburnings and misunderstandings due to this in several cases. Wagons had to be branded and a certificate obtained for each trip, to exhibit at the town of purchase or delivery, as Aliwal North, where the commandeering law was frequently enforced by the prompt officers entrusted with the responsible duty of collecting transport for immediate requirements, and these officers were liable to seize any wagons which happened to be near.

There were many little contests occurring below the surface; people under the restrictions of the lung-sick laws fighting for their cattle; traders defending their transport; and the right to free trade in saddlery (which was not allowed); and resisting the imposition of restriction on the prices of goods; all by the intelligent trader who knows so well how to apply commercial argument. But it all had to be worked out by the presiding official! Oh, what a time!

The natives hemmed in and not allowed to go out to seek labour were fretting to escape the inactivity. A drought was wasting the land. Locusts swarmed. "War,

famine, and pestilence!" The patience of Job was in requisition indeed. The horses died of mange; the sheep of scab, because the dipping laws were slack; the stock was lean and miserable. Slaughter stock was unobtainable. I had once to commandeer a sheep from a native kraal to meet famine. The distress around was manifest in so many ways.

I observed in reading a copy of the "Cape Times" of that date, December, 1900, how full of apprehension was that journal at the coming troubles, which I considered had already come.

But in the midst of all this, to show the incongruity of the thing, I was awakened one evening by a tap at the door late, when, on investigation, it proved to be an officer on express duty from Aliwal North, the bearer of the Order of the D.S.O. for presentation to a meritorious medical officer, who was then at the front, the brother of the same profession residing there being mistaken for the absent one. The wife of the one who was to receive the decoration brought all her persuasion to bear to induce me to recognise her as the most fitting to act as *locum tenens* in the case, if I would be so obliging, but willing as I might be to decorate a lady with that distinguished Order, under the circumstances the pleasure had to be resisted.

This brings me to near the end of the war, to the date of the greatest fall of snow, in June, 1902, on the 11th, and to the Thanksgiving for Peace on the 8th and 9th of June. The wonderful fall of snow was the greatest known to the proverbial oldest inhabitant. I left Aliwal just after the downfall, the streets of that town slightly covered. The snow increased in depth as my direction led me eastward toward the Witteberg (the White Mountains) which were

indeed as their name indicated; their pure white cloudy appearance on milky billows of silent expanse being very striking. This could be seen from Lamoonfontein, where numbers of wayfarers were detained waiting for the snow to melt a little to indicate a path, as no sign of road was visible, buried under several feet of snow. My horses had ploughed through this mass with the greatest effort, incommoded as they were by an ice-ball in each hoof, formed by the snow sticking in the foot and under pressure of the horse's weight hardening into a ball of ice. These had to be removed with trouble, and as the place was crowded I ventured to move on by an undefined track, guessing my way as well as possible; more than once having narrow escapes from dongas.

For many months this snow encumbered the ground, and the cold was intense. It happened just about the time the Boer troops were coming in under the peace terms, fortunately for them and for the British troops as well; they had opportunity of seeking shelter wherever obtainable, but there must have been sacrifices with it and loss of life. My Hottentot groom was lost and died in the snow on the way to Lady Grey, and several natives died; numbers of stock died, even the partridges were found dead in the veldt, and the fish in the rivers were frozen; all this at the end of the war with the Thanksgiving for Peace, and the Coronation of our King to celebrate, and the forces to be disbanded, with a winding-up in general. I call it the "End-of-the-War — Snow — Thanksgiving — King's-Coronation—Disbandment-of-Troops!"

At the Coronation Celebration of our King on the 26th of June, 1902, at Herschel, the inhabitants, Europeans and natives, subscribed about a thousand pounds towards the

event. Even native women contributed a share in cash. Medals in costly metal were ordered from England in time, with appropriate ribbons, for presentation. The traders did a trade in colours of finery. The Highland band and pipers were, by privilege from the Colonel Commanding the Highland Regiment at Aliwal, permitted to attend. They brought their tents and pitched them on the ground. It was a great day, and loyalty burned in the heart of everyone, black, brown and white and every shade of colour. The schools and churches marked by lines of demarcation—everybody sang. The band swelled the crowd and led the way in ceremony of procession, stepping merrily by the flags and colours, then into solemn strains of "God save the King!" the air resounding with the loyal voices of the company, in cheers and patriotism. Then the Highland pipers strode in pride and beauty, their warlike tones stirring the crowd to enthusiasm as the natives wondered and admired, the style being after their hearts and customs. No sooner done than there were a dozen imitators from the youthful braves—by strut and action—while the maidens whirled them in the field. It was a day to be remembered midst the rocky peaks and rugged scenes of the Wittebergen.

Unfortunately the sad tidings of the sudden severe illness of our King, which was flashed all over the Empire, fell like a thunderbolt upon the crowd in the noon of the festivity, when, by unanimous decision, the celebration broke up, and the participators with heavy hearts wended their way homeward. This left a large balance of the subscribed fund unexpended (between four and five hundred pounds), which was later by the decision of the responsible parties (Committee) voted to the Wesleyan

Bensonvale Institution for the purpose of assisting to found a Native Girls' Industrial Department, a desirable object. The receipt for the amount is appended.

Wesleyan Synod,
Kroonstad,
18th January, 1904.

To Major Hook,
Chairman, Coronation Committee,
Herschel.

Dear Sir,—I am directed by the Synod of the Kimberley and Bloemfontein District of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of South Africa, now assembled in Kroonstad, to tender to you as the representative of the Herschel Coronation Committee, the hearty thanks of the Synod for the donation of £465 to the proposed Girls' Institution at Bensonvale—an institution which they have no doubt will, in the near future, justify the generosity that has been shown to it.

I am, dear Sir, etc.,
(Signed) J. K. DERRY,
Secretary.

Then military requirements demanded that I and my staff should proceed to Cape Town to settle up the Native Police affairs. With the following Officers and N.C. Officers:—

Captain Clifford de Beer (Adjutant).
Captain D. D. Davies (Assistant).
Captain Henry Siddons (Paymaster).
Lieutenant Harold Robertson.
Lieutenant A. H. Vizard.
Sergeant-Major Ross.
Sergeant Mandy (Staff).
Sergeant Joseph Tshangela (Staff).

With these I arrived in Cape Town (of course having obtained personally the sanction of the Law Department) and we received a full acquittance certificate that all was in satisfactory order, which was at least a great gratification.

Staff of Herschel Native Police Officers in Boer War, 1902.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Presentations and Compliments, 1902-1903.

The Government sent me to Herschel at the beginning of the Boer war with the following compliment, viz., "your judgment and knowledge of the people and influence would be of enormous value at the present juncture."

My retirement from the Service through lassitude after the war was purely voluntary. The Attorney-General had offered me fresh work at Colesberg as Civil Commissioner and Magistrate, but I, though grateful, did not accept.

Lady Grey residents had reminded me of having reorganised affairs for them at the re-occupation, by sending the accompanying telegram, and by the presentation from the business residents of the fitted travelling bag, for which I felt duly grateful indeed; and will ever remember the kindness of those generous people; whose sturdiness in trying times was admirable:—

[Telegram.]

Received at Herschel on March 7th, 1901, at 12-16.

From Lady Grey Loyals. To Major Hook,
Herschel.

On this, the anniversary of the Relief of Lady Grey, we, the Loyals who remained to face the music during the occupation, beg to assure you that the invaluable service rendered by yourself and your men on that occasion is still fresh in our memories, and will never be forgotten,

and further to express our united good wishes for your future, in whatever sphere your lot may be cast.

PRESENTATION AND ADDRESS FROM HERSCHEL LADIES.

Major Hook,
C.C. and R.M.,
Herschel.

Dear Major Hook,—We, the following ladies of Herschel, beg you to accept the accompanying little present, as a token of our esteem and respect for you, on the occasion of your leaving this district. We assure you it is with a feeling akin to deep regret that we bid you farewell on this, the eve of your departure, and we beg to impress upon you that though you be absent from us, we shall be ever mindful of the kindness we have often individually received at your hands. We feel that we owe you a debt of deep gratitude, more especially for the lenient manner in which you carried out your irksome, complex duties as Commandant; and we heartily appreciate the benevolent spirit and great courtesy with which you have always met us, and last, but not least, your personality as a friend —that we can never forget. In bidding you God-speed and good luck in your new sphere of life, we sincerely trust good health and fortune will continue yours, and feel that the position you are now vacating can never adequately be filled.

We are, Sir,
Yours faithfully,

MRS. M. J. LETCHER.
MRS. SURMON.
MRS. HARRISON.
MRS. R. J. THOMAS.
MRS. GEORGE WEAVER.
MRS. THOMPSON SMITH.
MRS. O. BRIGG.
MRS. BOWKER.
MISS A. SUSTEN.
MISS STEEL.
MRS. W. C. ORSMOND.
MRS. C. BAILLIE.
MISS GLADYS SURMON.
MISS F. THOMAS.
MRS. HILLIER.
MRS. WM. WALKER.
MRS. A. G. AUSTEN.
MISS B. CUSENS.
MRS. W. C. ORSMOND.
MRS. BUCKES.
MISS F. AUSTEN.
MISS B. CUSENS.
MRS. BUCKES.

The European residents of Herschel at my expected departure entertained me to a supper in the Court House, the speakers adding panegyric, while the ladies conferred the very great honour of a joint gift from themselves with a complimentary address drawn up in the most flattering terms; to both of which, as eloquence was wanting, I responded as one of the Attorney-General's officers should in regard to sincerity of reply. It was no use being overcome. We had an enjoyable evening, and it was a pleasant winding-up to the vicissitudes of a three years' association during the great trouble, when these ladies bore many privations and heavy anxieties, increased by the exceptionally heavy burden of relief and hospitality imposed upon them by helpless refugees from far and near, from Johannesburg and other distant places, in the midst of scarcity of supplies and daily apprehensions. While the district was hemmed in these ladies were put to great straits, and during the worst time, when things were going hard with the British, if there was a desponding note it did not emanate from the English women of Herschel. I always wear the pretty little souvenir in recognition of the generous act.

FRIENDSHIP.

"It draws the lips in smiling shape,
It draws the look of pleasure—
A tiny, slender silken thread
Is friendship; and we make it
Bind hearts and lives to hearts and lives,
And e'en a breath may shake it,
But oft it takes but one mere word,
But one mere word, to break it."

The accompanying presentations to me by the Native Police officers were absolutely too handsome, and of them

I feel very proud. The Force was so quickly disbanded and the officers scattered so quickly that perchance my appreciation was unheard, but I shall always bear in mind the generous kindness.

When I paid my official call on the Hon. the Attorney-General, Mr. T. L. Graham, M.L.C., at his office in Cape Town—the head of the Civil Department—he complimented me in the highest terms on my services in the war—of which I felt very proud indeed. For it is always pleasant to be praised if the praise is not meant as an empty compliment.

I might here mention *en passant* that his predecessor in office (Sir Richard Solomon, at Aliwal North), when I met him in company with Lord Milner, also expressed such approval, that quite remarkable recognition of merit loomed in vision. Heartfelt compliments do help a fellow.

Farewell Address from the Headmen and People of the Herschel District.

To Major Hook.

We, the undersigned headmen and residents in the district, have received the news of your immediate departure from amongst us with regret. And we desire to place on record the esteem we have for you as Commandant and Magistrate, and request you to accept this expression of our feeling as from our hearts. As everyone knows, you came among us at a critical time, when, owing to the secluded state of this district, we were cut away from the main Colony and surrounded by the enemy.

False rumours were spread and suspicion cast upon us. It then required a man of great experience and stout heart to grasp the real state of affairs.

Here we have to thank the Government for their wisdom in appointing you to this district, the right man in the right place. Here also we must state, without flattery

Major D.B.Hook.
O.C.. H.W.F.

Sir,

We, the undersigned officers of the H.W.F.. beg to express our congratulations to you on the able manner in which you have commanded this regiment. Indubitably, through your careful forethought at the outbreak of hostilities; your influence over the natives in this district; and the raising of the above-named regiment, not only have you saved the district from invasion, but you have been largely responsible for the loyal attitude assumed by the native races. We feel that your splendid energy and coolheadedness cannot too greatly be eulogised, and in bidding you farewell, we wish you every futural success, and regret that the honour of further service under you has been denied us.

We have the honour
to be, Sir,
your obedient servants.

Herschel.
June 26th 1902.

or exaggeration, that you have proved yourself a man who can conquer his enemy by merely looking at him.

We think we are right in saying this, for you defended the district without arms.

Being a soldier yourself, you made soldiers of us, and in many ways made us useful to the Crown.

We further desire to place on record that as Magistrate you have been conscientious and fatherly.

We would assure you that every individual in the district had confidence in you.

It is needless to say that your firm and impartial attitude during the crisis has had the admiration of everyone in the district, and we therefore think it our duty to let you know that, now that you are about to leave us.

1st October, 1903.

JOEL MEHLOMAKULU.	ABASI NAMBU.
S. MALAMLELI.	JOSEPH MALIFANE.
SHAS. BOYCE MAMA.	STEPHANUS MEI.
E. K. NAOBE.	MAHEBI.
W. NKONZO.	B. SKIT.
HENDRIK NKOPANE.	J. MAKUMSCHA.
ZWENI KOBA.	DAMOND NTOI.

And forty-four other Headmen.

I was particularly impressed by the language of the Native Address; all their own drawing, in fact, which shows how short-sighted it would be to over-ride their right to be recognised as an intelligent people; for they are most intelligent, and worthy of our sympathy and good will as the King's subjects.

In reply to this, which was read in public to me by one of the well educated signatories, in a clear resounding voice at a big meeting, I wrote a reply to convey my best acknowledgment in terms that I had learnt in associating with their life during three wars, referring to their cheerful disposition, "never say die" character; regarding, as they did, events from the *lofty* standpoint, not from the shades

and glooms; to this they were entitled for their manly bearing in the war. They were ready to fight for the Queen and King, or to accept severe punishment if any of them "uku-ba" (stole) cattle; which, of course, the responsible ones did not. I am sorry that I did not retain a copy of the reply, which contained only natural expressions of genuine thanks to these wild mountain-men.

And it is to be hoped that whenever the British Nation see the Cape Colony natives in dire extremity, who were so loyal to the Queen and King in the late war, and who were prepared to shed their blood in England's cause, that British chivalry will not forget its duty to these trusting people. If I were alive I would not forget mine.

I do appreciate the following telegram received from General Hart Synnot, who was in command of Aliwal districts; that gallant officer of whose personal bravery I had heard so much in the desperate fights in Natal and elsewhere. So kind of the General to send it to me without my in the least expecting it.

General Hart Synnot, Aliwal North. — Major Hook, Herschel.

May 12th.—In departing, I desire to express my appreciation of the very good military work you have done in this war in my command. It will be my duty to bring this to the notice of the Chief and my pleasure to further your military interests whenever you think I can do so.

Mentioned in List of Honours by
LORD ROBERTS.

Mentioned in List of Honours by
LORD KITCHENER.

I find that I have lived under the rule of sixteen Governors in South Africa, and served the Queen and

King under nine of these high representatives, from Sir George Grey down to Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson.

1843. Sir Peregrine Maitland.

1847. Major-General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Pottinger, Bart.

1847. Sir H. F. Young, Kt. (Lieutenant-Governor of the Eastern Province).

1847. Lieutenant-General Sir Henry G. W. Smith, Bart.

1852. Lieutenant-General the Hon. G. Cathcart.

1852. Ch. H. Darling (Lieutenant-Governor).

1854. Sir George Grey, K.C.B.

1859. Lieutenant-General R. H. Wynyard, C.B. (Lieutenant-Governor).

1861. Sir Philip Edmond Wodehouse, K.C.B.

1870. Sir Henry Barkly, K.C.B.

1877. Sir H. Bartle E. Frere, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.S.I.

1881. Sir Hercules G. R. Robinson, G.C.M.G.

1889. Sir H. B. Loch, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

1895. The Right Hon. Sir Hercules G. R. Robinson, Bart., G.C.M.G. (created Lord Rosmead, 1896).

1897. Sir Alfred Milner, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. (created Lord Milner, 1901).

1901. The Hon. Sir Walter Francis Hely-Hutchinson, G.C.M.G.

No wonder I feel patriarchal.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A FEW REMARKS ON THE NATIVE QUESTION.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER FROM SIR GODFREY LAGDEN, SECRETARY NATIVE AFFAIRS, TRANSVAAL.

Johannesburg,

September 14th, 1903.

. . . . "Perhaps you will allow me to say how much I value the co-operation you extended me during the late eventful war. We were, I know, both of one mind in believing that it would be a wicked thing if natives were employed, and encouraged in any way to join the struggle; but it required a great effort and continuous struggle by those placed over the natives to watch and enforce the policy."

ND here, while heartily appreciating Sir Godfrey's testimony, who himself had held *a (the)* most remarkable post in the native question, in the war, I would say that there are many enthusiastic well-meaning people who profess to shed effulgent light npon the native problem—so-called "nigger" question—but it takes a broad comprehensive view of the traditions and policy of the British Nation to be capable of taking insight into the soul of the thing. I remember once in Cape Town listening to a warm controversy between two disputants on the subject, when I inwardly reflected, Oh! hang the thing, I must be the veriest tyro to imagine that liberty and a good sinking-fund are to be compared to slavery and a big national debt! Or that the art of administrating native affairs is

more than a gentlemanly occupation. But, whatever is the secret, it was sufficiently taxed during the late war in the districts abutting on the scene of strife, which history will never be able to relate. Some good honest administrators might justly claim to be included in the class of whom it is said that "those whom the Gods love die young!" The anomalous position of a military Magistrate on civil duty maintaining peace in the turmoil of war suggests the proverbial "two stools," the little grave which jeopardises an official reputation. When in moments of memory the exuberant overleaping Herschel as a lively corner is thought of in regard to the war, I revert to the discussion which was carried on by the two Cape Town disputants for comfort, for they knew all about it!

During the winter months of 1903, the Government appointed me, with my two Native Inspectors of Locations, as a Commission to group locations in order to reduce the number of locations and of Headmen. This was a difficult task, inasmuch as there were many recognised boundaries in the mountains which had never been confirmed, and disputes even of the time of Moshesh (seventy-five years past), John Austen, James Ayliff, Shepstone and others were raked up with which we had to deal; involving great investigation. Fortunately during my personal sojourn at Herschel in former days, and after the Basutu Disarmament war, I had located many in the land made vacant by the rebels who joined the Basutus, and evidence existed in my own personal knowledge. The matter of setting aside boundaries is, under any circumstances, a troublesome task, with the duty of delineating boundaries anew, and there was indeed a lot of arduous labour connected with it. This we accomplished with satisfaction to ourselves, because

we felt that we had endeavoured to act justly to all parties, but no doubt there was a residue of dissatisfaction after all, for it is impossible to please everybody. In one instance in grouping, an old irate Tembu Chief, of the line of the celebrated Stock Tyali, on finding that things did not go according to his expectation, demonstrated his indignation by telling those of his people who stood in front of him to "stand aside!" as he bounced forward in advance in a lordly passion, announcing that "that was the way a Chief did when he was angry!" For an instant it appeared as if there might be a scene, by his violent manner as he stood scowling in fury with those cruel eyes, especially as we were but a few and the thing occurred in an out-of-the-way glen among his followers. However, by *suaviter in modo* he became pacified later and submitted to the decision. I was very sorry to reduce the member of the old haughty line of the wildest branch, who were so proud, but there was scarcely any alternative.

The question of reducing (gently) so many headmen to a position subordinate to others was one of the utmost delicacy, in which all our astuteness (learnt from the two disputants on the native problem in Cape Town!) was brought to bear. Really it did seem like trading on generosity in some cases the way we succeeded in drawing the individuals to our views. They submitted because it was the *wish* of the Government. Pride sunk to accept a neighbour as superior for the good of the many. Good natives.

Sir Gordon Sprigg's Government awarded the Commission due commendation for its labours by accepting the report and recommendations in their entirety, which stand as a monument in the minds of those dwellers in the rugged regions of the picturesque Witteberg, so high that the astronomer, Sir John Herschel, of barometric fame, named

the district after himself, whose instruments are for measuring any height.

In drawing to a close my few remarks on the native question, I state most emphatically that I am no negrophilist; nor so afflicted with self-adorning idolatry, to imagine that my views are the panacea for the question, which is at the present looming in the form of the Ethiopian movement, based on free-birth equality; natives born free, and equal, claiming all the rights. Why, even the natives themselves of South Africa do not admit equality in their own tribal state or life. They are even more conservative than Europeans in regard to rank, class, etc. And why, therefore, would they attempt to claim in the sense ascribed to them what they do not concede to each other. To never fetter them in their freedom as freeborn subjects is the sound human policy; and even to saddle them with responsibilities to preserve their conservative instincts, is the proudest way of governing the natives; apart from the question of Christianity.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Pension Question.

IR GORDON SPRIGG'S Government in 1903 had nominated me for a special pension, in recognition of what his Government was pleased to designate "*exceptional services.*" The letter accepting my resignation informing me that his Government would recommend me to Parliament for that mark of appreciation.

Such services are provided for in the Civil Service Regulations; and the provision is that the Government may bring to notice of Parliament the name of any member of the service who has gained credit for meritorious conduct during his period of service, in order that he may be rewarded at the expiration of his official career. So in fact the Government was acting under the authority approved by Parliament.

At a prior date in 1900, the Hon. W. P. Schreiner, K.C., Premier, in his great speech in Parliament on the 3rd of August on the Treason Bill (than whom no better Premier ever presided over the Colony) referred in the House to my services in the following terms:—

> "And here let me say a word for Major Hook, because of the *exceptional services, the splendid services,* that he has rendered (Loud cheers)."

(As reported in the "Cape Times.").

MAJOR HOOK.

The Hon. Dr. Jameson's Government wrote me a letter of the 9th of March, 1904, as follows:—

Attorney-General's Office,
Cape Town,
9th March, 1904.

Extract from Letter:—

. . . . His Excellency, acting under the authority contained in Section 39 of Act 32 of 1895, has further been pleased to approve, subject to the sanction of Parliament, of an additional pension of £132 4s. 6d. per annum being awarded you from October 1st, 1903, the date of your retirement, in recognition of the *gallant and faithful services* rendered by you during the past fifty years, including the operations against Kreli and Fedana, the Korrana expedition of 1868, the Transkeian, Morosi's and Basutuland campaigns, and the late Boer war.

I have, etc.,
J. J. Graham,
Secretary Law Department.

To Major D. B. Hook,
Aliwal North.

Thus the one Ministry gave me credit for "exceptional services"; the next Ministry for "exceptional and splendid services"; the third Ministry "gallant and faithful services!"

Yet how did those tremendous compliments from the State work out?

(First) Errors were made by the Government in computing my regulation pension, the Treasury paying me less than I was entitled to by regulation, viz.:—

(*a*) The free quarters valuation for pension purposes at seat of my *permanent* appointment was set aside, and a lower sum substituted of the valuation of the quarters where I was *acting*.

(*b*) Informed by Government before I retired that my regulation pension was a certain amount, but five months after I had retired it was notified to me that the amount was less.

A petition to Parliament, however, obtained fair adjustment of these errors; but the adjustment has been designated "special" pension (as no doubt Parliament thought that the proper title for the allowance).

(Second) *The real special pension promised for meritorious services remains ungranted.*

"Behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

CHAPTER L.

Aliwal North General Election in 1904.

OLITICS. "Opinions, what are opinions, and how do men come by them?"

In the Aliwal North General Election it was my fate, after a fairly muddled contest, to figure at the bottom of the poll, notwithstanding details:—

P. Crewe (602).
P. Orsmond (580).
S. A. Sauer (549).
S. A. Hook (533).

The election was fought on purely Party lines, South African (soil, home, and patriotism) *v.* Progressive (patriotism with the power of wealth), and not on the merits of individuals. The result would have been the same if the "four just men" had been contesting.

This, at the end of the war, when the war fever was roused for electioneering, was not so bad.

"*Veni, vidi*" (I came, I saw)—leaving out "*vici*"—they conquered!

But it would be a pity to omit some of the vicissitudes of electioneering in the society of my co-candidate, the Hon. J. W. Sauer, M.L.A. (the Roosevelt of South Africa!).

We had varied experiences in the rough scenes of the Witteberg and Barkly East Mountains. The meetings of

natives were unique, scattered horsemen flying o'er the hills to take part, so many orators, with so much to say, and so little time to speak. Wrapt listeners were they to the plans propounded for the benefit of the land; the candidates of both sides present smiling painfully as they sustained British courtesy. Indeed the vote, as Mr. Sauer stated in the House, is the substitute for the assagai!

A drive through the Blikana and Tella Valleys, over Lundines Nek, was not unattended with adventure in the storm-filled spruits. In one case, urging the team of four to cross a drift as a body of black turgid mountain stream plunged along the course, too late for us to draw rein, into it we smothered, neck or nothing; fortunately the leaders struggled successfully for footing on the opposite bank, and hauled us from the tumultuous vortex into which the flood was drawing the cart at the lower end of the drift as the stream thundered along. A moment's hesitation would have been fatal. It was the dash that hurled us through.

Then we trespassed on the kind hospitality of the Brothers Maclean, farmers on the east side of Lundines Nek, for the night, and in the early morn stole out ere light had cleared our senses, I, the whip, when unfortunately, either wrist or leaders failed at an angle of the way, and the cart lurched over into the middle of the road, no one more grieved than I at being responsible for Mr. Sauer's dislocated elbow, and the shock, which he bore with manly fortitude, himself suggesting that his arm should be pulled into place, an operation that I fulfilled with firmness and with sympathy; quite an ordeal to my friend, who then endured his condition to the appointed place for the next meeting; speaking there as beads on his brow told the tale, brave man.

But a personal pleasure was in wooing the free and independent at Lady Grey alone one evening in the Court House; the keen and pre-engaged Progressives absent at a social function, knowing that their Party was represented at my gathering by those who *would* not understand me, and among the ranks of my political supporters who *could* not. Thus it was hard to obtain a favourable report to the Progressive paper; the only local Press; although Heine, the great German writer, avers that the most stupid Englishman can talk sensibly about politics, but not about religion!

The most trying situation was, however, when my co-candidate and I ventured to address the free and independent together in the Town Hall of Lady Grey; the hall full, the Mayor in the chair, the senior candidate on the right, myself on the left, as I stood convincing the wilful citizens; suddenly my colleague rose from his seat, placing his hands over his ears, moving restlessly about the platform, I wondered what had moved him to such frenzy. *What had I said?* as I laboured to improve in speech and matter; but the interruption did not cease until the restless one marched right out of the hall! followed by the chairman! which was the last straw! And I felt bad indeed, until a kind member of the audience arose and occupied the chair, as the two deserters returned taking up their respective positions; the chairman (the doctor) whispering that my colleague had been attacked by a night-bee entering and thundering against the drum of his auditorial nerve.

VICTORIA EAST ELECTION IN 1906—BYE-ELECTION.

In that case it was interesting to be vanquished by a bare *seven* votes, my experience in contesting as a South African

v. Progressive Party. The stolid electorate was hard to stir. There was not the ripple that settled the Aliwal instance. There was a strong counter-current; but it wanted defining, the light of beneficent truth shed upon it. Victoria East will wake up! The pleasantries were of a different order. One free and independent thought that I was still Chief Justice of East London! Another good fellow took exception to my remark that the Member for Grahams Town was "wet-nursing" my opponent! The real savageness of the Progressive, however, was instanced when both sides (electioneering sides) met accidentally at Breakfast Vley, and had to settle down there for the night at the same hotel, sitting the evening fairly through at a game of Bridge, when I, for one, being weary after a hard day's work, retired, being kept sleepless by a number of bees in my room which hummed and stung occasionally! Such a night! Not improved at dawn, for as I opened the window to exclude the stinging insects, the window dashed down on my thumb at the expense of a new nail to that useful feature of the right hand; as I put it all down to the Progressives! Didn't they laugh when I told the tale! Of course the landlord endeavoured to explain about a swarm of bees that had been disturbed in the loft of the room, many of which had returned; and that his thumb had had the same experience, etc., just to help those Progressives out of a scrape; but that is always very well.

The photograph accompanying is of a meeting of free and independents at Palmietfontein in the Herschel district. I am addressing the meeting from the water spout at Gallon's shop. The European in the homely costume with folded arms on the right of the mantled native is a staunch Progressive.

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